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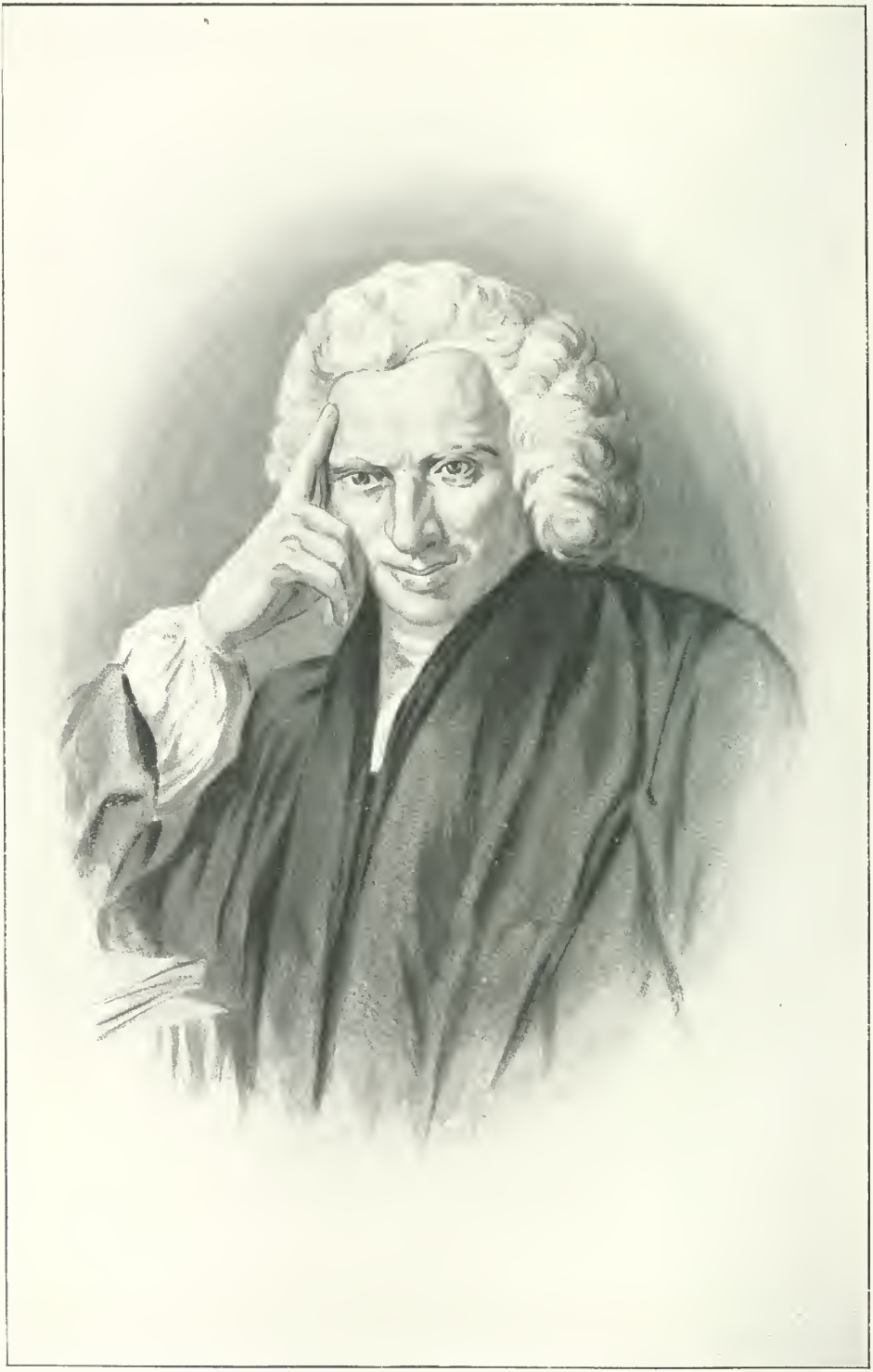

LAURENCE STERNE

*After the Painting by SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS*

# The Cabinet of Irish Literature

Selections from the Works of
The Chief Poets, Orators, and Prose Writers
of Ireland

With Biographical Sketches and Literary Notices by

CHARLES A. READ, F.R.H.S.
Author of "Tales and Stories of Irish Life" "Stories from the Ancient Classics" &c.

NEW EDITION

Revised and greatly Extended by

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON
Author of "Poems" "The Dear Irish Girl" "She Walks in Beauty" "A Girl of Galway" &c.

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# Preface to the Second Edition

THE CABINET OF IRISH LITERATURE was first published in the early eighties, at a moment of storm and stress in Ireland, when there was little sign of the pleasant industry presently to be in the field of literature. So many have been the workers since then, and so considerable the work, that it is thought fitting that a new edition should now be issued, to include the new-comers. In arranging this new edition it seemed best to follow the manner of the old, in making it consist of the same number of parts and of volumes. To do this a sifting of the CABINET as it stood was necessary. The first editor's scheme had included a good many names which seemed to the present editor to belong rather to other forms of energy than to that of literature. She has followed her own judgment in excluding a good many of the early inclusions, which is not to say so much that she dissents from the first admirable editor's judgment, as that her sympathies necessarily are narrower. Some orators have gone because she thought that the fire had died out of the speeches with the passing of the man; and that it was a poor service to represent an illustrious name by many pages of dulness. Many military memoirists have gone because their work was merely special. Many divines, because their discourses failed like the speeches of the orators, or because they appealed only to special circles. The scholars are her grief, because their magnificent work, unless they were poets and story-tellers as well, is so difficult of representation in a book for popular reading; and one has to let them stand by dry-as-dust. Here and there she has added, where she considered that a poet or romancist was inadequately represented, and taken away where there was over-representation. In a few instances she has altered the quotations. She has included in an Appendix the names of many distinguished writers, an extract from whose work did them little justice. Otherwise, except in the mere matter of detail, the CABINET stands pretty much as it was. She has not quarrelled with her predecessor's literary opinions, though she has often not agreed with them; and she desires to be held responsible only for the added matter of the new edition.

# Preface to the First Edition

A Roman historian in a well-known passage rebuked an ancient people for ignorance of their own land and their own race. Strong as is the attachment of the Irish people to their country, they cannot be wholly acquitted of the same charge. It is only within the last half century that a real attempt has been made to subject early Irish literature to severe and systematic investigation; and German scholars at one period seemed likely to anticipate Irishmen in the study of the Celtic tongue. The rise of men like O'Donovan, O'Curry, Petrie, and others, fortunately averted this national discredit, and an impetus has now been given to Celtic research which, so to speak, secures the future of that department of Irish literature.

But it is not the ancient literature or the elder generations of Irish *littérateurs* that alone have been neglected by the Irish people. There are few Irishmen, I venture to think, who have any conception of the number of well-known literary names which belong to Ireland. Accustomed to read and hear of many writers as belonging to English literature, we are liable to forget their connection with Ireland; and thus many eminent authors pass for being English who were born on Irish soil.

Apart, however, from this consideration, the want has long been felt for a work in which the prose, the poetry, and the oratory of great Irishmen might be found in a collected and accessible form. Such a book is primarily necessary for the purpose of enabling the literary history of Ireland to be traced in a systematic manner; and not the literary history only, but also the historical and social development of the people. In Ireland, as in other countries, literature is the mirror wherein the movements of each epoch are reflected, and the study of literature is the study of the country and the people. Most Irishmen, moreover, have felt the desire for a work in which they could readily find access to the gems of literary effort which rest in their memory, and would be gladly seen again.

I have made ample confession of the neglect of Irish literature among Irishmen themselves, and with the greater freedom I can make complaint of the astonishing ignorance of Irish literature among Englishmen. It is no exaggeration to say that many London writers of comparatively small importance are better known than some Irish writers of genius.

So much for the ideas which led to this Work; I now pass on to the plan on which it has been prepared. As will be seen, a biographical sketch is first given of each author, and this is followed by selections from his works. The memoirs are not, as a rule, of great length, for the book is meant to be a cabinet of literature and not a biographical dictionary. In the selection of extracts the choice has been guided by a desire to present those specimens of an author which best

illustrate his style. Other considerations had also to be taken into account. It would be obviously absurd to give a passage which was not intelligible without full knowledge of all by which it was preceded or followed. As a consequence it was necessary to seek for an extract which stood out in something like relief, and which required no acquaintance with the context, or only such acquaintance as could be conveyed in a short preliminary note. This consideration has necessitated occasionally the selection of passages which were not, perhaps, the most brilliant in the author's works. Finally, it has been the constant aim to avoid the quotation of anything that had become hackneyed or that could wound the feelings or offend the taste of any class or creed.

As will be seen from the final memoir in the last volume, I have had no large share in the preparation of the Work. Well nigh the whole of the first three volumes were prepared by the late Mr. Read, whose life-history Mr. Charles Gibbon has so touchingly told, and were carried through the press by Mrs. Read, who supplemented by various contributions what was necessary to their completion. I am responsible for the fourth volume only.

Finally, Mrs. Read unites with me in thanking the many authors and publishers who have so readily and courteously accorded permission to use extracts from the various works quoted.

T. P. O'CONNOR, M.A.

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# INTRODUCTION.

Literature in ancient Ireland seems to have been the enviable profession. The person of the bard was as sacred as the person of the priest, and, like the priest, the bard called down lightnings on those who offended him. It was a less easy profession, as befitted one so privileged, than it is nowadays, when staff and scrip, or pen, inkhorn, and fair white paper, are the only equipment, *plus* brains more or less. The old bard, the old story-teller, trained worthily for a noble profession; the profession of letters indeed, it deserved its stately title. There was no monstrous regiment of ready writers in those days. The craft had vigil and ordeal like any knighthood, and was protected by its pains. Nowadays literature is the easiest of all the professions, as it is the most open, the most unprotected, and the most saddled with incompetence. Dr. Douglas Hyde, the true brother of the ancient great scholars, in his monumental *Irish Literary History*, tells us how an *ollamh* or chief bard, was made. He had to know by word of mouth three hundred and fifty romances. It took him from nine to twelve years' time to learn the two hundred and fifty prime stories, the hundred secondary ones, and the lesser matters that became a bard. The prime stories, combinations of novel and epic, prose and poetry, ranged over the following subjects:—Destruction of fortified places, cow-spoils (*i.e.* cattle-raiding expeditions), courtships, battles, cave-stories, navigations, tragical deaths, feasts, sieges, adventures, elopements, slaughters, water-eruptions, expeditions, progresses, and feasts. The bards were trained in bardic colleges, which survived, Dr. Hyde tells us, though with greatly diminished prestige, till nearly the end of the seventeenth century. He describes these schools or colleges in a passage so interesting that I transcribe it.

"The session of the bardic schools began about Michaelmas, and the youthful aspirants to bardic glory came trooping about that season from all quarters of the four provinces to offer with trembling hearts their gifts to the *ollamh* of the bardic college, and to take possession of their new quarters. . . . The college usually consisted of a long low group of whitewashed buildings, excessively warmly thatched, and lying in the hollow of some secluded valley, or shut in by a sheltering wood, far removed from noise of human traffic and the bustle of the great world. But what most struck the curious beholder was the entire absence of windows or partitions over the greater portion of the house. According as each student arrived he was assigned a windowless room to himself, with no other furniture in it than a couple of chairs, a clothes-rail, and a bed. When all the students had arrived, a general examination of them was held by the professors and *ollamhs*, and all who could not read and write Irish well, or who appeared to have an indifferent memory, were usually sent away. The others were divided into classes, and the mode of procedure was as follows. The students were called together into the great hall or sitting-room, amply illuminated by candles and bog-torches, and we may imagine the

head *ollamh* addressing them upon their chosen profession, and finally proposing some burning topic for the higher class to compose a poem on, while for the second class he sets one more commonplace. . . . The students retired after their breakfasts to their own warm, but perfectly dark compartments, to throw themselves each upon his bed, and there think and compose till supper-hour, when a servant came round to all the rooms with candles, for each to write down what he had composed. They were then called together into the great hall, and handed in their written compositions to their professors, after which they chatted and amused themselves till bed-time. On every Saturday, and the eve of every holiday, the schools broke up, and the students dispersed themselves over the country. They were always gladly received by the land-owners of the neighbourhood, and treated hospitably till their return on the Monday morning. The people of the district never failed to send in, each in turn, large supplies to the college, so that between this and the presents brought by the students at the beginning of the year, the professors are said to have been fairly rich. The schools always broke up on the 25th of March, and the holidays lasted for six months, it not being considered judicious to spend the warm part of the year in the close college, from which all light and air-draughts had been so carefully excluded."

Great was the power of the bards with the lords and chiefs who were their patrons and fosterers. The anger of a bard was almost as terrible as the anger of a saint; and their songs could make men's blood run like lava through their veins. One remembers that gallant Geraldine, Silkur Thomas, nearly turned from the rebellion that was his ruin by the tender wisdom of the aged chancellor, till his Irish harper, breaking into an impassioned chant upon the glories of the Geraldines, maddened him anew against the king, and in his crusade "for *valiantesse* and liberty". Long afterwards, when the Irish harpers were under protection in the houses of the gentry, there occurred this delightful passage between O'Carolan, or Carolan, the last of the bards, and M'Cule, another harper in the house of Charles O'Conor of Belnagar, whither he had wandered in his blindness. "I think", said Carolan, as his fingers strayed over the harp-strings, "that I must be in the house of O'Conor, for the harp has the old fire in it." "Nay," replied M'Cule, "but your soul has the old madness in it."

But, reverenced and feared as they were among their own people, they were hunted down as mercilessly as wolves by those who desired the subjection or destruction of the island race. By the Statute of Kilkenny it was made penal for the English settlers "to entertain the bards, who perverted the imagination by romantic tales". Dangerous fellows, who not only influenced the Irish, but made the English, suckled at the breast of that softest of motherlands, more Irish than the Irish! Henry Tudor, though he quartered the harp of Ireland in the arms of England, was a bitter enemy to the Irish bards. "Elizabeth," says that fine historian, Mrs. Atkinson, "albeit showing a decided preference for the Irish tunes as performed at court galas, ferociously pursued in Ireland the bards and rhymers, placing them in the same category as monks, friars, Jesuits, and such like, as 'a traitorous kind of people'. Cromwell's soldiers broke the harp wherever they found it."

To the power of this bardic instrument are many testimonies. Giraldus Cambrensis, who had no love for these traitor harpers, wrote: "They are incomparably more skilful than any other nation I have ever seen. They delight so delicately, and soothe with such gentleness, that the perfection of their art appears in the

concealment of art." Dante had an Irish harp, and delighted in its construction. "No harp hath a sound so melting and prolonged as the Irish harp", said Lord Bacon. While Evelyn, after listening to the performance of his friend Clerk on the Irish harp, says: "Such music before or since did I never hear"; and goes on to declare this neglected instrument far superior to the lute itself, or whatever speaks with strings.

But all that was later. The splendour of the bards was swept away in that war of extermination of Queen Elizabeth's day that destroyed the Desmonds, and left Munster the place of desolation which Spenser described so terribly. The bards were as little to be spared as any Desmond of them. Their songs and stories made men's hearts rebellious, and they were very hot-gospellers of sedition. So, enactments of Elizabeth's reign were directed against them. The nobles were forbidden to entertain them, in the hope that they might starve and die out. "Item," says the Act, "for that those rhymours by their ditties and rhymes made to divers lords and gentlemen in Ireland to the commendation and high praise of extortion, rebellion, rape, ravin, and other injustice, encourage those lords and gentlemen rather to follow those vices than to leave them, and for making of the said rhymes rewards are given by the said lords and gentlemen, for abolishing of so heinous an abuse orders be taken." "Orders were taken, and taken so thoroughly," says Dr. Hyde, "that O'Brien, Earl of Thomond, obliged to enforce them against the bards, hanged three distinguished poets." Nor were the bards more mercifully treated by some whose sympathy they should have had. Spenser, who was in Ireland as a soldier of fortune, and had his share of the Desmond inheritance, has no good to say of his Irish brother. "There are", he writes, "among the Irish a certain kind of people called bards, the which are had in so high regard and estimation among them that none dare displease them, for fear to run into reproach through their offence, and to be made infamous in the mouths of all men." Upon which his friend Eudoxus remarks that he had thought poets persons rather to be encouraged than to be put down. To which the poet replies: "Yes, they should be encouraged when they desire honour and virtue; but these Irish bards are for the most part of another mind, and so far from instructing young men in moral discipline, that whomsoever they find to be most licentious of life, most bold and lawlesse in his doings, most dangerous and desperate in all parts of disobedience and rebellious disposition, him they set up and glorify in their rhythmes, him they praise to the people, and to young men make an example to follow". "Tell me, I pray you," asks Eudoxus, "have they any art in their compositions, or be they anything wittie and well-mannered as poems should be?" "Yea truly," answers the author of *Epithalamium*, the most beautiful of all marriage poems, "I have caused divers of them to be translated unto me that I might understand them, and surely they savoured of sweet art and good invention, but skilled not in the goodly ornaments of poesie, yet were they sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural deviee, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them; the which it is a great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice which with good usage would serve to adorn and beautify virtue." Spenser's indictment against the morals of the bards may pass. He was an enemy writing of enemies, and no doubt it is the gist of his arguments against them that their poems are tending for the most part to the hurt of the English or maintenance of their own "lewde libertie, they being most desirous thereof". Dr. Hyde says he has read many hundreds of

the poems written by the bards in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but has never come across a single syllable in praise of "extortion, rape, ravin, and other injustice", though many inciting to rebellion.

One has a curiosity about these poems which Spenser had translated to him. That they deserved his praises at least, one believes, reading some of them in Dr. Sigerson's masterly *Bards of the Gael and the Gall*, and the translations of Mangan and others. Mangan no doubt translated freely, and may well have given us sometimes a poem more precious than he found; but the two of his poems in which his inspiration is most certain, by which his genius stands as something more than an idle report—for Irish criticism of poetry especially is not to be trusted—these two poems have at least their foundation in the poetry of those contemned Elizabethan bards. "Dark Rosaleen", which is spirit and fire indeed, and that extraordinary concentration of pity and passion, elemental in its forces, "O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire", had never stood, two forest trees of Anglo-Irish poetry, but for these same bards. However, "the annoying" of the Desmonds swept them away like leaves before the blast, and there were none powerful enough to protect them, so they took their songs and their turbulence, their love and their little wars, to a kinder world. A century or so later they lifted their heads again at the report of the coming of Charles Edward, but they were no longer the children of the patriarchal system of the Irish clans, they no longer sat by the knees of the chiefs, with gold and honours and cherishing in return for their songs. They were now schoolmasters, labourers, pedlars, publicans, sometimes settled, but more often wandering men.

To the Irish schoolmaster, by the way, Irish letters owe a debt not lightly to be estimated. Who but he kept the lamp alight in dark days, and preserved the Irish intellect from the inevitable dulling and degradation that must come after generations of disuse? Learning perhaps never flourished under stranger and more difficult conditions. The freedom of the mind as well as the freedom of the soul was denied these Irish Celts, and the schoolmaster was often enough the martyr of his calling. He followed Learning in the rain and the wind, under inclement skies, and exposed to the blasts of winter. Surely never was she so wooed; and it is certain that she rewarded her devout disciple. Arthur Young saw "ditches full of scholars" when he travelled in Ireland, and there are many other authentic records of the like. In July, 1779, the artist Béranger, having visited Ballintubber Abbey and made a sketch of it, entered in his Journal: "Found a schoolmaster in the abbey with a parcel of children; his desk was a large monument, and the children sat on stones arranged". Another author mentions that the tombstones with their inscriptions sometimes served as books, while a bit of chalk and the gravestone served for writing materials. Says Mrs. Atkinson: "Master and scholars assembled in the safest spot they could find—on the sheltered side of a hedge, in a dry ditch, or on the edge of a wood, and worked away at the three R's, the classics, and their native tongue, prepared in dangerous times to hide their books and disperse over the country at a moment's notice. The hunted schoolmaster had one chance more than the hunted priest; for while the latter dared not fly from the altar, the pedagogue had only to throw his Horace into a thorn-bush, walk away with his hands in his pocket, and devote his attention to farming operations in adjacent fields. . . . In those days Latin was freely spoken, especially in Kerry. Boys were often met with on the lonely hillsides conning their Homer, and runners

and stable-boys in the service of the Protestant gentry could quote for you a verse of Horace, or season their remarks with a line from Virgil." No wonder that Learning is precious and venerated among the Irish peasants to-day. Their schoolmasters were invariably Jacobites, as they were always to be found on the side of the lost causes.

King James had had his minstrels, but he excited no such romantic personal attachment as his grandson, and certainly no such flowering of poetry. Of this Jacobite poetry a deal has been happily retained in the inspired renderings of Ferguson, Walsh, Callanan, Mangan, Dr. Sigerson, and others, as well as in the academic—correct no doubt, but quite uninspired—renderings of those admirable workers, Miss Brooke and the translators of Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*. The *Cabinet* contains a goodly selection from these Jacobite poems. Here is one translated by Mangan from Egan O'Reilly, which is an excellent specimen of an exquisite school. It is, of course, allegorical, and the lady is Ireland, she who was typified under many names, Kathaleen-ni-Houlahan, Celia Connellan, The Silk of the Kine, &c., as her royal lover was the Blackbird.

The brightest of the bright met me on my path so lonely,
  The crystal of all crystals was her flashing dark blue eye;
Melodious more than music was her spoken language only,
  And glories were her cheeks of a brilliant dye.

With ringlets above ringlets her hair in many a cluster
  Descended to the earth and swept the dewy flowers;
Her bosom shone as bright as a mirror in its lustre;
  She seemed like some fair daughter of celestial powers.

She chanted me a chant, a beautiful and grand hymn,
  Of him who should be shortly Eire's reigning king;
She prophesied the fall of the wretches who had banned him:
  And somewhat else she told me which I dare not sing.

Trembling with many fears, I called on Holy Mary,
  As I drew nigh this fair, to shield me from all harm;
When, wonderful to tell, she fled far to the fairy
  Green mansion of Slieb Luachra in much alarm.

O'er mountain, moss, and marsh, by greenwood, lough, and hollow
  I tracked her distant footsteps with a throbbing heart;
Through many an hour and day did I follow on and follow
  Till I reached the magic palace reared by Druid art.

Then a wild wizard band, with mocking cries of laughter,
  Pointed out her I sought, seated low by a clown;
And I felt that I never could dream of pleasure after,
  When I saw the maid so fallen who deserved a crown.

Then with burning speech and soul I looked at her and told her
  That to wed a churl like that was for her shame of shames,
When a bridegroom such as I was longing to enfold her
  To a heart that her beauty had kindled in flames.

But answer made she none; she wept with bitter weeping;
  Her tears ran down in rivers, but nothing could she say:
She gave me a guide for my safe and better keeping,
  The Brightest of the Bright whom I met on my way.

O my misery and woe, my sorrow and my anguish,
My bitter source of dolor is evermore that she,
The Loveliest of the Lovely, should thus be left to languish
Amid a ruffian horde till the Heroes cross the sea.

So nearly always is the *belle dame sans merci* of the Irish bard, the country, herself enslaved, that has him in bonds, represented as a fair damsel whom the poet meets on the way, and with whom he holds converse. That Egan O'Reilly is not overpraised by Mangan's flowing version of him we see in Dr. Sigerson's translation of the same poem:

Brightness of Brightness came in loneliness advancing,
Crystal of Crystal her clear gray eyes were glancing,
Sweetness of Sweetness her soft words flowed entrancing,
Redness and Whiteness her cheek's fair form enhancing.

Surely Mangan has attenuated the image, has diluted the thought.

Instead of the old bardic schools, and the *ollamhs* and their emulous fellow-students, the bards had now the circle by the fireside, to which they were welcomed, being yet hedged by that sacredness which in Ireland has long attached to learning or to intellectual gifts. One of the most famous of them, O'Toomey, had a hostelry in Limerick, above the door of which was written a Gaelic verse:

Poor poet, do not pass me by;
For though your tongue is always dry,
And not a thraneen in your purse,
O'Toomey welcomes you no worse.

No doubt there were many such places for sessions of the bards, though the hospitable O'Toomey was soon "broke out of" his establishment, and had to take to being an assistant hen-wife, and to receiving as many blows and buffets from the owner of the hens as King Alfred did from the owner of the burnt cakes. However, wherever they went, or on what low days and ways they were fallen, they carried "my Lady Beauty" in their hearts, as their translators have shown. They were treason-mongers like their predecessors, and most often, as the respectable hold it, they were ne'er-do-weels, usually in opposition to all authority, and with authority's hand against them. They are fascinating fellows to linger over, but one must get on. They call Turlough O'Carolan the last of the bards. I think the last of the bards was one Edward Walsh, a poor schoolmaster of a penal settlement. You will read in the body of the *Cabinet* how exquisitely he rendered into English the songs of his Irish-speaking fellows. This surely is the song of the last of the bards, and never was brooding and sorrowful passion imagined more tenderly. It is from the unknown Irish, but it is the genius of Edward Walsh that is in it.

## SONG OF THE PENAL DAYS.

Youthful men and elders hoary,
Listen to the harper's song!
My *clarseach* weeps my true love's story
In my true love's native tongue.
She's bound and bleeding 'neath the oppressor;
Few her friends and fierce her foe;
And brave hearts cold that would redress her,
*Ma chreevin evin, alga O!*

My love had riches once and beauty—
Want and woe have paled her cheek;
And stalwart hearts for honour's duty—
Now they crouch like cravens sleek.
Ah heaven, that e'er this day of rigour
Saw sons of heroes abject, low!
And blood and tears thy face disfigure,
*Ma chreevin evin, alga O!*

I see young virgins on the mountain,
Graceful as the bounding fawn,
With cheeks like heath-flowers by the fountain,
Breasts like downy *canavan*.[1]
Shall bondsmen share these beauties ample?
Shall their pure bosoms' currents flow
To nurse new slaves for them that trample,
*Ma chreevin evin, alga O?*

Around my *clarseach's* speaking measures
Men like their fathers tall arise,
Their heart the same deep hatred treasures,
I read it in their kindling eyes.
The same proud brow to frown at danger,
The same dark coolun's graceful flow,
The same dear tongue to curse the stranger,
*Ma chreevin evin, alga O!*

I'd sing ye more, but age is stealing
O'er my pulse, and tuneful fires.
Far bolder woke my chord appealing
For craven Shemus to your sires.
Arouse to vengeance, men of bravery,
For broken oaths, for altars low,
For bonds that bind in bitter slavery,
*Ma chreevin evin, alga O!*

Meanwhile side by side with this Irish literature the Anglo-Irish was having its beginnings, though it is long till the writings of the Anglo-Irish bear any trace that their makers were born on Irish soil. Sir John Denham, Richard Stanihurst, Sir James Ware, Usher, Congreve, Farquhar, were only Irish by the accident of birth; and the same may be said of practically the whole Anglo-Irish school down to Swift and Goldsmith. It may have been to Swift that his Irish birth and connection with Ireland seemed his inalienable misfortune; but whether that is so or not, his whole character and genius derived from the place of his birth. The profound and hopeless melancholy of the Celt was his bitter inheritance. His *sæva indignatio*, his pity and love and rage, were for this people whom he would break to make nearer to his heart's desire. Who can doubt that among those fine ladies and gentlemen of the *Journal to Stella* his soul walked alone? Ireland was not his Laputa; and in his furious proposal that the Irish children should be killed and eaten, the inhuman lash of his sarcasm is for the nation in high places that had laid his in the dust. Granted that he was brutal to the Irish. He would have scourged them to be what they were not; and the *sæva indignatio* is not incompatible with

[1] The flower of the bog cotton.

much love of this country and this people. So goaded was he by his own melancholy that he had left us only savage things if it were not for that extraordinary revelation of himself in the *Journal to Stella*. I would, as a mere matter of personal preference, give all the Anglo-Irish literature of that day for the *Journal*. To us who know the tremendous tragedy of Swift's life, while we fail to unriddle its meaning, the poignant tenderness and playfulness of the *Journal* are intolerable. The charming figure of Stella at the other end of the *Journal* looks roguishly through every line of it; and black above the love and the gaiety and the yearning for the one creature to whom Swift was all softness, hangs the cloud that was to envelop Swift in impenetrable night. Goldsmith, with his sunny temperament, was of course very Irish; and from Swift and Goldsmith on, the Irish influence begins to show in the Anglo-Irish literature. Indeed, to certain fine gentlemen associated with fashion and the Court in the Dublin of the last century, we owe some exquisite additions to our poetry. There was the Hon. George Ogle, who wrote "Molly Astore" and "The Banks of Banna". And again, there was the Hon. George Fox, who translated from the Irish one of the most beautiful poems we possess. Strange enough that he should have remained the author of a single song.

### THE COUNTY OF MAYO.

On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sit in woeful plight,
Through my sighing all the weary day and weeping all the night;
Were it not that full of sorrow from my people forth I go,
By the blessed sun, 'tis royally I'd sing thy praise, Mayo!

When I dwelt at home in plenty and my gold did much abound,
In the company of fair young maids the Spanish ale went round.
'Tis a bitter change from those gay days that I am forced to go,
And must leave my bones in Santa Cruz, far from my own Mayo.

They are altered girls in Irrul now; 'tis proud they've grown and high,
With their hair-bags and their top-knots, for I pass their buckles by.
But it's little now I heed their airs, since God will have it so,
That I must depart for foreign lands and leave my sweet Mayo.

'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl in Irrul still;
And that Brian Duff no longer rules as Lord upon the hill;
And that Colonel Hugh O'Grady should be lying cold and low,
And I sailing, sailing swiftly, from the County of Mayo.

Never has a song of lamentation been more beautifully rendered. What simplicity, what directness, what grief! Again, there is that ballad of the Brigade that Stevenson loved; but its makers are unknown, and to feel its full beauty you must hear it sung to its yearning music.

### SHULE AROON.

I would I were on yonder hill,
'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill,
Till every tear would turn a mill.
*Is go de tu mo vuirnin! slàn.*

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
I'll sell my only spinning-wheel,

To buy for my love a sword of steel,
*Is go de tu mo vuirnin! slàn.*

I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red,
Around the world I'll beg my bread,
Until my parents shall wish me dead,
*Is go de tu mo vuirnin! slàn.*

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
I wish I had my heart again,
And vainly think I'd not complain,
*Is go de tu mo vuirnin! slàn.*

But now my love has gone to France
To try his fortune to advance,
If he e'er come back 'tis but a chance,
*Is go de tu mo vuirnin! slàn.*

The Irish refrain means "Mayst thou go safe, darling!" The song belongs to the time when the Irish who had fought against King William, when his cause was triumphant sailed away and took service in France and Austria and Spain. They were known as the Wild Geese. Another of these beautiful things, dropped into the Irish literature from whence one knows not, is "Savourneen Deelish". This, too, has the music to draw the heart out of the breast.

Ah! the moment was sad when my Love and I parted,
Savourneen deelish, Eileen Oge!
As I kissed off her tears I was nigh broken-hearted,
Savourneen deelish, Eileen Oge!
Wan was her cheek when she hung on my shoulder,
Damp was her hand, no marble was colder;
And I felt that I never again should behold her,
Savourneen deelish, Eileen Oge!

When the word of command put our men into motion,
Savourneen deelish, Eileen Oge!
I buckled on my knapsack to cross the wild ocean,
Savourneen deelish, Eileen Oge!
Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder,
Pleased with the voyage, impatient for plunder,
My bosom with grief well-nigh torn was asunder,
Savourneen deelish, Eileen Oge!

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true love,
Savourneen deelish, Eileen Oge!
All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love,
Savourneen deelish, Eileen Oge!
Peace was proclaimed: escaped from the slaughter,
Landed at home, my sweet girl I sought her;
But sorrow, alas! to the cold grave had brought her,
Savourneen deelish, Eileen Oge!

Another of these artlessly artful things, and I am done. Since there is no place for them in the body of the *Cabinet* with its authenticities, they are well here, for no collection of Irish poetry should be without them. "Kathleen O'More", perfect of its kind, belongs also to the latter half of the eighteenth century, when English poetry, awaiting the coming of Shelley and Keats and Wordsworth, was cold and artificial. This is by George Nugent Reynolds, an else-forgotten song-writer.

KATHLEEN O'MORE.

My love, still I think that I see her once more,
But, alas! she has left me her loss to deplore,
My own little Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More.

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,
Her colours still changing, her smiles ever new,
So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More.

She milked the dun cow that ne'er offered to stir;
Though wicked to all it was gentle to her,
So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More.

She sat at the door one cold afternoon,
To hear the wind blow and to gaze on the moon,
So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More.

Cold was the night-breeze that sighed round her bower,
It chilled my poor Kathleen, she drooped from that hour;
And I lost my poor Kathleen, my own little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More.

The bird of all birds that my heart loves the best
Is the robin that in the churchyard builds his nest;
For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly o'er Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More.

Meanwhile, interest in the ancient Irish poetry had awakened. Walker's *Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards* was the first sign. To this Miss Charlotte Brooke contributed her first translations. Her *Reliques of Irish Poetry* was the next noteworthy event; and later came Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*, with the contributions of Furlong and others. This was all excellent scholarship; but the translators who were capable of thinking in Irish and writing in English were yet to come. Moore's advent makes a little blaze of glory in those end-of-the-century days. He had the excellent good fortune to marry a pretty gift of song-writing to the beautiful old Irish airs. Without the music it is doubtful whether even his own countrymen would persist in thinking Moore a great poet. Anyhow, he overshadowed everyone else in his day. He had a great opportunity, and took it, and he remains the idol of his country-people while other poets languish in cold neglect. Among English people he made Ireland and her woes fashionable; and he is even yet singing in many English homes where Ireland and the Irish sentiment are in little favour. Still, though he was not a great poet, he wrote some exquisite songs, the most exquisite "Through Darkness and Danger", and "At the Mid-Hour of Night". A very remarkable poet, George Darley, lived and wrote contemporaneously with Moore, but only the most literary of Irish people know even his name. However, real sincerity in Irish literary work was on its way. Davis was perhaps too determined to be Irish, and poetically Irish, and he was a spendthrift of his gift. Both in his own case and that of others he insisted upon the Muse being the handmaid of politics, frequently with disastrous results to the poetry. He had no time himself

to be anything but fluent and careless; he had bigger things to do than the making of literature, and he insisted rather on quantity than quality in the poets of the *Nation*. No doubt the fascination of Davis and Mitchel and their ideals gave the impulse to a movement in poetry that else would never have been heard of. Mitchel was the one big literary figure of the '48 movement, and his medium, of course, was prose. Davis was not exacting with himself or others. Why should he have been indeed? He came to bring a new soul into Eri; and though the arts were to serve, it was no time for men to sit polishing their work and listening to the still small voice of the artistic conscience. With Davis, oratory, history, and poetry were the drums and fifes of his movement; and he himself showed them how the playing should be done. So there is plenty of fine and even splendid rhetoric in the poetry of those days; nobly inspiriting as it is, it crashes and cries against the ear, is heard, not overheard, as someone says poetry should be. Poetry is not to be pressed into causes however ideal, and the spirit not seldom fled from the exaltations and energies of the *Nation* to quieter places. Of subtle and essential poetry there is little in the *Spirit of the Nation*, or in the published volumes of the *Nation* poets. Of fine ballads and tender love-songs there are many; but Davis himself did not always rise to the level of his beautiful "Lament for the Death of Owen Roe". Davis the poet was lost in Davis the leader of men. Of the essentially political poets of the time D'Arcy M'Gee seems to me the best. Of course there were men on the fringe of the movement who were poets first—nay, poets altogether. There was Mangan, whose inspiration only failed him when he became political or ceased to be Irish. There was Walsh, who must have felt as his brothers of a century earlier had felt if they had seen "the Blackbird" come home at last. And there was Ferguson, quite alien in politics, whose "Lament for the Death of Thomas Davis" is perhaps the truest poetry Davis ever inspired. It comes very easy to the Irishman to write. Give him a Cause, and he is as much a ready writer as a ready speaker. '98 had its scores of poets as it had its scores of historians. '48 had Davis to fuse it all, to set it a thousand paths, though but one way, for its energy.

Meanwhile the simplicity, the sincerity, the directness, the purity of style, which came in with Callanan, had found others to emulate them. In that year '46, which was dark enough with Davis's light prematurely blown out, there was published a little book of excellent augury for Irish poetry. This was *Specimens of the Early Native Poetry of Ireland*, edited by Montgomery. The translators included Ferguson, Walsh, Mangan, Anster, and D'Alton, with the older translators; and the volume would be memorable if only because it published Mangan's translation of O'Hussey's "Ode to the Maguire", one of the finest poems in our literature. Meanwhile, outside any general movement, and in some cases anterior to it, a few poets had been making their poetry with entire sincerity and success. There was John Keegan, the peasant poet, who is altogether delightful, though with characteristic Irish carelessness he makes the dog in "Caoch the Piper" to have nearly the life of a man; or at least the piper and the piper's dog seem to grow old at the same pace. There was that most winning writer, Gerald Griffin. And again there was John Banim, who laid the Irish priesthood under an immeasurable debt by his "Soggarth Aroon", a poem which holds the very heart of the attachment the people have for their priests. And there were others, though these names occur most readily.

But now the names of Banim and Griffin remind me that I have been writing

as if the Irish literature were but the Irish poetry. As a matter of fact, the art of romance and story-telling had become natural to the Irish people in the English tongue much sooner than the art of poetry. Of course Miss Edgeworth, our one acknowledged name of the first magnitude, came of a stock originally "planted". But like some Irish writers of to-day, the Edgeworths had become strongly Irish, and no doubt the extraordinary wit and observation of the great Maria owed something to that aloofness of race and blood which enabled her to see and to interpret dispassionately. Carleton, however, was altogether Irish; and while Miss Edgeworth displayed to the world the topsy-turvy life of the gentry in *Castle Rackrent* and *The Absentee*, Carleton showed us the Irish peasant from within as no one else has done. He was no gentle idealist. He was a big, coarse peasant of genius; and while the genius in him enabled him at times to paint the soft and beautiful side of the Irish peasant character, especially as it is sometimes seen in a peasant mother, soft as Ireland herself, yet the very genius of the man was for something grinding and melancholy. He had his own mother for a revelation of soft beauty, and his own father for a revelation of a spiritual life which no needs of the body could cloud or alienate. One phrase used by Carleton in speaking of his father's piety is a grosser revelation of character than the coarsest of Carleton's pages. His father prayed incessantly, on his way to Mass, at Mass, on his way from Mass, *as if he had not had enough of it*, wrote his son! Some malignant fairy must have been at Carleton's christening to steal away the little saving salt of spirituality which would have made his genius beautiful. He rendered the tragedy of Irish peasant life wonderfully. He had the peasant hate of hate, the peasant long memory, which, as we see in that astounding human document the *Autobiography*, made him impale every one who had ever done him a real or fancied injury. These were potent ingredients when it came to the painting of peasant wrong and peasant oppression. About the absolute monumental value of *Fardarougha the Miser* and *The Black Prophet* one has not the slightest doubt. They belong to the primal things of life and literature. John Banim had something of Carleton's gloomy power, but was a *bourgeois*, not a peasant, and had a lighter, sweeter side to his character. Like Carleton with "The Churchyard Bride", John Banim produced one beautiful poem, "Soggarth Aroon", with others less beautiful. Michael Banim, working in the same *genre* as his brother, is less powerful and more pleasing. *Father Connell* is a charming book; and both brothers had a gift of humour, which one needs in describing a life so often concerned with things melancholy and tragic. Griffin, with *The Collegians*, is another memorable novelist; and one cannot but be sorry that he did not produce more novels instead of training the young mind of Ireland as a Christian brother. Lever and Lover were also excellent in their kind. To my mind it is a good kind. The high spirits of *Charles O'Malley*, *Harry Lorrequer*, *Jack Hinton*, and all that gay company, seem to me genius; and while *Luttrell of Arran* has perhaps more serious literary qualities, Lever seems destined to immortality by reason of his roisterers, as high of heart and courage, as adventurous, as gay almost as the *Mousquetaires*. After all, there is another life than the peasant in Ireland, and no doubt Lever depicted truly enough the irresponsible, rackety, pleasant life of the Irish gentry before the Encumbered Estates Act came to make it dull. Lover is frankly farcical, the professional humorist, and very successful at his trade.

In memoirs Irish literature is especially strong, or in things that are of the nature of memoirs. I take a few books at random, and I declare that no literature

can produce better than these. There is Swift's *Journal to Stella*, for which I would give all the literature, including Swift's own, and only excepting Steele's, of Queen Anne's reign. There is Tone's *Diary*, which exhilarates and saddens more than any novel of adventure I have ever read. There are Lord Edward Fitzgerald's gay, tender, and manly *Letters* in Moore's *Life*, for which I would certainly give all the *Melodies*. And yet they talk of '48 as the literary epoch of Irish revolutionary life! Then the *Autobiography* of Carleton, with its terrible frankness, its amazing egoism, its colossal vanity—why, as mere literature it is beyond price. I name but these four books that stand out; but of Memoirs, Biographies, and Recollections there is no end. '98 alone produced so great a number that one is forced to believe that every Irish soldier of fortune carried writing materials in his knapsack.

As for drama, the Anglo-Irish mind seems to have always run to that; and the *Cabinet* has more than its share of dramatists, though their number is fewer in our own day.

Since '48 Irish and English have fused rapidly. Even our scholars and antiquaries are oftener than not of English extraction. An O'Curry indeed led the way, an O'Donovan followed, and O'Grady is a famous name in our own day; but what of the un-Celtically-named Gilbert Stokes and Hyde? But the country takes them all in in time. To Eugene O'Curry more than to any man "let the greater praise belong" for the latest development of Irish literature; for the distinction between Irish and Anglo-Irish is fast ceasing. In the years between '48 and '78 there was not much doing in general literature in Ireland. The Fenian time produced no one more interesting than Kickham, whose peasant ballads are faultless, and who has written in *Knocknagow* a beautiful but too gentle novel of Irish life. Aubrey de Vere of course was working in poetry, and so was Allingham. Ferguson also produced his Epics, so that in poetry the time was memorable enough. Indeed, if one had to make a selection, instead of a collection, of Irish poems, and of the choicest kind, one would certainly draw largely on the work of those years, in which Ferguson wrote so much that was virile and romantic, De Vere that was beautiful and dignified, and Allingham that was exquisite and perfectly right. If one had to make a selection! It would begin with *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, the one immortal poem of Charles Wolfe, and would go on with— But no, it is a selection in the clouds; and we have yet the last twenty years unaccounted for.

Since *The Cabinet of Irish Literature* was first published new Irish writers have arisen thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. Scholars indeed have no close time in Ireland, and their labours are not disturbed by the noise of more or less peaceful revolutions. But the respite from strong passions, particularly of the last decade, has allowed more sensitive people to collect their thoughts; and the literary activity has been very remarkable. It has seemed as though all at once the Anglo-Irish, by reason of descent, had found a pride and a pleasure in being Irish, and the educated and privileged class—not one here and there more enlightened and generous than the rest, but in numbers—had discovered that their very reason for being was their Irishism. To be an Irish writer nowadays has its advantages, though they are not those of pelf. Even a humble writer may hope for a little and sweet remembrance because of his accidental prominence as among the first drops in a shower. By-and-by, when the ranks of Irish writers are thronged as the ranks of English writers are, many more deserving than some of us will be trodden down, crushed out and clean forgotten. It is our compensation for being little read

in our lifetime; for the race of Irish readers of Irish books is not yet: and the more Irish we are the less likely we are to find favour with English readers. That is to say, that with the best will in the world the two peoples are widely different.

The English indeed liked Lever, and would be glad of a new Lever any day. Ladies who write in the same light-hearted and irresponsible fashion are sure of their vogue. But give them a microcosm of the Irish nature as the Irish know it, consciously or unconsciously, and it is worse to them than a Chinese puzzle. It is a topsy-turvy world, and they resent being brought into it: they are not sure whether they are being laughed at, or whether they have by accident found their way into a madhouse. Anyhow they will have none of it. A born critic here and there will find out that Mr. Frank Mathew's *Wood of the Brambles* is packed as full of wit, wisdom, observation, and knowledge as genius can make it; but to the ordinary reader it is deliberately and offensively topsy-turvy, and there's an end of it. Another very remarkable Irish novel which goes the way of *The Wood of the Brambles* is *The Real Charlotte*, by the ladies who call themselves "Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross". At least one great critic—the one inspired English critic now living—found out that *The Real Charlotte* was a book of extraordinary vivacity, discernment, and truth, but its recognition was limited, and the authors were perforce obliged to give their English readers something more to their palate. Another remarkable Irish novel of late years is Mr. Downey's *Merchant of Killogue*, which for its faithful representation of a life that is passing, and its portrayal of one great rough figure, deserves to be a classic of Irish literature. Perhaps it may be one day; but at present Mr. Downey is known chiefly as a humorist.

Even serious Irish romance has little chance between the two stools of English aloofness and Irish neglect. Another Irish writer of a remarkable book is Mr. Shan Bullock, whose *By Thrasna River* is not so much a story as a long leisurely summer in the north of Ireland, where the very reek of the turf-smoke is in the air, and the mountain, with its ragged wisps of cloud about it, is for ever in sight. And too late to include in the body of the *Cabinet* comes Miss Julia Crotty with her admirably realized *Neighbours*, a new departure in Irish literature which is apt to be over-idyllic. The English public will have the Irish writer in perpetual high spirits or it will have none of him. It is not a matter of prejudice. The Irish vivacity of certain popular writers is very welcome and very pleasant to English readers, but if they are asked to look beyond it they are simply not interested.

The Irish at present are a conversational, animated, unrestful race, feeling more the direct appeal of the orator or the dramatist than the quiet concentration which a book demands. It is a people which lives too keenly to care for a similitude of life, however admirably presented. Great excitements, returning with the regularity of the swing of the pendulum, are fatal to letters; and the man fed on oratory will be quiet only long enough to take in the articles of some unquiet newspaper, which is but another form of stimulant. Perhaps, after all, our great need is of a Critic, a critic who would do immediately the sifting which is always going on behind the scenes, sifting the false from the true, the lasting from the merely perishable, in a judgment there is no gainsaying. But the Critic would be as a voice crying in the wilderness, unless he had the art to capture and to lead the opinion of the people —nay, to make an opinion in default of one ready-made.

# EARLY IRISH WRITERS.

1550 — 1750.

## GEOFFRY KEATING.

Born 1570 — Died 1650.

This celebrated Irish historian and divine, to whose indefatigable labours Irish history is so deeply indebted, was born at Tubbrid, near Clogheen, in county Tipperary, about the year 1570. Of the details of his life there is left us but a scanty record. At an early age he was sent to Spain, and in the college of Salamanca he studied for twenty-three years. On his return home he was received with great respect by all classes of his countrymen, and after a tour through the country was appointed to the ministry of his native parish, Tubbrid, in county Tipperary. Here he soon became famous for his eloquence, and crowds came to hear him from the neighbouring towns of Cashel and Clonmel. "Among others", says the editor of *Clanricarde's Memoirs*, "came a gentleman's wife whom common fame reported to be too familiar with the Lord-president of Munster. The preacher's discourse was on the sin of adultery, and the eyes of the whole congregation being on the lady, she was in great confusion, and, imagining that the doctor had preached that sermon on purpose to insult her, she made loud complaint of him to the president, who was so enraged that he gave orders for apprehending him, intending to punish him with all the rigour of the law." Before, however, the soldiers reached his house, the historian, warned by his friends, had fled for safety into the Galtee Mountains near at hand.

In the solitude of the mountains Keating caused to be brought to him the materials he had been collecting for years, and at once proceeded to write his well-known and important *History of Ireland*, which was written in his native language, and ultimately completed about the year 1625. It begins from the earliest period (namely, the arrival of the three daughters of Cain, the eldest named Banba, who gave her name to Ireland, which was called "the Isle of Banba"), and extends to the Anglo-Norman invasion. In 1603, however, Keating was enabled, owing to the recall of the president, Sir George Carew, to England, to return to his parish, where he found a coadjutor, with whom he lived and laboured peacefully for many years. One of the joint works of the two men was the erection of a church in 1644, over the door of which may yet be seen an inscription speaking of them as founders, and beside which was placed afterwards the following epitaph on the poet-historian:

> "In Tybrid, hid from mortal eye,
> A priest, a poet, and a prophet lie;
> All these and more than in one man could be
> Concentred was in famous Jeoffry".

Of the other works of Keating many were a few years ago, and possibly still are, well known traditionally to the peasantry of Munster. Among them are "Thoughts on Innisfail", which D'Arcy Magee has translated; "A Farewell to Ireland"; a poem addressed to his harper; "An Elegy on the Death of Lord de Decies"; the "Three Shafts of Death", a treatise in Irish prose, which Irish soldiers, we are told, have long held in admiration.

Keating's death is generally supposed to have taken place in 1650.

## MICHAEL O'CLERY.

Born 1580 — Died 1643.

Michael O'Clery, the principal author of the well-known *Annals of the Four Masters*, was, according to Geraghty in his introduc-

tion to Connellan's translation of that work, born in Donegal about the year 1580. He was descended from a learned family who had been for centuries hereditary historians to the O'Donnells, princes of Tyrconnell, and at an early age became distinguished for his abilities and laboriousness. While yet young he left Ireland and retired to the Irish Franciscan monastery at Louvain, where he soon attracted the attention of the learned Hugh Ward, a native of his own county, and a lecturer at the Irish College. His perfect knowledge of the Irish language and history caused him to be employed by Ward to carry out a project that enthusiastic monk had formed for rescuing the annals and antiquities of his country from the comparative oblivion into which they had fallen.

O'Clery, accepting the offer made to him, returned to Ireland, where for many years he busied himself collecting manuscripts and other works and transmitting them to Louvain. In 1635 Ward died, but some time before he managed to publish from O'Clery's materials *The Life of St. Rumold*, an *Irish Martyrology*, and a treatise on the *Names of Ireland*. John Colgan, also a native of Donegal, afterwards made large use of O'Clery's manuscripts in his works on the Irish saints *Trias Thaumaturga* and *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*. Even before Ward's death, however, O'Clery had already commenced his great work, which at first went by the name of *The Annals of Donegal*, then by the title of *The Ulster Annals*, and is now known over the world as *The Annals of the Four Masters*, as he and his assistants, Peregrine O'Clery, Conary O'Clery, and Peregrine O'Duigenan, a learned antiquary of Kilronan, were named. He had also some little help from two members of the old and learned family of the O'Maolconerys, hereditary historians to the kings of Connaught.

In the "Testimonials" prefixed to the work it is stated that it was entirely composed in the convent of the Brothers of Donegal, who supplied the requirements of the transcribers while their labours were in progress. Fergal O'Gara, a member for Sligo in the parliament of 1634, is also said to have liberally rewarded O'Clery's assistants, while it was his advice and influence that prevailed on O'Clery to bring them together and proceed with the work. In the "Testimonials" are also stated the names of the books and manuscripts from which the *Annals* were compiled, and there also we find the information that the first volume was begun on the 22nd January, 1632, and the last finished on the 10th August, 1636. To the "Testimonials", which is a kind of guarantee of the faithfulness of the work, is subscribed the names of the superior and two of the monks, together with the counter signature of O'Donnell, prince of Tyrconnell.

After the completion of the *Annals* O'Clery returned to Louvain, where in 1643 he published a *Vocabulary of the Irish Language*. This seems to have been the last of his works, and this year the last year of his life.

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## JAMES USHER.

Born 1580 — Died 1656.

Unlike too many of the prelates of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland, Archbishop Usher, or Ussher as he is sometimes called, was not only of Irish birth but of long-continued Irish descent. The originator of the family was one Nevil, who came over to Ireland in the train of King John, and who, from his office, received the name of Usher, which he transmitted to his descendants. James Usher, known as one of the most eminent scholars of modern times, was born on the 4th January, 1580, in the city of Dublin.

His earlier education was attended to by two aunts, who, although blind from their youth, were inwardly full of intellectual and religious light. By these he was encouraged in his passion for books. While only eight years old he was sent to school to two young Scotchmen, who, in the disguise of schoolmasters, had been placed in Dublin to further the interests of James I, before he became king of England. The Scotchmen are said to have been excellent masters, and under their care he progressed rapidly. In 1593, when the college of the University of Dublin was opened, he was, though only thirteen years of age, admitted one of the first three students, in which position his name may to this day be seen in the first line of the roll.

In 1596, while only in his seventeenth year, he took his degree of bachelor. Even before this he had already drawn up the plan and collected much of the materials for his *Annals of the Old and New Testament.*

While in his nineteenth year he had a controversy with the learned Jesuit Henry Fitz-Symonds, then a prisoner in Dublin Castle, and acquitted himself so well that the Jesuit, who at first despised him as a boy, afterwards acknowledged the ripeness of his wit and his skill in disputation. Usher himself says, in answer to the foolish yet constantly repeated taunt of youth, "If I am a boy (as it hath pleased you very contemptuously to name me) I give thanks to the Lord that my carriage towards you hath been such as could minister unto you no occasion to despise my youth". In 1600 he acquired the degree of Master of Arts, and was appointed proctor and lecturer of the university, and soon after, though under canonical age, he was, on account of his great abilities, ordained deacon and priest by his uncle, then Archbishop of Armagh. In 1601, among other sermons, he preached one which has since been claimed as prophetical, and which contained the words, "From this year I reckon forty years; and then those whom you now embrace shall be your ruin, and you shall bear their iniquity". In the rebellion of 1641 came the supposed fulfilment of the prophecy.

In 1603 Usher was appointed to proceed to London in company with Dr. Luke Challoner, in order to purchase books for the library of the university. In 1607 he took the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, and was soon after made Chancellor of St. Patrick's. In the same year Camden visited Dublin to collect materials for his description of that city, which may be found in the last edition of his *Britannia*. In this he concludes his description thus:—"Most of which I acknowledge to owe to the diligence and labour of James Usher, chancellor of the church of St. Patric, who in various learning and judgment far exceeds his years". In this year also, while yet only twenty-six years of age, he was chosen divinity professor in the university, the duties connected with which he performed diligently for thirteen years.

In 1609 Usher visited London for the third time, and on this occasion he became acquainted with the most able and learned men then there. These comprised Camden, whom he had already met, Selden, Sir Robert Cotton, Lydiat, Dr. Davenant, by all of whom he was treated with the utmost respect and consideration. After this he made it a rule to visit England once every three years for a stay of about three months, one of which he spent at each of the universities, the other in London. In 1610 he was elected provost of Trinity College, Dublin, which office he refused, fearful of its duties interfering with his literary designs, and in 1612 he took his degree of Doctor of Divinity. Next year, while in London, he published his first real work, *De Ecclesiarum Christianarum Successione et Statu*, which in its best shape in the edition of 1687 is printed with his *Antiquities of the British Churches*.

On his return to Ireland in 1613 he married the only daughter of Dr. Luke Challoner. The marriage was a happy one, and in no way interfered with the studies or habits of Usher, who we find in London in 1619, when he so satisfied James I that he was next year made Bishop of Meath. In 1623 he was again in England collecting materials for a work which the king had employed him to write on the antiquities of the churches of England, Ireland, and Scotland. Just before the king's death he visited England, and was advanced to the archbishopric of Armagh, which he failed to enter upon for some months in consequence of an attack of ague. His appointment was on the 21st; the death of James occurred six days later, on the 27th March, 1625.

Before returning to Ireland Usher made the acquaintance of Charles I, by whom he was highly favoured, and who ordered him for his expenses £400 out of the Irish treasury. On entering upon the labours of his diocese he found matters, religious and political, in an excited condition, but though he took part in them vigorously he was not to be prevented from following his beloved studies. Aided by his increased income he employed a British merchant residing at Aleppo to purchase oriental writings, and through this person he soon obtained several rare and curious, as well as valuable and important, manuscripts. One of these was a copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch, another a copy of the Old Testament in Syriac. All these treasures he liberally placed at the disposal of other scholars, and many of them are now to be found in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. In 1634 there arose again the ever-recurring dispute as to precedence between the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin. This time the prelate of Armagh asserted his right to first place with such clearness and vigour that it was decided in his favour, a decision which forty years later

was confirmed at a full meeting of cardinals in Rome.

In 1640, just before the outbreak of the troubles in Ireland, Usher and his family—he had only one child, a daughter—came to England. Prevented from returning to Ireland by the rebellion of 1641, he was appointed to the bishopric of Carlisle; but from this, owing to the successes of the Parliamentarians, he derived no benefit, though afterwards parliament voted him a pension of £400 a year, which he received once or twice. Shortly before King Charles came to Oxford he removed there, and in 1643 he was appointed one of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, but refused to sit, his principles leading him not only to preach against, but refuse to be present at the revision and remodelling of the Church which the Assembly contemplated. For this refusal and for some expressions in his sermons parliament ordered his library to be seized. Dr. Featly, however, obtained it for his own use, and so preserved it to its rightful owner. In the midst of the political and religious turmoil and rancour of the age he lived quietly at Oxford for some time, and there he published his tracts *On the Lawfulness of Levying War against the King*; *Historical Disquisition touching Lesser Asia*; and *The Epistles of Saint Ignatius.*

Just before the siege he left Oxford and retired to Cardiff Castle, commanded by Sir T. Tyrrel, who had married his daughter. Here he continued in quietness for some months, still engaged in study, and here he was visited by the king shortly after the fatal fight of Naseby. From Cardiff he presently moved to the castle of St. Donats, to which he was invited by the Dowager Lady Stradling. On his way thither he and his party were set upon, and the chests containing the most dearly beloved of his books and manuscripts were broken open, and their contents flung about. A few gentlemen of the country, however, appeared on the scene, and prevented further outrage. At St. Donats he was attacked with a dangerous illness, the first premonitions of the end.

From St. Donats he moved to London to the house of Lady Peterborough in 1646, and in 1647 he was chosen preacher of Lincoln's Inn. In 1648 he was sent for by the king, who was confined in Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight, to give his advice in several important matters; and in 1649, from the roof of Lady Peterborough's house, he saw with horror the execution of the unfortunate Charles. In 1650 he published the first part of his *Annals of the Old Testament*, and the second in 1654. In this last year, in answer to an invitation, he paid Cromwell a visit, and again in 1655 he appeared before him to plead the cause of the Church of England clergy, when he received a promise that they should not be molested if they kept clear of politics. This promise Cromwell afterwards refused to ratify—a refusal which greatly pained the prelate. On March 20th, 1656, while at the house of Lady Peterborough at Reigate, he was taken ill, and died on the next day. While preparations were being made to bury him privately, Cromwell ordered him to be interred in Westminster Abbey, which was done accordingly with great pomp on the 17th of April. His library, which consisted of over ten thousand volumes, was eagerly sought after, the King of Denmark and Cardinal Mazarin offering large sums for it. Cromwell interfered, however, and it was soon after purchased by the army in Ireland, and stored in Dublin Castle, from whence on the Restoration it was moved to Trinity College.

The works of Usher are well known to all scholars for the breadth of view, deep learning, and wide research which they display. His chronology of the Bible is still the chronology adopted in the authorized version; his work on the *Solar Calculations of the Syrians*, a work *On the Apostles' Creed and other Ancient Confessions of Faith*, and his work *De Græca Septuaginta*, are remarkable as displaying his wide range of reading. Of his *Ecclesiastical Antiquities of the British Churches* Gibbon says, "All that learning can extract from the rubbish of the dark ages is copiously stated by Archbishop Usher". Bishop Jebb says he was "the most profoundly learned offspring of the Reformation"; and Dr. Johnson says, "Usher is the great luminary of the Irish Church; and a greater no church can boast of". The *Body of Divinity*, we are told, was published without his approbation, and of it Bickersteth says, "Usher's *Body of Divinity*, though never revised by him, is full of valuable theology".

Such was the universal esteem of his character and literary reputation that he was offered a professorship at Leyden, and Cardinal Richelieu invited him to settle in

France, promising him perfect freedom as to the exercise of his religion, although his notions of church government had a considerable leaning towards Presbyterianism. He was wont to hold learned conferences with Dr. John Preston, "the most celebrated of the Puritans"; and at the conclusion of these interviews it was very common with the good archbishop to say, "Come, doctor, let us say something about Christ before we part". "He hath a great name deservedly", says Edward Leigh, "among the Reformed Churches for his skill in ecclesiastical antiquities, his stout defence of the orthodox religion, frequent and powerful preaching, and unblamable life."

It is remarkable, as has been pointed out in *Irish Writers of the Seventeenth Century*, "that though living in an age when even Waller was lured from his flute, and Milton from his high dreams of Paradise to fight on affairs of church and state, Usher only once used his pen in defence of the king and his cavaliers".

## MAURICE FITZGERALD.

About 1612.

Maurice Fitzgerald was the son of David *duff* (the black) Fitzgerald, and, as his poems testify, lived in Munster in the time of Elizabeth. Though several works of his are extant the facts of his life are shrouded in darkness. It is supposed that he died in Spain, where many of the most eminent Irishmen of his time found an exile's home. His journey thither probably suggested the *Ode on his Ship*, though, as Miss Brooke says in her *Reliques of Irish Poetry*, it is possible the third ode of Horace deserves that credit. In O'Reilly's *Irish Writers* is a list of seven poems by Fitzgerald which were in O'Reilly's possession in 1820. Fitzgerald seems to have been a man of considerable education and of refined taste.

## SIR JAMES WARE.

Born 1594 — Died 1666.

Ware was born in Castle Street, Dublin, on the 26th November, 1594, his father being then auditor-general of Ireland after having already served as secretary to two different lord deputies. At sixteen he entered Trinity College as a student, and while there, much to his advantage, made the acquaintance of Usher, who had already started on the road to fame. Like Usher, Ware was quick at learning, and in regular course he took his degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts. Like Usher also, he had already commenced the labours which were to make him famous, and before he was thirty years of age his collection of books and manuscripts was anything but contemptible. In 1626 he visited London, and in that same year the *Antiquities of Ireland* began to appear. It was published in parts, as were almost all his works, and, as Magee observes, still bears the external evidences of profound patchwork. In London he was introduced by Usher to Sir Robert Cotton, who gave him every help in his power, and who placed his library and collection at his service. He availed himself largely of the treasures thus placed before him, and he also made considerable researches among the state papers in the Tower and elsewhere. Soon after his return to Ireland he commenced the publication of his *Lives of the Irish Bishops*; and two years later, in 1628, he again visited London, where he this time made the acquaintance of Selden, and from whence he brought back to Ireland large additions to his collection. In 1629 he was knighted, and in 1632, when his father died, he succeeded to both the fortune and office of his parent. In 1639 he was made one of the privy-council, and the same year, despite the labours of his office and the distractions by which he was surrounded, he managed to publish his most quoted work, the *Writers of Ireland*. In this year also he was elected member of parliament for the University of Dublin, and in 1640, as the friend of Strafford, he strongly opposed the election of the Irish committee which was sent to London to assist in the accusation of the unlucky viceroy. During the rule of Borlase and Parsons and the succeeding viceroyalty of Ormond, the conduct of Ware was such as to be admired by friend and foe.

In 1644 Ware left Dublin for Oxford as one of the deputies from Ormond to the king, and while in Oxford he still continued his favourite studies, and was made a Doctor of Laws by the university. On his way back to Ireland the vessel in which he sailed was captured by a Parliamentarian vessel, and he was sent a prisoner to the Tower of London, where he

remained ten months, until exchanged, and returned to Dublin. In 1647, on the surrender of Dublin, he was given up as one of the hostages and despatched to London, where he was detained two years. On his again returning home he lived privately for a time, but in 1649 the Puritan deputy ordered him to quit the kingdom, and with one son and a single servant he departed for France. In France Ware resided chiefly at Caen and Paris, and at both places busied himself, as might be expected, in his favourite pursuits of hunting for manuscripts and making extracts from those lent to him or which he was allowed to see. In 1651 he was permitted to return to London on family business, and in 1653 he was allowed to return to Ireland to visit his estate, which was then in a sad condition. In 1654 he published his final instalment of the *Antiquities of Ireland*, of which a second and improved edition appeared in 1659. In 1656 appeared his *Works Ascribed to St. Patrick*, in 1664 his *Annals of Ireland*, and in 1665 he saw the completion of his *Lives of the Irish Bishops*.

The Restoration brought restoration of his previous offices to Ware, and at the election for parliament he was again chosen member for the university. He was soon also appointed one of the four commissioners for appeals in excise cases, and he was offered the title of viscount, which he "thankfully refused". Two blank baronetcies were then presented to him, and these he filled up with the names of two friends. A little later, on the 1st December (Wills says the 3rd), 1666, he died, famed for uprightness and benevolence. He was buried in the family vault in the church of St. Werburgh, Dublin.

Ware's works were all written and published in Latin, but in the following century they were translated into English by Walter Harris, who married Ware's great-granddaughter, and thereby inherited his manuscripts. His translation filled two massive folio volumes, which are to be found on the shelves of every library deserving the name. The very excellence of these important works —their brief accuracy and minute comprehensiveness — render them almost as unquotable as a dictionary. In them, also, the author rarely falls into theorizing, for which, says Wills, "he had too little genius, yet too much common sense". Magee speaks of him as "a great, persevering bookworm, a sincere receiver and transmitter of truth". Bishop Nicolson says of him, "To Sir James Ware (the Camden of Ireland) this kingdom is everlastingly obliged for the great pains he took in collecting and preserving our scattered monuments of antiquities".

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## MAURICE DUGAN.

About 1641.

[All that we can discover of Maurice Dugan or O'Dugan is that he lived near Benburb, in county Tyrone, about the year 1641, and that he wrote the song here given to the air of the "Coolin", which was even in his time old, and which is, as Hardiman says, considered by many "the finest in the whole circle of Irish music". He was supposed to be descended from the O'Dugans, hereditary bards and historians, one of whom wrote the *Topography of Ancient Ireland*, which was extensively used by the "Four Masters" in their *Annals*. O'Reilly, in his *Irish Writers*, mentions four other poems the production of O'Dugan, namely, *Set your Fleet in Motion*, *Owen was in a Rage*, *Erin has Lost her Lawful Spouse*, *Fodhla* (*Ireland*) *is a Woman in Decay*. These productions are not to be found in English, and are supposed to be lost. We incline to the belief, however, that many bardic remains, in their original and almost unreadable Irish, may yet be discovered in unsuspected and out-of-the-way hiding-places.]

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### THE COOLUN.[1]

[Translated by Sir Samuel Ferguson.]

Oh, had you seen the Coolun
  Walking down by the cuckoo's street,
With the dew of the meadow shining
  On her milk-white twinkling feet.
Oh, my love she is and my colleen oge,
  And she dwells in Balnagar;
And she bears the palm of beauty bright
  From the fairest that in Erin are.

In Balnagar is the Coolun,
  Like the berry on the bough her cheek;
Bright beauty dwells for ever
  On her fair neck and ringlets meek.
Oh, sweeter is her mouth's soft music
  Than the lark or thrush at dawn,
Or the blackbird in the greenwood singing
  Farewell to the setting sun.

[1] The head of fair curls.

Rise up, my boy, make ready,
To horse, for I forth would ride
To follow the modest damsel
Where she walks on the green hill-side.
For ever since our youth were we plighted
In faith, truth, and wedlock true.
Oh, sweeter her voice is nine times over
Than organ or cuckoo.

And ever since my childhood
I've loved the fair and darling child;
But our people came between us
And with lucre our pure love defiled.
Oh, my woe it is and my bitter pain,
And I weep it night and day,
That the colleen bawn of my early love
Is torn from my heart away.

## RICHARD STANIHURST.

Born 1545—Died 1618.

Richard Stanihurst was born in Dublin, and in his eighteenth year became a commoner of University College, Oxford. After graduating he pursued his law studies at Furnival's Inn and Lincoln's Inn; but, returning to Ireland, married a daughter of Sir Charles Barnewell. About 1579 he took up his residence in Leyden, entered holy orders, and became chaplain to Albert, Archduke of Austria, and Governor of the Spanish Netherlands. A great portion of his writings are in Latin. His first work, which was published in London in 1570, in folio, is entitled *Harmonia, seu catena dialectica Porphyrium*, and is spoken of with particular praise by Edmund Campion, then a student of St. John's College, Oxford. His other works are *De rebus in Hibernia gestis* (Antwerp, 1584, 4to); *Descriptio Hiberniae*, which is to be found in *Holinshed's Chronicle*, of which it formed a part of the second volume; *De Vita S. Patricii* (Antwerp, 1587, 12mo); *Hebdomada Mariana* (Antwerp, 1609, 8vo); *Hebdomada Eucharistica* (Douay, 1614, 8vo); *Brevis premonitio pro futura commentatione cum Jacobo Usserio* (Douay, 1615, 8vo); *The Principles of the Catholic Religion*; *The First Four Books of Virgil's Aeneis in English Hexameters* (1583, small 8vo, black letter), with which are printed the four first psalms, "certayne poetical conceites" in Latin and English, and some epitaphs. The friend of Sir Philip Sidney, he deserved the description of Camden: *Eruditissimus ille nobilis Richardus Stanihurstus.*

## LUDOVICK BARRY.

About 1611.

The first Irish dramatist who wrote in English. His comedy, *Ram Alley* or *Merry Tricks*, "is, for liveliness of incident, and spirit and humour in dialogue and character, one of the best of our old English dramas". Lamb quoted the *Prologue* to *Ram Alley* in his Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, and the play itself was reprinted in 1636, and is contained in Dodsley's collection of old plays.

## TEIGE MACDAIRE.

Born 1570—Died 1650.

He was principal poet to Donogh O'Brien, fourth Earl of Thomond, and held as his appanage the Castle of Dunogan, in Clare, with its lands. In accordance with the bardic usages, he wrote his elegant *Advice to a Prince* to his chief when he attained to the title. This is the most elaborate of his poems. A stilted translation into English, from which we do not quote, as not preserving the spirit of the original, exists. MacDaire was assassinated by a marauding soldier of Cromwell's army, who, as he treacherously flung the poet over a precipice, mocked him in Irish, crying: "Go, make your songs now, little man!" This would be one of MacDaire's own countrymen. The bards, from their position and privileges, as well as from their haughty insistence on their rights, made, no doubt, many enemies.

## DUALD MACFIRBIS.

Born 1585—Died 1670.

This famous scholar was born in county Sligo. He was the author of *The Branches of Relationship*, or *Volumes of Pedigrees*. The

autograph copy of this vast compilation, generally known as *The Book of MacFirbis*, is now in the library of the Earl of Roden. He assisted Sir James Ware by transcribing and translating from the Irish for him. His *Collection of Glossaries* has been published by Mr. Whitley Stokes. His autograph *Martyrology*, or *Litany of the Saints* in verse, is preserved in the British Museum. The fragment of his Treatise on *Irish Authors* is in the Royal Irish Academy. His transcription of the *Chronicum Scotorum* was translated by the late Mr. W. M. Hennessy, and published in 1867. His *Annals of Ireland* has been translated and edited by O'Donovan, and published by the Irish Archæological Society. A transcript of his Catalogue of *Extinct Irish Bishoprics*, by Mr. Hennessy, is in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy. In the *Transactions* of the *Kilkenny Archæological Society* may be found his English version of the *Registry of Clonmacnoise*, compiled in the year 1216.

## NICHOLAS FRENCH.

Born 1604—Died 1678.

Nicholas French, afterwards Bishop of Ferns, was born in the town of Wexford in 1604, from which he was sent early in life to the Irish College at Louvain. There before long he distinguished himself, and "there also he was received into holy orders". Soon after, hearing of the troubles of his country, he determined to return thither, and having been appointed parish priest of Wexford, "he became of such repute both for elocution, behaviour, prudence, and integrity that he was chosen one of the representatives of that town in the assembly of the confederate Catholics at Kilkenny". Before this time French had already completed his first work, *A System of Philosophy*, which so far as we can discover yet remains unpublished.

In 1643 French was appointed Bishop of Ferns, and in 1645 his election to the assembly at Kilkenny took place as stated. For the next few years he laboured busily in connection with political matters, giving good advice to the party to which he belonged, and not wanting courage to strike out against those he opposed. In 1651 he went as ambassador for his party to the Duke of Lorraine at Brussels, in which negotiation he was successful, though in the end, owing to no fault of the ambassador, all came to nought. In 1652, the year of the downfall of his political hopes, he published at Brussels his celebrated work, *The Unkinde Desertor of Loyall Men and True Friends.* In this he mercilessly belaboured the Duke of Ormond, to whom he attributed the ultimate failure of his mission. Soon after we find him at Paris, where he was appointed coadjutor to the archbishop; but from this post he was shortly driven by the intrigues of Ormond and the exiled Charles II. In 1662 and 1665 he was at Santiago in Spain, as we know from some letters written by him from that place. In the latter year he writes also from Paris, and a little later he returned to the cloisters of St. Anthony's at Louvain.

He had scarcely settled down in his old quarters before he took up his pen again, and in quick order appeared his numerous tracts upon Irish affairs, among which were "Thirty Sheets of Reasons against the Remonstrance", "The Due Obedience of Catholics", and "A Dissertation Justifying the Late War". In 1668 appeared his best work, from a literary point of view, *The Settlement and Sale of Ireland*; and in 1674 *The Bleeding Iphigenia.* Before this he became president of the Irish College, but about this time he moved to Ghent, where he was appointed coadjutor bishop, and where he died in the year 1678.

In addition to the works named, French also wrote *The Doleful Fall of Andrew Sall* and *The Friar Disciplined*, as well as a larger work entitled *Religion in England.*

## RODERIC O'FLAHERTY.

Born 1628—Died 1718.

Among antiquarians and historical writers and students the name of Roderic O'Flaherty, the author of *Ogygia*, stands deservedly high. His life was passed in a time full of miseries and disasters to his country, of wars and rumours of wars, yet none of these could draw him aside from the path he had marked out for himself. He saw the race of which he was writing melting away before him, and it might well seem that the day might

come when there would be none of it left to read his writings. Still he held on his way, and laboured as only those labour who enjoy their work for itself more than for the fame it brings. As a result he has left us works "entitled to rank among the most learned and agreeable that have been bequeathed to any country".

O'Flaherty was born at the paternal mansion of Park, near Galway, in the year 1628, his father being then principal proprietor of the barony of Moycullen. Soon after his father died, and in 1630 he was declared a king's ward—the equivalent of our present ward in Chancery. Before he became of age the king had been beheaded, the Cromwellian wars had spread into Connaught, and he had retired to Sligo for shelter from the storm. There he met with Duald MacFirbis, with whom he studied the Irish language and literature. After the Restoration he returned to Galway to find the lands of his family in the possession of one Martin, or "Nimble Dick Martin", as he was called. "I live", O'Flaherty said, "a banished man within the bounds of my native soil; a spectator of others enriched by my birthright; an object of condoling to my relatives and friends, and a condoler of their miseries." He immediately entered into legal warfare with Martin, and somehow managed to get possession of the family mansion, but it was not until seventeen years after his death that his son finally ejected the usurpers from the patrimonial lands. Before this he had made the acquaintance of John Lynch, author of *Cambrensis Eversus*, who induced him to undertake the labour of his great work *Ogygia*. This was, it seems, completed about 1665, but did not appear in print till 1684, when it was issued in the original Latin. From the Latin the work was afterwards translated into English by J. Hely, and published in Dublin in 1693. Very soon after its appearance it came under the notice of Sir George Mackenzie, lord-advocate of Scotland, who strove to make light of its authority. This caused O'Flaherty to produce his *Ogygia Vindicæ*, which, though much spoken of as settling the question in dispute, was not printed until 1775, when it was issued under the care of Charles O'Conor. In 1709 Sir Thomas Molyneux, brother of the celebrated William Molyneux, made a journey to Connaught and called upon O'Flaherty, whom he found "very old and in miserable condition", though proud-spirited and fond of his studies. Nine years later, at the age of ninety, the old man passed away, the last of the ancient race of Irish historians and chronologers.

In addition to his *Ogygia* and *Ogygia Vindicæ*, O'Flaherty wrote *A Chorographical Description of West or H-Iar Connaught*, *Ogygia Christianæ*, which it is feared is lost, and several smaller pieces, the very names of which have perished. The *Description of H-Iar Connaught* has been edited by Mr. J. Hardiman for the Irish Archæological Society, and published in 1846. Allibone says, "O'Flaherty was something like an antiquarian: the Christian era was with him quite a modern date".

In O'Flaherty's works as they originally appeared there is a purity of style not very usual in his age. Though the author shows himself to be a man of imagination, he is never credulous, and he never forgets the nobility of the calling to which he has devoted himself. "At times", says Magee, "he smothers a point in illustrations. But there is great dignity in his embellishments." All his works are agreeable reading to anyone who likes the old-world flavour that pervades them. Among English writers he is spoken of by Belling and quoted with approbation by the clear-headed Stillingfleet.

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## WILLIAM MOLYNEUX.

Born 1656—Died 1698.

William Molyneux, the first of the great trio, Molyneux, Swift, and Grattan, that commenced, continued, and brought to a perfect end the battle of the Irish parliament for independence, was born in Dublin on the 17th April, 1656. His father was a gentleman of good family and fortune, a master of the ordnance, an officer of the Irish exchequer, and a man of intellect and culture. His grandfather had been Ulster king-at-arms, and had used his pen in the production of a continuation of *Hanmer's Chronicle*. Owing to his tender health William Molyneux was educated at home by a tutor till he reached the age of nearly fifteen, when he was placed in the University of Dublin, under the care of Dr. Palliser, afterwards Archbishop of Cashel. Here he was distinguished, as a biographer says, "by

the probity of his manners as well as by the strength of his parts; and having made a remarkable progress in academical learning, and especially in the new philosophy, as it was then called, he proceeded to his Bachelor of Arts degree". After taking his degree, which he did in his nineteenth year, he was sent to London, where he entered the Middle Temple in June, 1675. At the Middle Temple he remained for three years engaged in the diligent study of the law, but not forgetting his beloved studies in the mathematical and physical sciences, which had received such a mighty impulse just then owing to the many discoveries and exertions of the members of the Royal Society.

In 1678 Molyneux returned to Ireland, where he soon after married Lucy, the daughter of Sir William Domville, attorney-general. As he possessed a private fortune, and was therefore under no necessity of earning a living, he continued his philosophical studies; and astronomy gaining a strong hold on his mind, he began in 1681 a correspondence with Flamstead, which was continued for many years with benefit to both. In 1683 he managed to bring about the establishment of a philosophical society in Dublin on the model of the Royal Society, and prevailing on Sir William Petty to become its first president, he accepted the office of secretary. His labours in connection with this society soon made Molyneux's learning and abilities well known. Being introduced to the Duke of Ormond, and after performing some literary labour for that nobleman, he was appointed one of the two chief engineers and surveyors of crown buildings and works. In 1685 he was elected a member of the Royal Society, and in the same year was sent to survey the fortresses on the Flemish coast. While on the Continent he travelled through Flanders and Holland, part of Germany and France, and paid a visit to the celebrated Cassini with letters of introduction from his friend Flamstead.

On his return from abroad Molyneux published his first work of any importance, *Sciothericum Telescopium*, 1686, a description of a telescopic dial and its uses which he had invented. In 1687 Halley, with whom he had established a correspondence, sent him the proof-sheets of Newton's *Principia* as they were produced, and Molyneux, though struck with admiration and astonishment at the work, confessed himself, like many other astronomers of the time, unable to wholly understand it. In 1689, owing to the wars of William and James, he left Ireland and removed to Chester, where he busied himself in the preparation of a work which, under the revision of Halley, appeared in 1692 with the title of *Dioptrica Nova: a Treatise of Dioptrics in Two Parts*. During his residence in Chester, his son Samuel was born to him, and his wife died. As soon as tranquillity was restored in Ireland he returned thither, and in the year in which his *Dioptrics* was published, 1692, he was elected one of the members of parliament for the city of Dublin. This event, which seemed unimportant at the time, was the originating cause of the production of the great work by which the name of Molyneux will be for ever remembered in Ireland. In the parliament of 1695 he was chosen to represent the university, which he continued to do till his death, and a little later he was created Doctor of Laws. About this time also he was nominated one of the commissioners of forfeited estates, with a salary of £500 a year, but, as a biographer states, "looking upon it as an invidious office, and not being a lover of money, he declined it". In his place in the Irish parliament Molyneux now began to take notice of and study the fight for independence which that body had begun in 1690 by the rejection of a money bill which had not originated with themselves. In 1696 and 1697 the English parliament, desiring to destroy the Irish woollen manufactures, then in a most thriving state, introduced prohibitory laws to prevent their exportation. These enactments seemed to Molyneux not only cruel and unwise, but unjust and tyrannical, and he immediately set himself to produce his *Case of Ireland Stated*. This appeared in 1698 with a manly yet respectful dedication to William III.

The work, which in size is little more than a pamphlet, created a great sensation in England. The English House of Commons, losing its head in a fit of irritation, declared, "that the book published by Mr. Molyneux was of dangerous tendency to the crown and people of England, by denying the authority of the king and parliament of England to bind the kingdom and people of Ireland, and the subordination and dependence that Ireland had, and ought to have, upon England, as being united and annexed to the imperial crown of England". An address was presented to the king, who readily promised to enforce the laws binding the parliament of Ireland to

dependence, and the book itself was committed to the hands of the common hangman, by whom it was glorified by being "burnt with fire". The reception his work met with caused little astonishment to Molyneux, who, in his preface, seemed to anticipate something like what occurred. "I have heard it said", he writes, "that perhaps I might run some hazard in attempting the argument; but I am not at all apprehensive of any such danger. We are in a miserable condition, indeed, if we may not be allowed to complain when we think we are hurt."

Before the great stir had subsided Molyneux journeyed into England to visit Locke, with whom he had kept up a most intimate correspondence for some time. This visit began in July, 1698, and lasted to September, and it was arranged that it should be repeated the next spring. But by the next spring the daisies were blooming unseen by the patriot philosopher. The fatigues of his journey brought on an attack of a disease from which he suffered (calculus), and after reaching Dublin his retchings broke a blood-vessel, and he died, after two days' illness, on the 11th of October, 1698.

In addition to the works we have named, Molyneux wrote a reply to one of Hobbes's works under the title of *Metaphysical Meditations on God and Mind*, and a considerable number of articles and papers which appeared in *Philosophical Transactions* and elsewhere.

## NAHUM TATE.

Born 1652—Died 1715.

Was the son of a county Cavan clergyman. He was born in Dublin, whither his parents were driven by the Northern rising of 1641. He was at the University of Dublin; afterwards drifted to London, where he found a patron in the Earl of Dorset and a friend in Dryden. Is known chiefly of course by the metrical translation of the Psalms of David, which he made in collaboration with Dr. Brady. He wrote several plays—*Brutus of Alba*, a tragedy; *The Royal General*, a tragedy; *The Island Princess*, a tragi-comedy; and *Richard III*, or *Sicilian Vespers*. His other works included *Poems on Several Occasions*, *Jephthah's Vow*, and *Miscellanea Sacra*, or *Poems on Divine and Other Subjects*. He also collaborated with Dryden in the second part of *Absalom and Achitophel*. He was laureate for a considerable time. Except for his accidental prominence as the co-maker of the metrical Psalter, he is of little importance.

## NICHOLAS BRADY.

Born 1659—Died 1726.

Was born at Bandon, county Cork. Went to Westminster School, and received Studentship of Christ Church, Oxford. However, he took his degrees at Dublin University; was a prebendary of Cork Cathedral. He was a Williamite in the Revolution, but had so much influence with the Jacobite general, M'Carthy, that he three times saved his native town from being burned. He finally settled in London, held several livings in and about the metropolis, and filled the position of chaplain to William and Mary. Besides his share in *The New Version of the Psalms* he published several volumes of sermons, made a translation of the *Æneid* in four volumes, and was the author of a tragedy.

## ANDREW MAGRATH.

1723—

Andrew Magrath, one of the most gay, careless, and rollicking of the Jacobite poets writing in Irish, was born in Limerick about 1723. He was the author of a great many songs and poems of politics, of love, and of drinking. He was, like so many of his fellows, a wild liver; and his name survives yet among the peasantry of his native Munster, among whom he is remembered as the Mangaire Sugach, or Merry Monger. None of his poems have been adequately rendered into English. The date of his death is not known.

# THE CABINET

OF

# IRISH LITERATURE.

## SIR JOHN DENHAM.

Born 1615 — Died 1669.

[Sir John Denham, the first Irish poet of repute that wrote in English, was born in Dublin in the year 1615. His father, at that time chief baron of the exchequer in Ireland, and also one of the lords commissioners for that kingdom, was of Little Horksley in Essex. His mother was Eleanor, daughter of Sir Garrett More, baron of Mellefont in Ireland. When the poet was only two years of age, his father, being appointed one of the barons of exchequer in England, removed to that country, carrying with him his family. In 1631 the youth was entered a gentleman commoner of Trinity College, Oxford, where it seems he was "looked upon as a slow and dreaming young man by his seniors and contemporaries, and given more to cards and dice than his study; they could never then in the least imagine that he would ever enrich the world with his fancy or issue of his brain, as he afterwards did". At the end of three years he underwent his B.A. examination, and was sent to Lincoln's Inn to study law, which he did so far as his vice of gaming would allow him. After having been plundered by gamesters and severely reproved by his parents he acquired a sudden abhorrence of the evil practice, and wrote an essay against it, which he presented to his father. He also about this time added the study of poetry to that of laws, and produced a translation of the second book of Virgil's *Æneid*. In 1638 his father died, and immediately after Denham gave himself up to his old vice, and lost the money—several thousand pounds—that had been left him.

In 1641, like a lightning flash out of a clear sky, appeared his tragedy called *The Sophy*, which was at once admired by the best judges, and gave him fast hold of the public attention. Speaking of the poet in connection with this piece, Waller said that "he broke out like the Irish rebellion, threescore thousand strong, when nobody was aware or in the least suspected it". Soon after this he was made high-sheriff of Surrey and governor of Farnham Castle for the king, but not caring for, or not being skilled in military affairs, he quitted the post before long and retired to Oxford, where, in 1643, he published *Cooper's Hill*, a poem of some three hundred lines, on which his fame chiefly rests. Of this work Dryden says it is "a poem which for majesty of style is, and ever will be, the standard of good writing". An attempt was made to rob Denham of his laurels by what Johnson calls "the common artifice by which envy degrades excellence". In the "Session of the Poets", in some lumbering verses, it is said that the work was not his own, but was bought of a vicar for forty pounds.

In 1647 Denham began to mix in political matters, and in 1648 he conveyed James, Duke of York, into France, or at least so say Johnson and others; though Clarendon affirms that the duke went off with Colonel Bamfield only, who contrived his escape. Certain it is anyhow that Denham went to France, from whence he and Lord Crofts were sent ambassadors to Poland from Charles II. In that kingdom they found many Scotchmen wandering about as traders,

and from these they obtained £10,000 as a contribution to the king. About 1652 he returned to England, where he was entertained by Lord Pembroke, with whom, having no home of his own, he lived for about a year. At the Restoration he was appointed to the office of surveyor-general of the king's buildings, and at the coronation received the order of the Bath.

After his appointment he gave over his poetical works to a great extent, and "made it his business", as he himself says, "to draw such others as might be more serviceable to his majesty, and, he hoped, more lasting". Soon after this, when in the height of his reputation for poetry and genius, he entered into a second marriage, in which he was so unhappy that for a time he became a lunatic. For this misfortune he was cruelly and ungenerously lampooned by Butler, but fortunately it did not last long, and he was again restored to his full health and vigour of mind. A few months after, he wrote one of his best poems, that on the death of Cowley. This was his last work, for on March 19, 1669, he died at his office in Whitehall. He was laid in Westminster Abbey by the side of the poet he had just panegyrized.

Dr. Johnson says that "Denham is justly considered as one of the fathers of English poetry. . . . He is one of the writers that improved our taste and advanced our language, and whom we ought, therefore, to read with gratitude, though, having done much, he left much to do." Dryden, speaking of Waller's, Cowley's, and Denham's translations of Virgil, declares that "it is the utmost of his ambition to be thought their equal, or not much inferior to them". Prior places Denham and Waller side by side as improvers of our versification, which was perfected by Dryden. Pope in his *Essay on Criticism* speaks of

> "the easy vigour of a line
> Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join";

and in his *Windsor Forest*, within the compass of a few lines, he calls Denham "lofty" and "majestic", and, talking of *Cooper's Hill*, he prophesies—

> "On *Cooper's Hill* eternal wreaths shall grow,
> While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow".

There can be little doubt that *Cooper's Hill* is an almost perfect model of its kind, notwithstanding the fact that Johnson, characteristically enough, declares that "if it be maliciously inspected it will not be found without its faults".

Denham's works have been several times reprinted in one volume under the title of *Poems and Translations, with the Sophy, a Tragedy*. In addition to what appears in this collection there are other things attributed to him. The most important of these is a *New Version of the Book of Psalms*, which is now little known. A panegyric on General Monk, printed in 1659, is generally ascribed to him, and his name appears on the poem "The True Presbyterian without Disguise", as well as two pieces called "Clarendon's House Warming", and "His Epitaph". These last are, however, believed to be by Marvell, and are printed in the late American edition of that author's works. Strange to say, Denham has been rather overlooked and forgotten of late years, and his name does not appear in any of the later popular editions of the poets.]

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## COOPER'S HILL.

Through untraced ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye:
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crowned with that sacred pile,[1] so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud. . .
Under his proud survey the city lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise;
Whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
Seem at this distance but a darker cloud:
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems:
Where, with like haste, through several ways they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone. . . .
My eye, descending from the Hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays;
Thames! the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no remembrance hold,
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold;
His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring,
And then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers who their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,

[1] St. Paul's, as seen from Cooper's Hill.

Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil,
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common as the sea or wind,
When he, to boast or to disperse her stores,
Full of the tribute of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours:
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants;
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's Exchange.
O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full!
Heaven her Eridanus no more shall boast;
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost. .
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceived he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat:
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,
Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or Roman bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs, their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames!
'Tis still the same, altho' their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great masterpiece, to show how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flower
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour;
Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag, now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye nor heaven's should invade
His soft repose, when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.
Roused with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think the illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all arts of ruin met;
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet;
But fear prevails and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportioned speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent:
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obeyed and feared,
His safety seeks. The herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies;
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
. . . . . .
Then to the stream, when neither friends nor force,
Nor speed nor art avail, he shapes his course,
Thinks not their rage so desperate to essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst; alas! they thirst for blood.
So tow'rds a ship the oar-finn'd galleys ply,
Which, wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall revenged on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag; among the enraged hounds
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds:
And as a hero whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those,
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then, glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chase
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,[1]
Fair Liberty, pursu'd, and meant a prey
To lawless power, here turn'd and stood at bay.

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## OF A FUTURE LIFE.

These to his sons (as Xenophon records)
Of the great Cyrus were the dying words:

[1] Runnymede, where the Magna Charta was first sealed.

"Fear not when I depart (nor therefore mourn)
I shall be no where, or to nothing turn;
That soul, which gave me life, was seen by none,
Yet by the actions it design'd was known;
And though its flight no mortal eye shall see,
Yet know, for ever it the same shall be.
That soul which can immortal glory give
To her own virtues must for ever live.
Can you believe that man's all-knowing mind
Can to a mortal body be confin'd?
Though a foul foolish prison her immure
On earth, she (when escap'd) is wise and pure.
Man's body, when dissolv'd, is but the same
With beast's, and must return from whence it came;
But whence into our bodies reason flows
None sees it, when it comes, or when it goes.
Nothing resembles death as much as sleep,
Yet then our minds themselves from slumbers keep;
When from their fleshly bondage they are free,
Then what divine and future things they see!
Which makes it most apparent whence they are,
And what they shall hereafter be declare."

This noble speech the dying Cyrus made.
Me, Scipio, shall no argument persuade
Thy grandsire, and his brother, to whom fame
Gave, from two conquer'd parts o' th' world their name,[1]
Nor thy great grandsire, nor thy father Paul,
Who fell at Cannæ against Hannibal,
Nor I (for 'tis permitted to the ag'd
To boast their actions) had so oft engag'd
In battles, and in pleadings, had we thought
That only fame our virtuous actions brought;
'Twere better in soft pleasure and repose
Ingloriously our peaceful eyes to close:
Some high assurance hath possest my mind,
After my death a happier life to find.
Unless our souls from the Immortal came,
What end have we to seek immortal fame?
All virtuous spirits some such hope attends,
Therefore the wise his days with pleasure ends.
The foolish and short-sighted die with fear
That they go no where, or they know not where;
The wise and virtuous soul, with clearer eyes,
Before she parts, some happy port descries.
My friends, your fathers I shall surely see,
Nor only those I lov'd, or who lov'd me;
But such as before ours did end their days,
Of whom we hear, and read, and write their praise.
This I believe: for were I on my way
None should persuade me to return, or stay:
Should some god tell me, that I should be born,
And cry again, his offer I would scorn;
Asham'd, when I have ended well my race,
To be led back to my first starting-place. . . .
Hence from an inn, not from my home I pass,
Since nature meant us here no dwelling-place.
Happy when I, from this turmoil set free,
That peaceful and divine assembly see. . . .
Then cease to wonder that I feel no grief
From age, which is of my delights the chief.
My hopes, if this assurance hath deceiv'd
(That I man's soul immortal have believ'd),
And if I err no power shall dispossess
My thoughts of that expected happiness:
Though some minute philosophers pretend,
That with our days our pains and pleasures end.
If it be so I hold the safer side,
For none of them my error shall deride;
And if hereafter no rewards appear,
Yet virtue hath itself rewarded here.

[1] Scipio Africanus and Scipio Asiaticus.

## TO SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE,

### ON HIS TRANSLATION OF "PASTOR FIDO".

Such is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few but such as cannot write, translate.
But what in them is want of art or vice,
In thee is either modesty or choice. . . .
That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line;
These are the labour'd birth of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains;
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations and translators too:
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.
Fording his current, where thou find'st it low,
Let'st in thine own to make it rise and flow,
Wisely restoring whatsoever grace
It lost by change of times, or tongue, or place.
Nor fetter'd to his numbers and his times,
Betray'st his music to unhappy rhymes;
Nor are the nerves of his compacted strength
Stretch'd and dissolv'd into unsinew'd length:
Yet after all (lest we should think it thine),
Thy spirit to his circle does confine.

## ON COWLEY'S DEATH.

Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd:
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires;
By Shakspere's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines:
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.

They liv'd to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays:
But cursed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw.
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother-wit and nature gave
Shakspere and Fletcher all they have;
In Spenser, and in Jonson, art
Of slower nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happier share:
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators:—
Horace's wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal, but emulate!
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear. . . .

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# OWEN WARD.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 1600–1610.

[Of Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Red Owen Ward, little is known beyond the fact that he was the bard of the O'Donnells, and accompanied the princes of Tyrconnell and Tyrone when they fled from Ireland in 1607. In O'Reilly's *Irish Writers* the names of nine lengthy and still extant poems of his are given. The elegy which we give here is addressed to Nuala, sister of O'Donnell, the prince of Tyrconnell, who died in Rome, and was interred in the same grave with O'Neill, prince of Tyrone. Ward was the descendant of a long line of bards and poets of the same name.]

## LAMENT

FOR THE TYRONIAN AND TYRCONNELLIAN PRINCES BURIED AT ROME.

O, Woman of the Piercing Wail,
Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay
With sigh and groan,
Would God thou wert among the Gael!
Thou would'st not then from day to day
Weep thus alone.
'Twere long before, around a grave
In green Tirconnell, one could find
This loneliness;
Near where Beann-Boirche's banners wave
Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined
Compassionless.

Beside the wave, in Donegall,
In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,
Or Killilee,
Or where the sunny waters fall,
At Assaroe, near Erna's shore,
This could not be.
On Derry's plains—in rich Drumclieff—
Throughout Armagh the Great, renowned
In olden years,
No day could pass but woman's grief
Would rain upon the burial-ground
Fresh floods of tears!

O, no!—from Shannon, Boyne, and Suir,
From high Dunluce's castle-walls,
From Lissadill,
Would flock alike both rich and poor,
One wail would rise from Cruachan's halls
To Tara's hill;
And some would come from Barrow-side,
And many a maid would leave her home,
On Leitrim's plains,
And by melodious Banna's tide,
And by the Mourne and Erne, to come
And swell thy strains!

O, horses' hoofs would trample down
The Mount whereon the martyr-saint[1]
Was crucified.
From glen and hill, from plain and town,
One loud lament, one thrilling plaint,
Would echo wide.
There would not soon be found, I ween,
One foot of ground among those bands
For museful thought,
So many shriekers of the *keen*[2]
Would cry aloud and clap their hands,
All woe-distraught!

Two princes of the line of Conn
Sleep in their cells of clay beside
O'Donnell Roe:
Three royal youths, alas! are gone,
Who lived for Erin's weal, but died
For Erin's woe!

---

[1] St. Peter. This passage is not exactly a blunder, though at first it may seem one: the poet supposes the grave itself transferred to Ireland, and he naturally includes in the transference the whole of the immediate locality around the grave.—J. C. M.

[2] The funeral wail.

Ah! could the men of Ireland read
The names those noteless burial-stones
Display to view,
Their wounded hearts afresh would bleed,
Their tears gush forth again, their groans
Resound anew!

The youths whose relics moulder here
Were sprung from Hugh, high Prince and Lord
Of Aileach's lands;
Thy noble brothers, justly dear,
Thy nephew, long to be deplored
By Ulster's bands.
Theirs were not souls wherein dull Time
Could domicile decay or house
Decrepitude!
They passed from earth ere manhood's prime,
Ere years had power to dim their brows
Or chill their blood.

And who can marvel o'er thy grief,
Or who can blame thy flowing tears,
That knows their source?
O'Donnell, Dunnasava's chief,
Cut off amid his vernal years,
Lies here a corse
Beside his brother Cathbar, whom
Tirconnell of the Helmets mourns
In deep despair—
For valour, truth, and comely bloom,
For all that greatens and adorns
A peerless pair.

O, had these twain, and he, the third,
The Lord of Mourne, O'Niall's son,
Their mate in death—
A prince in look, in deed, and word—
Had these three heroes yielded on
The field their breath,
O, had they fallen on Criffan's plain,
There would not be a town or clan
From shore to sea,
But would with shrieks bewail the slain,
Or chant aloud the exulting *rann*[1]
Of jubilee!

When high the shout of battle rose,
On fields where Freedom's torch still burned
Through Erin's gloom,
If one, if barely one of those
Were slain, all Ulster would have mourned
The hero's doom!
If at Athboy, where hosts of brave
Ulidian horsemen sank beneath
The shock of spears,
Young Hugh O'Neill had found a grave,
Long must the North have wept his death
With heart-rung tears!

If on the day of Ballach-myre
The Lord of Mourne had met thus young
A warrior's fate,
In vain would such as thou desire
To mourn, alone, the champion sprung
From Niall the great!
No marvel this—for all the dead,
Heaped on the field, pile over pile,
At Mullach-brack,
Were scarce an *eric*[2] for his head,
If death had stayed his footsteps while
On victory's track!

If on the Day of Hostages
The fruit had from the parent bough
Been rudely torn
In sight of Munster's bands—Mac-Nee's
Such blow the blood of Conn, I trow,
Could ill have borne.
If on the day of Ballach-boy
Some arm had laid, by foul surprise,
The chieftain low,
Even our victorious shout of joy
Would soon give place to rueful cries
And groans of woe!

If on the day the Saxon host
Were forced to fly—a day so great
For Ashanee—
The chief had been untimely lost,
Our conquering troops should moderate
Their mirthful glee.
There would not lack on Lifford's day,
From Galway, from the glens of Boyle,
From Limerick's towers,
A marshalled file, a long array
Of mourners, to bedew the soil
With tears in showers!

If on the day a sterner fate
Compelled his flight from Athenree,
His blood had flowed,
What numbers all disconsolate,
Would come unasked, and share with thee
Affliction's load!
If Derry's crimson field had seen
His life-blood offered up, though 'twere
On Victory's shrine,
A thousand cries would swell the *keen*,
A thousand voices of despair
Would echo thine!

O, had the fierce Dalcassian swarm
That bloody night on Fergus' banks
But slain our chief,
When rose his camp in wild alarm—
How would the triumph of his ranks
Be dashed with grief!
How would the troops of Murbach mourn
If on the Curlew Mountains' day,
Which England rued,
Some Saxon hand had left them lorn,
By shedding there, amid the fray,
Their prince's blood!

[1] A song.

[2] A compensation or fine.

Red would have been our warrior's eyes
Had Roderick found on Sligo's field
A gory grave,
No northern chief would soon arise
So sage to guide, so strong to shield,
So swift to save.
Long would Leith-Cuinn have wept if Hugh
Had met the death he oft had dealt
Among the foe;
But, had our Roderick fallen too,
All Erin must alas have felt
The deadly blow!

What do I say? Ah, woe is me!
Already we bewail in vain
Their fatal fall!
And Erin, once the great and free,
Now vainly mourns her breakless chain
And iron thrall!
Then, daughter of O'Donnell! dry
Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
Thy heart aside;
For Adam's race is born to die,
And sternly the sepulchral urn
Mocks human pride!

Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,
Nor place thy trust in arm of clay—
But on thy knees
Uplift thy soul to God alone,
For all things go their destined way
As he decrees.
Embrace the faithful crucifix,
And seek the path of pain and prayer
Thy Saviour trod!
Nor let thy spirit intermix
With earthly hope and worldly care
Its groans to God!

And thou, O mighty Lord! whose ways
Are far above our feeble minds
To understand,
Sustain us in these doleful days,
And render light the chain that binds
Our fallen land!
Look down upon our dreary state,
And through the ages that may still
Roll sadly on,
Watch thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,
And shield at least from darker ill
The blood of Conn!

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# RICHARD FLECKNOE.

Born 1600 — Died 1678.

[Richard Flecknoe was born probably about the end of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century. His first work, *Hierothalamium; or, the Heavenly Nuptials*, appeared in 1626; and Marvel, who met him in Rome about 1643, speaks of him as then an old man. He also calls him "priest, poet, and musician". His place of birth was Ireland, and in early life he was a Jesuit, if not a priest. This last character he ceased to assume after the Restoration. From Rome, Flecknoe, who was a considerable traveller, moved to Lisbon, where he remained some time, and was kindly treated by King John of Portugal. From Lisbon, in 1646, he made a voyage to Brazil, by permission of the king, who presented him with two hundred crowns as a contribution towards his expenses. In 1650 he returned again to Lisbon, and began to write his *Travels of Ten Years in Europe, Asia, Afrique, and America*. In 1654 he printed his *Love's Dominion, a Dramatick Piece*, and dedicated it to Lady Elizabeth Claypole. This was afterwards reprinted in 1664 under the title of *Love's Kingdom*. In 1667 appeared his comedy *Demoiselles à la Mode*, and in 1670 his *Moral Epigrams*, dedicated to the queen, daughter of the King of Portugal. Of the other works of Flecknoe those most deserving mention are, *Ermina, or the Chaste Lady*, and his *Diarium, or Journal*, in burlesque verse. He died in 1678.]

## SILENCE.[1]

Still-born Silence, thou that art
Floodgate of the deeper heart,
Offspring of a heavenly kinde,
Frost o' th' mouth, and thaw o' th' mind;
Secrecy's confidant, and he
Who makes religion mystery.

## OF DRINKING.

The fountains drink caves subterren,
The rivulets drink the fountains dry;
Brooks drink those rivulets again,
And then some river gliding by:
Until some gulphing sea drink them,
And ocean drinks up that again.

[1] This and the next piece are from *Miscellanea*, or *Poems of All Sorts*.

Of ocean then does drink the sky;
When having brew'd it into rain,
The earth with drink it does supply,
And plants do drink up that again.
When turned to liquor in the vine,
'Tis our turn next to drink the wine.

By this who does not plainly see,
How into our throats at once is hurl'd—
Whilst merrily we drinking be—
The quintessence of all the world?
Whilst all drink then in land, air, sea,
Let us too drink as well as they.

---

## ON TRAVEL.[1]

It is not travel makes the man, 'tis true,
Unless a man could travel, sir, like you,
By putting off the worst and putting on
The best of every country where they come;
Their language, manners, fashions, and their use,
Purg'd from the dross, and stript from the abuse,
Until at last in manners they become
New men and creatures at their coming home;
Whilst your pied traveller, who nothing knows
Of other countries' fashions but their clothes,
And speaks their language but as parrots do,
Only at best a broken word or two,
Goes and returns the same he went again,
By carrying England still along with him;
Or else returns far worse by bringing home
The worst of every land where he does come.

---

## TO DRYDEN.

Dryden, the Muse's darling and delight,
Than whom none ever flew so high a flight;
Nor ever any's muse so high did soar
Above th' poets' empyrium before.
Some go but to Parnassus' foot, and there
Creep on the ground, as if they reptiles were:
Others but water poets, who have gone
No further than the fount of Helicon;
And they're but airy ones, whose muse soars up
No higher than to Mount Parnassus' top.
Whilst thou with thine dost seem t' have mounted higher
Than he who fetcht from heaven celestial fire!

---

## ON THE DEATH OF OUR LORD.

Oh blessed Lord! and wouldst thou die
For such a wretched worm as I!
This of thy love's so great a proof,
Angels can ne'er admire enough;
And all the love by far transcends
Of parents and of dearest friends.
To have such benefit bestow'd
Would undo any but a God;
And love itself make bankrupt too,
By leaving nothing more to do.
Had any king done this for me,
What wondering at it there would be!
And wondering at it now there's none
When by a God himself 'tis done.
Strange blindness! man should more esteem
A benefit bestow'd on him
By earthly kings, than what is given
Unto him by the King of Heaven!

---

## EXTRACT FROM "LOVE'S KINGDOM".

*Palemon.* Now here, Love, at thy sacred shrine
I offer up these vows of mine.—
Father of dear and tender thoughts,
Thou who the hardest bosom softs;
Soften Bellinda's heart, and make
Her but thy dear impression take,
So shall I burn Arabian gums,
And offer up whole hecatombs
Upon thy altar, whilst thy fires
Shall shine as bright as my desires.

*First Priest.* Whilst he the deity does invoke
The flame ascends in troubled smoke.

*Philander.* What sort of offering mine shall be,
Divinest Love, 's best known to thee;
Nor spices nor Arabian gums,
Nor yet of beasts whole hecatombs:
These are too low and earthly, mine
Are far more heavenly and divine;
An adamantine faith, and such
As jealousy can never touch;
A constant heart and loyal breast,
These are the offerings thou lovest best.

*Second Priest.* Love's fires ne'er brighter yet appeared,
Whoe'er thou art thy vows are heard.

---

## ONE WHO TURNS DAY INTO NIGHT.[2]

He is the antipodes of the country where he lives, and with the Italian begins his day with the first hour of night; he is worse than those that call light darkness and darkness light, for he makes it so, and contradicts that old saying that the day was made for man to labour in and the night to rest. He thinks that sentence of Solomon nothing concerning him, that all is vanity underneath the sun, for all his is underneath the moon: for the sun's rising only serves him to go to bed by; and as formerly they measured time by water, he measures it only

[1] This and the two pieces following are from *A Collection of the Choicest Epigrams and Characters*, 1673.

[2] This and the following extract are from *Choicest Epigrams and Characters.*

by fire and candle light; he alters his pater noster, and as others pray for their daily he prays for his nightly bread. Meantime he fears neither death nor judgment; for death is said to come like a thief in the night, and then he sits up and watches; and judgment by day, and then he is abed and sleeps. And if they charge him for ill expense of time, he only changes it—change is no robbery; so as, in fine, if he have no other sins than that, there is none would have less to answer for than he.

### A SOWER OF DISSENSION.

He is the devil's day labourer, and sows his tares for him, or seeds of dissension, by telling you this and that such an one said of you, when you may be sure it is wholly false, or never wholly true, he so alters it with his reporting it. He goes a-fishing for secrets, and tells you those of others only to hook yours out of you, baiting men as they do fishes, one with another. He is like your villanous flies, which always leave sound places to light on sore, and are such venomous ones as even to make sound places sore with their fly-blowing them. In fine, they would set dissension between man and wife the first day of their marriage, and father and son the last day of their lives. Nor will innocence be ever safe, or conversation innocent, till such as they be banished human society; and if I would afford them being anywhere, it should be with Ariosto's Discord, among mine enemies. Meantime my prayer is, God bless my friends from them!

## ROGER BOYLE, EARL OF ORRERY.

Born 1621 — Died 1679.

[Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, was the fifth son of Richard, "the great Earl of Cork". He was born in April, 1621, and was created Baron Broghill when only seven years of age. At the age of fifteen he became a student of Trinity College, Dublin, from which in a few years he was taken by his father and sent with his eldest brother to make the tour of France and Italy. On his return he made his appearance at the court in England, where he was received with respect and delight, and during his stay there he married Margaret Howard, sister to the Earl of Suffolk. Accompanied by his wife he proceeded to Ireland, just at the beginning of the troubles of 1641. Here for a time he served gallantly as a soldier on the side of the Parliamentarians, but on the death of the king he threw up his post in disgust, and returning to England lived privately at Marston, in Somersetshire, till 1649. About this time he formed an intention of applying to Charles II. for a commission to raise forces in Ireland; but this intention reached the ears of Cromwell, who visited him, and dealt with him so generously that he accepted a post in the army of the Protector. In a few days he was on his way to Ireland with a few soldiers: on his arrival there he increased his small army materially, and so managed affairs as to present a formidable appearance until, on the 15th August, 1649, Cromwell himself landed in Wexford with an army of 8000 foot and 4000 horse, together with money and materials. With the sad events that followed we are not here concerned, except to say that Lord Broghill passed through them with courage and address, so much so indeed that Cromwell made him one of his privy-council, and confided in him more than in almost any other man. Cromwell also in 1656 sent him into Scotland to attempt to remedy the rough rule of Monk, and on his return to London the Protector was so influenced by him that he was enabled to save more than one noble house from impending ruin.

After the death of Cromwell, Broghill did his best to be of service to the new lord-protector, Richard; but finding that weak but amiable descendant of the man of iron determined to be undone he retired to his command in Munster. There he soon began to busy himself to bring about the Restoration, and gained over to the royal side Wilson, governor of Limerick, and Sir Charles Coote, who held a command in the north. After the king's accession Broghill came to England, where he was received rather coldly by Charles. After a time, however, he managed to show that he had been prime

mover in the successful affairs in Ireland, and on this he was received into favour, and soon after, on the 5th September, 1660, he was made Earl of Orrery, sworn into the privy-council, appointed one of the lord-justices as well as president of Munster. In 1662, when the Duke of Ormond was made lord-lieutenant, Broghill retired to his presidency, where, by virtue of his office, he heard and decided cases in a court called the Residency Court. In this capacity he acquired such a reputation that after the fall of Clarendon he was offered the seals, but declined the post in consequence of the gout which afflicted him.

Of his works the chief are: *A Poem on His Majesty's Happy Restoration*; *A Poem on the Death of Cowley*; *The History of Henry V.*, a tragedy, 1668; *Mustapha*, a tragedy, 1667–68; *The Black Prince*, a tragedy, 1672; *Triphon*, a tragedy, 1672; *Parthenissa*, a romance, 1665; *A Dream*, full of bold advice to the king; *A Treatise on the Art of War*; *Poems on the Fasts and Festivals of the Church*. After his death the following additional works were published: — *Mr. Anthony*, a comedy, 1692; *Guzuron*, a comedy, 1693; *Herod the Great*, a tragedy, 1694; *Altemira*, a tragedy, placed on the stage in 1702; *State Letters*, 1742.

Roger Boyle died 16th October, 1679, leaving behind him a reputation as a wit, a soldier, a statesman, and a man of letters—the last title being the one of which he was most proud ]

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## ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

Hail, glorious day which miracles adorn,
Since 'twas on thee eternity was born!
Hail, glorious day, on which mankind did view
The Saviour of the old world and the new!
Hail, glorious day, which deifies man's race,
Birth-day of Jesus, and through him, of grace!
In thy blest light the world at once did see
Proofs of his Godhead and humanity.
To prove him man, he did from woman come,
To prove him God, 'twas from a virgin's womb.
Man ne'er could feign, what his strange birth
prov'd true,
For his blest mother was a virgin too.
While as a child He in the manger cryes,
Angels proclaim his Godhead from the skyes;
He to so vile a cradle did submit,
That we, through faith in him, on thrones might sit.

Oh prodigie of mercy, which did make
The God of gods our human nature take!
And through our vaile of flesh, his glory shine,
That we thereby might share in the divine.
Hail, glorious virgin, whose tryumphant womb
Blesses all ages past and all to come!
Thou more than heal'st the sin by Adam's wife,
She brought in death, but thou brought'st endless
life.
No greater wonder in the world could be,
Than thou to live in it and heaven in thee.
Heav'n does thine own great prophecy attest,
All generations still shall call thee blest.
To thee that title is most justly paid,
Since by thy Son we sons of God are made!

---

## ON THE DAY OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

Wonderful day; that title's due to thee,
Above all days, which have been, or shall be.
The day, when order out of chaos broke;
The day, when God our human nature took;
The day, when Christ ascended from the tomb;
The day, when all the world must hear their doom:
Though these four days, we justly great ones call,
Yet when, alas, compar'd to thee, are small!
For 'twas not strange, that both the heav'ns and
earth
From God's all-powerful word receiv'd their birth:
Nor, when nought else heaven's justice could atone,
The God of nature put our nature on:
Nor that he should, in whose hand only lies
Th' issues of life and death, from death arise:
Nor that one general assize should be,
To hear from God's own mouth his just decree.
These but the actings of a God display,
But that God suffer'd, on this signal day;
Which miracle amazement did infuse
In heaven, earth, hell, and all but in the Jews,
In whose obdurate souls such rancour dwelt,
As all the world, but they, compunction felt.
The sun from his bright globe his lustre strips,
And with his Maker suffers an eclipse.
The moon did hide her face, though filled with light,
Seeing the sun at noon create a night.
The sacred temple at the dread event
Of this great day her vaile for sorrow rent.
The earth, which does insensible appear,
Yet at this prodigie did shake with fear;
Hell's sad inhabitants for anger cry'd,
And, by these signs, knew the Messiah dy'd;
Th' insatiate grave, which the last day does dread,
Thinking it now was come, releas'd her dead!
Prodigious day; on which ev'n God did pray
To God, to take the bitter cup away!
A day in which philosophy descry'd
That nature or the God of nature dy'd.
A day in which mortality may cry,
Death, thou art swallowed up in victory!
Oh may this day be in all hearts engrav'd;
This day in which God dy'd and man was sav'd!

# THE HON. MRS. MONK.

Born 1677 — Died 1715.

[Mary, daughter of Viscount Molesworth of Swords, and wife of George Monk, Esq., was born in Dublin, in the year 1677 so far as we can ascertain. Her father was a peer of Ireland, and author of *An Account of Denmark;* her mother was sister of Richard, earl of Bellamont. While a mere child she displayed great ability for learning, and with very little help soon acquired a perfect knowledge of the Latin, Spanish, and Italian languages. Reading the best authors, and especially the poets in these tongues, taught her to become facile in verse-making, an ability she turned to account by translating into English many sprightly and philosophically witty pieces. She also wrote many original fugitive poems, and had in contemplation the production of something more important, when she was removed by death in 1715, at the early age of thirty-eight. Her poems were shortly after collected by her father, and published under the title of *Marinda: Poems and Translations upon Several Occasions*, 1716.

In his *Lives of the Poets* Jacob says that her poems and translations "show the true spirit and numbers of poetry, delicacy of turns, and justness of thought and expression." They are, indeed, remarkable for a neatness of manner not common in her time, and for a wit untinged by the lurid glare of immodesty that shone more or less out of the works of almost every other contemporary writer. In her hands the English language seemed as full of sparkle and light as if it were Italian, and she appeared to play with it as easily as a clever swordsman with his rapier.]

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## ON PROVIDENCE.

As a kind mother with indulgent eye
Views her fair charge and melts with sympathy,
And one's dear face imprints with kisses sweet,
One to her bosom clasps, one on her knee
Softly sustains in pleasing dignity,
And one permits to cling about her feet;
And reads their various wants and each request
In look or action, or in sigh expressed:
This little supplicant in gracious style
She answers, that she blesses with a smile;
Or if she blames their suit, or if approves,
And whether pleased or grieved, yet still she loves—
With like regard high providence Divine
Watches affectionate o'er human race:
One feeds, one comforts, does to all incline,
And each assists with kind parental care;
Or once denying us some needful grace,
Only denies to move an ardent prayer;
Or courted for imaginary wants,
Seems to deny, but in denying grants.

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## ON A STATUE OF A LADY.

See how in this marble statue
Phillis like herself looks at you;
Nature and carver were at strife,
But he has done her most to th' life.
She made that frozen breast so white,
He made her such another by't.
She made her a most pretty creature,
And he exactly hit each feature.
She her for love and dalliance chose,
And did of softest mould compose,
Like to the jess'mine or the rose;
But he, who saw how she was grown
Hard and relentless as a stone,
Did her with artful chisel frame,
Of what she by her fault became.

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## EPITAPH ON A GALLANT LADY.

O'er this marble drop a tear,
Here lies fair Rosalinde;
All mankind was pleased with her,
And she with all mankind.

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## ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

Upon a time, as poets tell,
Their Orpheus went down to hell
To fetch his wife, nor could he guess
To find her in a likelier place.

Down he went singing, as they say,
And trolling ballads all the way;
No wonder that, the reason's clear,
For then he was a widower.

Timber and stones with speed did fly
After his noble harmony;
The self-same thing I've seen befall
The woefull'st scraper of them all.

To hell he came, and told his case,
Torment and pain straight quit the place;
Each fiend was happy when compared
With such a wretched wedded bard.

He had the luck, with doleful ditty,
Deaf Pluto to inspire with pity,
And got (if you will call it gain,
And not a plague) his wife again.

With his petition he complied,
But him to these conditions tied,
That he should take, not look upon her,—
Both hard commands to man of honour.

So on the loving couple went,
He led her up the steep ascent;
But when the man does downward stray,
The woman then does lead the way.

The fond wretch turned his head too soon;
If 'twas on purpose, 'twas well done:
But if by chance, a hit indeed
Which did beyond his hopes succeed.

Happy's the married wight that e'er
Comes once to be a widower;
But twice of one wife to get free
Is luck in its extremity.

This is the first, last instance of this kind;
No fool will e'er again such fortune find.

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## RUNAWAY LOVE.

From the immortal seats above,
I, beauty's goddess, Queen of Love,
Descend to see, if here below
Ye ought of my lost Cupid know:
As on my lap the other day
The wanton chit did sport and play,
(Whether it was design or chance)
He let his golden arrow glance
On my left side; which done, he fled,
And ever since has rambling stray'd.
I that am mother of the child,
By nature gentle, soft, and mild,
Come here to seek him, and when found
To give him pardon for my wound:
I've searched my orb, and that of Jove,
And the wide space where planets move;
I looked for him in Mars, his sphere
(For I had often seen him there),
Above I've nothing left untry'd
To find where my lov'd boy does hide. . . .
Ladies, I know I must despair
To find my boy amongst the fair,
For though he pleas'd about you flies,
Basks in the glances of your eyes,
Sports in your hair, and fain would rest
In the soft lodging of your breast;
The child to enter strives in vain
A place that's guarded by disdain.
With men I better fate shall prove,
Whose hearts are open still to love:
Tell me then, sirs, I pray now do,
Has my child hid himself with you?
If any one shall show me where
To find the boy, by Styx I swear
A sacred oath, that he shall have
The sweetest kiss I ever gave;
But he that brings him to my arms
Shall master be of all my charms! . . .
Does none reply? perhaps he lies
Lurking among you in disguise,
Has laid aside his darts and bow,
That he may pass incognito;
But mark these signs, and you'll discover
(For all his tricks) the wily rover:
Though full of cunning, full of years,
The chit's so little, he appears
An infant yet, and like a child
Is forward, restless still, and wild;
He seems to sport himself, and joy
In ev'ry little foolish toy,
Though all the time his fell intent
On wicked mischief's wholly bent:
A trifle angers him, but then
A trifle pleases him again;
At once there in his look appears
Joy mixt with grief, and smiles with tears. . . .
From his sweet lips, whene'er he speaks,
The lisping accent softly breaks. . . .
At first appearance ne'er was seen
A creature of an humbler mien;
He softly knocks, or stands at door,
Your kind assistance to implore,
But soon to lord it he'll begin
If once your pity lets him in. . . .
You've heard the marks by which you may
Know and arrest the runaway:
Sirs, tell me if he here does stay!
Does any hope the boy to hide,
Th' attempt is vain, though often tried;
For who can think love to conceal?
Each look, each word will love reveal;
He'll force his way through all disguise,
Break from the tongue, start from the eyes,
As the false adder, never to be charm'd.
Tears from the breast in which 'twas hid and warm'd!
But since I cannot find him here,
Before I back to Heav'n repair,
A little further still I'll seek the wanderer!

# EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

BORN 1633 — DIED 1684.

[Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, was born in 1633, and was the eldest son of Sir James Dillon, third Earl of Roscommon. His mother was Elizabeth Wentworth, sister to the Earl of Strafford, then Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, for which reason the poet was christened by the name of Wentworth. When Strafford returned to England he brought young Dillon with him, and placed the youth at his seat in Yorkshire, under the tuition of Dr. Hall, afterwards Bishop of Norwich. The poet soon learned to write Latin with elegance and correctness, though he could never remember a single rule of grammar. On the impeachment of Strafford his nephew was sent to Caen in Normandy, to finish his education under the learned Bochart. From Caen he, after some time, journeyed to Rome, where he busied himself assiduously in the study of antiquities, and in acquiring the Italian language, "which," says one of his biographers, "he spoke with so much grace and fluency that he was frequently mistaken for a native."

After the Restoration he returned to England, where he was made captain of the band of pensioners by Charles II. There he indulged in gaming, and fought many duels, but before long he was obliged to go into Ireland, owing to some dispute with the lord privy-seal about part of his estate. In Dublin he was looked upon as "certainly the most hopeful young nobleman in Ireland," and soon after his arrival he was appointed captain of the guards. His vice of gaming clung to him, and involved him in many duels and dangerous adventures. One night he was attacked by three ruffians, but defended himself so well that he killed one, a gentleman coming to his help disarmed another, and the third ran away. Roscommon's ally turned out to be a disbanded officer of good family, but in such poor circumstances that he had not clothes fit to appear in at the castle. However, the grateful poet presented him to the Duke of Ormond, and obtained that nobleman's leave to resign his commission in favour of the officer, who at once became captain of the guards, and enjoyed the post till his death. Roscommon returned to London, drawn thither by the pleasures of the court and the many friendships he had made in that city.

Soon after his arrival in England Roscommon was made master of the horse to the Duchess of York, and about the same time married the eldest daughter of the Earl of Burlington. Verses began to flow from his pen, and were highly praised; and he and Dryden, who were close friends, projected a design for "fixing and refining the standard of our language." Johnson, in his life of Roscommon, expresses little hope of this project ever being of any real use; but anyhow all chance of carrying it out was destroyed by the turbulence of the times.

In January, 1684, Roscommon decided to remove to Rome, as he foresaw great troubles in the state, giving as his reason for so doing that "it was best to sit near the chimney when the chamber smoked." When about to make his move he was delayed by the gout, and being very impatient, both of the pain and its stoppage of his journey, he called in a French quack. This person dealt with the disease so that he drove it inwards, where it soon became fatal. On the 17th of January the poet died, after the fervent utterance of two lines from his own version of "Dies Iræ."

> "My God, my Father, and my Friend,
> Do not forsake me in my end."

He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Roscommon wrote little, but that little well, a thing in which he might well be imitated by more than one of our modern poets. His best works are his *Essay on Translated Verse* and his translation of *Horace's Art of Poetry*. His translation of the "Dies Iræ" is vigorous, and many of his smaller pieces, such as his "Ode upon Solitude," are full of grace. Johnson says, "We must allow of Roscommon, what Fenton has not mentioned so distinctly as he ought, and what is yet very much to his honour, that he is perhaps the only correct writer in verse before Addison." Pope says of him in one place:—

> "To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
> And every author's merit but his own."

In another place he gives him credit for morality in an age when every other poet was immoral:—

> "Unhappy Dryden! in all Charles's days
> Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays."

Dryden also says,—

"The Muse's empire is restored again,
In Charles's reign and by Roscommon's pen."

Fenton says of him that "his imagination might probably have been more fruitful and sprightly if his judgment had been less severe;" a very good reason for the small quantity but superior quality of his work.]

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## THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

(TRANSLATION OF "DIES IRÆ.")

The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say.

What horror will invade the mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find.

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations underground.

Nature and death shall with surprise
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

The Judge ascends his awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

Oh then! what interest shall I make,
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake?

Thou mighty, formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost.

Thou, who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not these agonies be vain.

Thou whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad accounting day.

Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whose load my soul with anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep; accept my tears.

Thou, who wert moved with Mary's grief,
And, by absolving of the thief,
Hast given me hope, now give relief.

Reject not my unworthy prayer,
Preserve me from that dangerous snare,
Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

Give my exalted soul a place
Among the chosen right-hand race,
The sons of God and heirs of grace.

From that insatiable abyss,
Where flames devour and serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy seat of bliss.

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end.

Well may they curse their second breath,
Who rise to a reviving death;
Thou great Creator of mankind,
Let guilty man compassion find.

---

## ODE UPON SOLITUDE.

Hail, sacred Solitude! from this calm bay
I view the world's tempestuous sea,
And with wise pride despise
All those senseless vanities:
With pity moved for others cast away
On rocks of hopes and fears, I see them toss'd;
On rocks of folly and of vice, I see them lost:
Some, the prevailing malice of the great,
Unhappy men, or adverse fate,
Send deep into the gulfs of an afflicted state.
But more, far more, a numberless prodigious train,
Whilst virtue courts them, but, alas! in vain,
Fly from her kind embracing arms,
Deaf to her fondest call, blind to her greatest charms,
And, sunk in pleasure and in brutish ease,
They in their shipwreck'd state themselves obdurate please.

Hail, sacred Solitude! soul of my soul,
It is by thee I truly live,
Thou dost a better life and nobler vigour give;
Dost each unruly appetite control:
Thy constant quiet fills my peaceful breast
With unmix'd joy, uninterrupted rest.
Presuming love does ne'er invade
This private solitary shade;
And, with fantastic wounds by beauty made,
The joy has no alloy of jealousy, hope, and fear,
The solid comforts of this happy sphere:
Yet I exalted Love admire,
Friendship, abhorring sordid gain,
And purify'd from Lust's dishonest stain:

Nor is it for my solitude unfit,
For I am with my friend alone,
As if we were but one;
'Tis the polluted love that multiplies,
But friendship does two souls in one comprise.

Here in a full and constant tide doth flow
All blessings men can hope to know;
Here in a deep recess of thought we find
Pleasures which entertain and which exalt the mind,
Pleasures which do from friendship and from knowledge rise,
Which make us happy, as they make us wise;
Here may I always on this downy grass
Unknown, unseen, my easy minutes pass:
Till with a gentle force victorious death
My solitude invade,
And, stopping for a while my breath,
With ease convey me to a better shade.

---

## IMITATION OF THE TWENTY-SECOND ODE OF FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

Virtue (dear friend) needs no defence,
No arms but its own innocence:
Quivers and bows, and poison'd darts,
Are only used by guilty hearts.

An honest mind safely alone
May travel through the burning zone;
Or through the deepest Scythian snows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows.

While, ruled by a resistless fire,
Our great Orinda I admire.
The hungry wolves, that see me stray,
Unarm'd and single, run away.

Set me in the remotest place
That ever Neptune did embrace;
When there her image fills my breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

Leave me upon some Libyan plain,
So she my fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty monsters meet
They'll all pay homage to my feet.

The magic of Orinda's name,
Not only can their fierceness tame,
But, if that mighty word I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to war in verse.

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## ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

Happy that author, whose correct essay
Repairs so well our old Horatian way:
And happy you, who (by propitious fate)
On great Apollo's sacred standard wait,
And with strict discipline instructed right,
Have learned to use your arms before you fight.
But since the press, the pulpit, and the stage,
Conspire to censure and expose our age,
Provok'd too far, we resolutely must,
To the few virtues that we have, be just,
For who have longed, or who have laboured more
To search the treasures of the Roman store;
Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore? . . .
The first great work (a task perform'd by few)
Is, that yourself may to yourself be true:
No mask, no tricks, no favour, no reserve;
Dissect your mind, examine every nerve.
Whoever vainly on his strength depends,
Begins like Virgil, but like Mævius ends.
That wretch (in spite of his forgotten rhymes),
Condemned to live to all succeeding times,
With pompous nonsense and a bellowing sound
Sung lofty Ilium trembling to the ground,
And (if my Muse can through past ages see),
That noisy, nauseous, gaping fool was he;
Exploded, when with universal scorn,
The mountain labour'd and a mouse was born.
. . . Each poet with a different talent writes,
One praises, one instructs, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aspire to epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro stoop to lyric lays.
Examine how your humour is inclin'd,
And which the ruling passion of your mind;
Then seek a poet who your way does bend,
And choose an author as you choose a friend.
United by this sympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond;
Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your souls agree,
No longer his interpreter, but he . . .
Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of sense. . . .
Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good,
It must delight as when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view
(As many old have done and many new),
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills. . . .
On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise,
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts;
Which through the whole insensibly must pass,
With vital heat to animate the mass. . . .
Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense or want of thought.
The men who labour and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast;
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
How many ages since has Virgil writ!
How few there are who understand him yet!
. . . Words in one language elegantly us'd,
Will hardly in another be excus'd.

And some that Rome admir'd in Cæsar's time,
May neither suit our genius nor our clime.
The genuine sense, intelligibly told,
Shows a translator both discreet and bold. . . .
I pity from my soul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuse. . . .

Of many faults rhyme is perhaps the cause;
Too strict to rhyme we slight more useful laws,
For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown:
Subdued, undone, they did at last obey,
And change their own for their invaders' way.
. . . Oh may I live to hail the glorious day,
And sing loud pæans through the crowded way,
When in triumphant state the British Muse,
True to herself, shall barbarous aid refuse,
And in the Roman majesty appear,
Which none know better, and none come so near.

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# THE HON. ROBERT BOYLE.

Born 1626 — Died 1691.

[Robert Boyle, "a most distinguished philosopher and chemist, and an exceedingly good man," was seventh son of Richard, "the great Earl of Cork," and brother of Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, of whom we have already spoken. He was born at Lismore, in the south of Ireland, on the 25th January, 1626, and was early committed to the care of a country nurse, with instructions to bring him up as hardy as if he had been her own son. When about three years old he lost his mother, and shortly after had a narrow escape from being drowned. A little later, while in his fourth year, he was sent to Eton, and placed in charge of the provost, Sir Henry Wootton, an old friend and intimate acquaintance of his father. At Eton he remained for three or four years, when his father took him to his own house at Stalbridge in Dorsetshire, where he had for tutor the minister of the place. In 1638 he went with his father to London, and at the end of October in the same year he and his brother Francis were sent abroad on their travels under the charge of a Mr. Marcombes. At Geneva, where their tutor had his family, they halted and pursued their studies quietly for a time, and there Robert renewed and made more perfect his acquaintance with mathematics. A writer in the *National Encyclopædia* says, "At Geneva the occurrence of an awful thunderstorm awakened religious feelings which actuated him greatly in after life."

Towards the end of 1641 he quitted Geneva, and passing through Switzerland visited most of the principal cities and towns in Italy. During the winter he stayed at Florence, where he spent his time in reading Italian history and acquiring the language. After seeing Rome he and his brother visited several other places, and in May, 1642, they reached Marseilles. Here they had letters from their father, telling of the outbreak of the Irish rebellion, and saying how hard put to he had been to procure the £250 he sent to carry them home. The money never reached their hands, and they were forced to accompany their tutor to Geneva, where, after a time, some money was raised on jewels, by means of which they continued their journey to England. When they arrived in 1644 they found their father dead.

In 1646 Boyle retired to his manor of Stalbridge, left him by his father, and there applied himself with great industry to studies of various kinds, but chiefly to those of chemistry and natural philosophy. About this time, too, he formed one of the little band of men who held weekly meetings for the promotion of philosophy and science under the title of the Philosophical College, which, on the Restoration, burst into full bloom as the Royal Society. In 1652 he went over to Ireland to look after his property, and after a second visit in 1654 he went to live at Oxford, where he stayed chiefly till 1668. At Oxford he found most of the members of the Philosophical College, and while there he invented the air-pump.

After the Restoration he was treated with great respect by the king and those in authority; but he resolutely refused their request that he should enter into holy orders, thinking that he could be of more benefit to religion as a layman. In 1660 he published his *New Ex-*

*periments;* in the same year also appeared his *Seraphic Love*, a piece which had been written as early as 1648. In 1661 he issued certain physiological essays and other tracts; and in 1662 his *Sceptical Chemist.* All these were successful, and were reprinted—some of them more than once—within a few years. In 1663, on the incorporation of the Royal Society, he was appointed one of the council. In the same year he published *Considerations touching the Usefulness of Experimental Natural Philosophy; Experiments upon Colours*, a curious and useful work; and *Considerations upon the Style of the Holy Scriptures.* In the year 1665 appeared his *Occasional Reflections upon Several Subjects*, a work satirized by Swift, but which is said to have actually given that genius his first hint of *Gulliver's Travels.* In that year also was issued *New Experiments and Observations on Cold.* On the 8th March, 1666, he wrote his celebrated letter to Mr. Stubbe on the controversy as to Valentine Greatrakes, who professed to cure diseases by stroking. This letter is upwards of twenty octavo pages in length, "very learned and very judicious, wonderfully correct in diction and style, remarkably clear in method and form, highly exact in the observations and remarks, and abounding in pertinent and curious facts. Yet it appears it was written within the compass of a single morning." In this year also he published *Hydrostatical Paradoxes* and *The Origin of Forms and Qualities.*

In 1668 Boyle settled permanently in London in the house of his beloved sister Lady Ranelagh, and from this until his death work after work appeared from his pen in rapid succession. We cannot do more than name the chief of them here:—*Continuation of Experiments touching the Spring and Weight of Air*, 1669; *Tracts about the Cosmical Qualities of Things*, 1670; *Essay on the Origin and Virtue of Gems*, 1672; *Essays on the Strange Subtlety, &c., of Effluvia*, 1673; *The Excellence of Theology*, 1673; *The Saltness of the Sea, &c.*, 1674; *Some Considerations about the Reconcilableness of Reason and Religion*, 1675; *Experiments about the Mechanical Origin or Production of Particular Qualities*, 1676; *Historical Account of a Degradation of Gold by an Anti-Elixir*, 1678; *Discourse of Things above Reason*, 1681; *Memoirs on the Natural History of Human Blood*, 1684; *Essay on the Great Effects of Even, Languid, and Unheeded Motion*, 1690; *Of the High Veneration Man's Intellect Owes to God*, 1690; *The Christian Virtuoso*, 1690.

In 1677 Boyle, who was a director of the East India Company, printed at Oxford and sent abroad 500 copies of the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles in the Malayan tongue, and in November of this year he was appointed President of the Royal Society. In the early part of 1689 his health began to decline, and on the 18th of July, 1691, he made his will. In October of that year he grew worse, chiefly owing, it is supposed, to the illness of his favourite sister, who died on the 23rd December. On the 30th he followed her, dying peacefully in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

Among the good deeds of Boyle's life we must not omit to mention his large contributions to the printing and publishing of Bibles for Ireland, Scotland, and Wales; his contributions towards propagating Christianity in America; his large expenditure over the publication and dispersal of an Arabic edition of Grotius, *On the Truth of the Christian Religion*; and above all, his establishment of the Boyle Lectures in Defence of Revealed Religion.

Boyle never married; but in early life it is said he loved a fair daughter of Cary, Earl of Monmouth, and to this we owe the production of *Seraphic Love.*]

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## FISHING WITH A COUNTERFEIT FLY.

Being at length come to the river-side we quickly began to fall to the sport for which we came thither, and Eugenius finding the fish forward enough to bite, thought fit to spare his flies till he might have more need of them, and therefore tied to his line a hook, furnished with one of those counterfeit flies which in some neighbouring countries are much used, and which, being made of the feathers of wild fowl, are not subject to be drenched by the water, whereon those birds are wont to swim. This fly being for a pretty while scarce any oftener thrown in than the hook it hid was drawn up again with a fish fastened to it: Eugenius looking on us with a smiling countenance seemed to be very proud of his success, which Eusebius taking notice of, Whilst (says he) we smile to see how easily you beguile these silly fishes, that you catch so fast with this false bait, possibly we are not much less unwary ourselves, and the world's treacherous pleasures do little less delude both me and you: for Eugenius (con-

tinues he), as the apostles were fishers of men in a good sense, so their and our grand adversary is a skilful fisher of men in a bad sense, and too often in his attempts to cheat fond mortals meets with a success as great and easy as you now find yours. And certainly that tempter, as the Scripture calls him, does sadly delude us, even when we rise at his best baits, and, as it were, his true flies: for, alas! the best things he can give are very worthless, most of them in their own nature, and all of them in comparison of what they must cost us to enjoy them. But however riches, power, and the delights of the senses are real goods in their kind, though they be not of the best kind, yet, alas! many of us are so fitted for deceits that we do not put this subtle angler to make use of his true baits to catch us. We suffer him to abuse us much more grossly, and to cheat us with empty titles of honour, or the ensnaring smiles of great ones, or disquieting drudgeries dignified with the specious names of great employments, and though these, when they must be obtained by sin, or are proposed as the recompenses for it, be, as I was going to say, but the devil's counterfeit flies, yet, as if we were fond of being deceived, we greedily swallow the hook for flies that do but look like such, so dim-sighted are we as well to what vice shows as to what it hides. Let us not then (concludes Eusebius) rise at baits, whereby we may be sure to be either grossly or at least exceedingly deceived; for, whoever ventures to commit a sin, to taste the luscious sweets that the fruition of it seems to promise, certainly is so far deceived as to swallow a true hook for a bait, which either proves but a counterfeit fly or hides that under its alluring show which makes it not need to be a counterfeit one to deceive him.

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## ON A GLOW-WORM IN A PHIAL.

If this unhappy worm had been as despicable as the other reptiles that crept up and down the hedge whence I took him, he might as well as they have been left there still, and his own obscurity as well as that of the night had preserved him from the confinement he now suffers. And if, as he sometimes for a pretty while withdrew that luminous liquor, that is as it were the candle to this dark lanthorn, he had continued to forbear the disclosing of it, he might have deluded my search and escaped his present confinement.

Rare qualities may sometimes be prerogatives without being advantages. And though a needless ostentation of one's excellencies may be more glorious, yet a modest concealment of them is usually more safe, and an unseasonable disclosure of flashes of wit may sometimes do a man no other service than to direct his adversaries how they may do him a mischief.

And as though this worm be lodged in a crystalline prison, through which it has the honour to be gazed at by many eyes, and among them are some that are said to shine far more in the day than this creature does in the night, yet no doubt, if he could express a sense of the condition he is in, he would bewail it, and think himself unhappy in an excellency which procures him at once admiration and captivity, by the former of which he does but give others a pleasure, while in the latter he himself resents a misery.

This ofttimes is the fate of a great wit, whom the advantage he has of ordinary men in knowledge, the light of the mind exposes to so many effects of other men's importunate curiosity as to turn his prerogative into a trouble; the light that ennobles him tempts inquisitive men to keep him as upon the score we do this glow-worm from sleeping, and his conspicuousness is not more a friend to his fame than an enemy to his quiet, for men allow such much praise but little rest. They attract the eye of others but are not suffered to shut their own, and find that by a very disadvantageous bargain they are reduced for that imaginary good called fame to pay that real blessing liberty.

And as though this luminous creature be himself imprisoned in so close a body as glass, yet the light that ennobles him is not thereby restrained from diffusing itself, so there are certain truths that have in them so much of native light or evidence, that by the personal distresses of the proposer it cannot be hidden or restrained, but in spite of prisons it shines freely, and procures the teachers of it admiration even when it cannot procure them liberty.

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# THOMAS DUFFET.

FLOURISHED ABOUT 1676.

[Of Thomas Duffet very little is known except that he was an Irishman who kept at first a milliner's shop in the New Exchange, London, and who while thus engaged discovered an ability for song-writing and burlesque. This latter talent, however, has got him into sad disfavour with some of his biographers, the editors of *Biographia Dramatica* taking him hotly to task for his presumption in laughing at Dryden, Shadwell, and Settle. Indeed, so occupied with this part of their task were they that they neglected even to state the time of his death or to mention a single song of his, and all encyclopædic biographers from then till now have followed their example. Indeed in many cases their words have simply been reprinted, although their reverence for Settle and Shadwell is but an absurdity to us; while we all know that Dryden, though a great poet, was not a great dramatist, and his plays are just the kind for a clever burlesque writer to delight in.

That Duffet's burlesques were successful even the editors of *Biographia Dramatica* acknowledge, but they declare that for the favourable reception they found "Mr. Duffet stood more indebted to the great names of those authors whose works he attempted to burlesque and ridicule than to any merit of his own". Of these burlesques six are at present known: *The Amorous Old Woman* (doubtful); *Spanish Rogue*; *Empress of Morocco*; *Mock Tempest*; *Beauty's Triumph*; and *Psyche Debauched.* The best of these, say the biographers just quoted, met with the worst success—a thing not uncommon even in our days.

However, it is as a song-writer that Duffet is now remembered, and as such only do we care to study him and present him here. His songs are delightful of their kind, an artificial kind to be sure, but it was an age of artificialities. Something of the delicate unreal grace,—as of a duchess playing at milkmaid with a Dresden-China petticoat all nosegays and true-lover-knots,—which gave their most exquisite inspiration to Purcell and Arne, is to be found in the songs of the accomplished ex-man-milliner; something, too, of the gay and cold sparkle of Pope is in his praises of Celia.]

## SINCE COELIA'S MY FOE.

Since Coelia's my foe,
To a desert I'll go,
Where some river
For ever
Shall echo my woe.

The trees shall appear
More relenting than her,
In the morning
Adorning
Each leaf with a tear.

When I make my sad moan
To the rocks all alone,
From each hollow
Will follow
Some pitiful groan.

But with silent disdain
She requites all my pain,
To my mourning
Returning
No answer again.

Ah, Coelia! adieu,
When I cease to pursue,
You'll discover
No lover
Was ever so true.

Your sad shepherd flies
From those dear cruel eyes,
Which now seeing,
His being
Decays, and he dies.

Yet 'tis better to run
To the fate we can't shun,
Than for ever
To strive for
What cannot be won.

What, ye gods, have I done,
That Amyntor alone
Is so treated,
And hated,
For loving but one?

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## COME ALL YOU PALE LOVERS.

Come all you pale lovers that sigh and complain,
While your beautiful tyrants but laugh at your pain,
Come practise with me
To be happy and free,

In spite of inconstancy, pride, or disdain.
I see and I love, and the bliss I enjoy
No rival can lessen nor envy destroy.

My mistress so fair is, no language or art
Can describe her perfection in every part;
Her mien's so genteel,
With such ease she can kill,
Each look with new passion she captures my heart.

Her smiles, the kind message of love from her eyes,
When she frowns 'tis from others her flame to disguise.
Thus her scorn or her spite
I convert to delight,
As the bee gathers honey wherever he flies.

My vows she receives from her lover unknown,
And I fancy kind answers although I have none.
How blest should I be
If our hearts did agree,
Since already I find so much pleasure alone.
I see and I love, and the bliss I enjoy
No rival can lessen nor envy destroy.

### UNCERTAIN LOVE.

The labouring man that plants or sows,
His certain times of profit knows;
Seamen the roughest tempest scorn,
Hoping at last a rich return.

But my too much loved Celia's mind
Is more unconstant and unkind
Than stormy weather, sea, or wind.
Now with assured hope raised high
I think no man so blest as I—
Hope that a dying saint may own,
To see and hear her speak alone.

But ere my swiftest thought can thence
Convey a blessing to my sense,
My hope, like fairy treasure's gone,
Although I never made it known;
From all untruth my heart is clean,
No other love can enter in,
Yet Celia's ne'er will come again.

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## GEORGE FARQUHAR.

Born 1678 — Died 1707.

[George Farquhar, "the fine and noble-minded, and, in every sense, the honourable Farquhar—one in the shining list of geniuses that adorn the biographical page of Ireland," was born in Londonderry in the year 1678. In that city he received the rudiments of education, and before leaving it he began to display the bent of his genius. In 1694 he entered at Trinity College in Dublin, and for a time made great progress in his studies. However, being of a volatile nature, the steady-going life of the university grew distasteful to him, and having formed an intimacy with the celebrated actor Wilks, he obtained a situation in the Dublin theatre. Being handsome in person and gifted with ability, his appearance was successful, and he would doubtless have remained an actor all his life were it not for an accident which made him forswear the histrionic art. In playing the part of Guyomar in Dryden's *Indian Emperor*, by an act of forgetfulness he wounded a brother tragedian so grievously that his life was only just saved after great anxiety.

Having now no further business in Dublin, he went over to London, where he renewed his acquaintance with Wilks, by whom he was after a time induced to write his first comedy, *Love and a Bottle*. This appeared in 1698, and being full of sprightly dialogue and busy scenes, was well received. In 1700, the year of jubilee at Rome, he produced his *Constant Couple; or, Trip to the Jubilee*, in which Wilks made a great hit as Sir Harry Wildair. Towards the end of the year he visited Holland, probably in fulfilment of the duties of a lieutenancy which the Earl of Orrery obtained for him. While there he wrote home two very facetious letters descriptive of what he had seen, as well as a set of verses on the same subject.

In 1701, on his return to England, the great success of *Trip to the Jubilee* caused him to write a continuation, which appeared under the title of *Sir Harry Wildair; or, The Sequel of the Trip to the Jubilee*. In this Mrs. Oldfield made a great success, while Wilks added to his reputation as the Sir Harry Wildair of married life. In 1702 he published his *Miscellanies; or, Collections of Poems, Letters, and Essays*, in which may be found many "humorous and pleasant sallies of fancy;" and in

1703 he produced *The Inconstant*, a play which has ever since kept the stage, and which was acted only the other day in London with great success. The play was not, however, at first very well received, owing, it is said, to the sudden springing up among the public of a taste for opera. This year also he was entrapped into marriage by a female adventurer, who became madly enamoured of him. Though immediately after marriage he found how he had been deceived, though embarrassments closed round him, and though a family quickly appeared to add to his troubles, he never once upbraided his wife, but after the first shock of discovery treated her with kindness and affection.

Early in 1704 he produced, with the assistance of a friend, the farce called *The Stage Coach*, which was well received. In 1705 his comedy *The Twin Rivals* appeared, and in 1706 the comedy called *The Recruiting Officer*. His last work was *The Beaux' Stratagem*, which he did not live to see produced, and which is perhaps the best of all his works. Oppressed with debt, he applied to a courtier friend for assistance; but the creature advised him to sell his commission, and pledged his honour that in a short time he would find him another. Farquhar followed the advice; but when he applied to his patron to help him to a new commission the worthy declared that he had forgotten his promise. This disappointment so preyed upon his mind that it broke him down completely, and in April, 1707, while *The Beaux' Stratagem* was being rehearsed at Drury Lane, he sank into his last sleep in the twenty-ninth year of his age. After his death the following letter to Wilks was found among his papers:—"Dear Bob, I have not anything to leave thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls; look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was to the last moment of his life, thine, George Farquhar." It is pleasant to know that Wilks did his utmost for the widow and two girls, all of whom, however, fell into pitiful circumstances before their death.

Farquhar is far more natural than Congreve or any other of his rivals; "his style is pure and unaffected, his wit natural and flowing, his plots generally well contrived." His works were so successful in book form, as well as on the stage, that within fifty years of his death they had gone through more than eight editions. "The character of Wildair appears to me," says Cowden Clarke, "one of the most naturally buoyant pieces of delineation that ever was written—buoyant without inanity; reckless, wanton, careless, irrepressibly vivacious, and outpouring, without being obstreperous and oppressive, and all the while totally free from a tinge of vulgarity in the composition." "Farquhar's gentlemen are Irish gentlemen," he continues, "frank, generous, eloquent, witty, and with a cordial word of gallantry always at command." Hazlitt had a high opinion of Farquhar, who, he says, "has humour, character, and invention in common with the other (Vanbrugh), with a more unaffected gaiety and spirit of enjoyment which sparkles in all he does. . . . His incidents succeed one another with rapidity, but without premeditation; his wit is easy and spontaneous; his style animated, unembarrassed, and flowing; his characters full of life and spirit." "In short," says Cowden Clarke, "he was a *delightful* writer, and one to whom I should sooner recur for relaxation and entertainment—and without after cloying and disgust—than to any of the school of which he may be said to be the last."]

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## A WOMAN OF QUALITY.[1]

*A Lady's Apartment. Two Chambermaids enter.*

*First Cham.* Are all things set in order? The toilette fixed, the bottles and combs put in form, and the chocolate ready?

*Second Cham.* 'Tis no great matter whether they be right or not; for right or wrong we shall be sure of our lecture; I wish, for my part, that my time were out.

*First Cham.* Nay, 'tis a hundred to one but we may run away before our time be half expired; and she's worse this morning than ever. —Here she comes.

LADY LUREWELL *enters.*

*Lure.* Ay, there's a couple of you indeed! But how, how in the name of negligence could you two contrive to make a bed as mine was last night; a wrinkle on one side and a rumple on t'other; the pillows awry and the quilt askew!—I did nothing but tumble about, and fence with the sheets all night along.—Oh! my bones ache this morning as if I had lain all night on a pair of Dutch stairs—Go, bring

[1] This and the following extract are from *The Constant Couple* and its sequel *Sir Harry Wildair*.

chocolate.—And, d'ye hear? Be sure to stay an hour or two at least—Well! these English animals are so unpolished! I wish the persecution would rage a little harder, that we might have more of these French refugees among us.

*The Maids enter with chocolate.*

These wenches are gone to Smyrna for this chocolate.—And what made you stay so long?

*Cham.* I thought we did not stay at all, madam.

*Lure.* Only an hour and half by the slowest clock in Christendom—And such salvers and dishes too! The lard be merciful to me! what have I committed to be plagued with such animals?—Where are my new japan salvers?—Broke, o'my conscience! All to pieces, I'll lay my life on't.

*Cham.* No, indeed, madam, but your husband—

*Lure.* How? husband, impudence! I'll teach you manners. [*Gives her a box on the ear.*] Husband! Is that your Welsh breeding? Ha'n't the colonel a name of his own?

*Cham.* Well, then, the colonel. He used them this morning, and we ha'n't got them since.

*Lure.* How! the colonel use my things! How dare the colonel use anything of mine?—But his campaign education must be pardoned—And I warrant they were fisted about among his dirty levee of disbanded officers?—Faugh! The very thoughts of them fellows with their eager looks, iron swords, tied-up wigs, and tucked-in cravats, make me sick as death.—Come, let me see.—[*Goes to take the chocolate, and starts back.*] Heavens protect me from such a sight! Lord, girl! when did you wash your hands last? And have you been pawing me all this morning with them dirty fists of yours? [*Runs to the glass.*]—I must dress all over again—Go, take it away, I shall swoon else.—Here, Mrs. Monster, call up my tailor; and d'ye hear? you, Mrs. Hobbyhorse, see if my company be come to cards yet.

*The Tailor enters.*

Oh, Mr. Remnant! I don't know what ails these stays you have made me; but something is the matter, I don't like them.

*Rem.* I am very sorry for that, madam. But what fault does your ladyship find?

*Lure.* I don't know where the fault lies; but in short I don't like them; I can't tell how; the things are well enough made, but I don't like them.

*Rem.* Are they too wide, madam?

*Lure.* No.

*Rem.* Too strait, perhaps?

*Lure.* Not at all! they fit me very well; but—lard bless me, can't you tell where the fault lies?

*Rem.* Why, truly, madam, I can't tell.—But your ladyship, I think, is a little too slender for the fashion.

*Lure.* How! too slender for the fashion, say you?

*Rem.* Yes, madam! there's no such thing as a good shape worn among the quality: your fine waists are clear out, madam.

*Lure.* And why did not you plump up my stays to the fashionable size?

*Rem.* I made them to fit you, madam.

*Lure.* Fit me! fit my monkey—What! d'ye think I wear clothes to please myself! Fit me! fit the fashion, pray; no matter for me—I thought something was the matter, I wanted quality-air.—Pray, Mr. Remnant, let me have a bulk of quality, a spreading counter. I do remember now, the ladies in the apartments, the birth-night, were most of them two yards about. Indeed, sir, if you contrive my things any more with your scanty chambermaid's air, you shall work no more for me.

*Rem.* I shall take care to please your ladyship for the future. [*Exit.*

*A Servant enters.*

*Serv.* Madam, my master desires—

*Lure.* Hold, hold, fellow; for God's sake hold: if thou touch my clothes with that tobacco breath of thine, I shall poison the whole drawing-room. Stand at the door, pray, and speak.

[*Servant goes to the door and speaks.*

*Serv.* My master, madam, desires—

*Lure.* Oh, hideous! Now the rascal bellows so loud that he tears my head to pieces.—Here, Awkwardness, go take the booby's message and bring it to me.

[*Maid goes to the door, whispers, and returns.*

*Cham.* My master desires to know how your ladyship rested last night, and if you are pleased to admit of a visit this morning.

*Lure.* Ay—why, this is civil.—'Tis an insupportable toil though for women of quality to model their husbands to good breeding.

## A GENTLEMANLY CANING.

LADY LUREWELL *solus.*

*Enter* SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

*Sir H.* "My life, my soul, my all that heaven can give!—

*Lady L.* "Death's life with thee; without thee, death to live."

Still brisk and airy, I find, Sir Harry.

*Sir H.* The sight of you, madam, exults my air, and makes joy lighten in my face.

*Lady L.* Would you marry me, Sir Harry?

*Sir H.* Why, marriage is the devil!—But I will marry you.

*Lady L.* Your word, sir, is not to be relied on. If a gentleman will forfeit his honour in dealings of business, we may reasonably suspect his fidelity in an amour.

*Sir H.* My honour in dealings of business!—Why, madam, I never had any business all my life.

*Lady L.* Yes, Sir Harry; I have heard a very odd story, and am sorry that a gentleman of your figure should undergo the scandal.

*Sir H.* Out with it, madam.

*Lady L.* Why, the merchant, sir, that transmitted your bills of exchange to you in France complains of some indirect and dishonourable dealings.

*Sir H.* Who—old Smuggler?

*Lady L.* Ay, ay, you know him, I find.

*Sir H.* I have some reason, I think. Why, the rogue has cheated me of above £500 within these three years.

*Lady L.* 'Tis your business, then, to acquit yourself publicly, for he spreads the scandal everywhere.

*Sir H.* Acquit myself publicly! Here, sirrah.

*Enter a Servant.*

My coach; I'll drive instantly into the city, and cane the old villain round the Royal Exchange.

*Lady L.* Why, he is in the house now, sir.

*Sir H.* What, in this house?

*Lady L.* Ay, in the next room.

*Sir H.* Then, sirrah, lend me your cudgel.

[*Exit Servant.*

*Lady L.* Sir Harry, you won't raise a disturbance in the house?

*Sir H.* Disturbance, madam! No, no; I'll beat him with the temper of a philosopher. Here, Mrs. Parley, show me the gentleman.

[*Exit with Parley.*

*Lady L.* Now shall I get the old monster well beaten, and Sir Harry pestered, next term, with bloodsheds, batteries, costs and damages, solicitors and attorneys. And if they don't tease him out of his good humour I'll never plot again. [*Exit.*

*Another Room in the Same House.*

*Enter* ALDERMAN SMUGGLER *and* SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

*Sir H.* Dear Mr. Alderman, I'm your most devoted and humble servant.

*Ald.* My best friend, Sir Harry, you're welcome to England.

*Sir H.* I'll assure you, sir, there's not a man in the king's dominions I am gladder to meet, dear, dear Mr. Alderman.

[*Bowing very low.*

*Ald.* Oh! lord, sir, you travellers have the most obliging ways with you.

*Sir H.* There is a business, Mr. Alderman, fallen out, which you may oblige me infinitely by—I am very sorry that I am forced to be troublesome, but necessity, Mr. Alderman—

*Ald.* Ay, sir, as you say, necessity—But upon my word, sir, I am very short of money at present; but—

*Sir H.* That's not the matter, sir; I'm above an obligation that way; but the business is, I'm reduced to an indispensable necessity of being obliged to you for a beating. Here, take this cane.

*Ald.* A beating, Sir Harry! Ha, ha, ha! I beat a knight baronet! An alderman turned cudgel-player! Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir H.* Upon my word, sir, you must beat me, or I'll beat you; take your choice.

*Ald.* Psha, psha! You jest.

*Sir H.* Nay, 'tis sure as fate; so, alderman, I hope you'll pardon my curiosity.

[*Strikes him.*

*Ald.* Curiosity! Deuce take your curiosity, sir! What d'ye mean?

*Sir H.* Nothing at all. I'm but in jest, sir.

*Ald.* Oh! I can take anything in jest; but a man might imagine, by the smartness of the stroke, that you were in downright earnest.

*Sir H.* Not in the least, sir (*strikes him*)—not in the least, indeed, sir.

*Ald.* Pray, good sir, no more of your jests; for they are the bluntest jests that ever I knew.

*Sir H.* I heartily beg your pardon, with all my heart, sir. [*Strikes him.*

*Ald.* Pardon, sir! Well, sir, that is satis-

faction enough from a gentleman. But seriously, now, if you pass any more of your jests upon me I shall grow angry.

*Sir H.* I humbly beg your permission to break one or two more. [*Strikes him.*

*Ald.* Oh! lord, sir, you'll break my bones. Are you mad, sir? Murder, felony, manslaughter. [*Falls down.*

*Sir H.* Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons, but I am absolutely compelled to't, upon my honour, sir. Nothing can be more averse to my inclinations than to jest with my honest, dear, loving, obliging friend the alderman.

[*Striking him all this while. Alderman tumbles over and over, shakes out his pocket-book on the floor.*

*Enter* Lady Lurewell, *and takes it up.*

*Lady L.* The old rogue's pocket-book; this may be of use. (*Aside.*) Oh! lord, Sir Harry's murdering the poor old man.

*Ald.* Oh! dear madam, I was beaten in jest till I am murdered in good earnest.

*Lady L.* Well, well, I'll bring you off, seigneur—frappez, frappez!

*Ald.* Oh! for charity's sake, madam, rescue a poor citizen.

*Lady L.* Oh! you barbarous man! Hold—hold! frappez plus rudement. Frappez! I wonder you are not ashamed. (*Holding Sir H.*) A poor reverend honest elder. (*Helps Ald. up.*) It makes me weep to see him in this condition, poor man! Now, deuce take you, Sir Harry—for not beating him harder. Well, my dear, you shall come at night, and I'll make you amends.

[*Here Sir H. takes snuff.*

*Ald.* Madam, I will have amends before I leave the place. Sir, how durst you use me thus?

*Sir H.* Sir?

*Ald.* Sir, I say that I will have satisfaction.

*Sir H.* With all my heart.

[*Throws snuff in his eyes.*

*Ald.* Oh! murder, blindness, fire! Oh! madam—madam! get me some water—water—fire—water!

[*Exit with Lady L.*

*Sir H.* How pleasant is resenting an injury without passion! 'Tis the beauty of revenge.

Let statesmen plot, and under business groan,
And settling public quiet, lose their own;
I make the most of life, no hour misspend,
Pleasure's the mean, and pleasure is my end.
No spleen, no trouble, shall my time destroy;
Life's but a span, I'll every inch enjoy.

[*Exit.*

## THE COUNTERFEIT FOOTMAN.

(FROM "THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM.")

Scrub, *a Footman, and* Archer, *a Supposed Footman.*

*Enter* Mrs. Sullen *and* Dorinda.

[*They walk to the opposite side. Mrs. S. drops her fan; Archer runs, takes it up, and gives it to her.*

*Arch.* Madam, your ladyship's fan.

*Mrs. S.* Oh, sir, I thank you. What a handsome bow the fellow made!

*Dor.* Bow! Why, I have known several footmen come down from London, set up here as dancing-masters, and carry off the best fortunes in the country.

*Arch.* (*Aside.*) That project, for aught I know, had been better than ours. Brother Scrub, why don't you introduce me?

*Scrub.* Ladies, this is the strange gentleman's servant, that you saw at church to-day; I understand he came from London, and so I invited him to the cellar, that he might show me the newest flourish in whetting my knives.

*Dor.* And I hope you have made much of him.

*Arch.* Oh, yes, madam; but the strength of your ladyship's liquor is a little too potent for the constitution of your humble servant.

*Mrs. S.* What! then you don't usually drink ale?

*Arch.* No, ma'am; my constant drink is tea, or a little wine and water: 'tis prescribed me by the physicians, for a remedy against the spleen.

*Scrub.* Oh, la! Oh, la! A footman have the spleen!

*Mrs. S.* I thought that distemper had been only proper to people of quality.

*Arch.* Madam, like all other fashions it wears out, and so descends to their servants; though, in a great many of us, I believe, it proceeds from some melancholy particles in the blood, occasioned by the stagnation of wages.

*Dor.* How affectedly the fellow talks! How long, pray, have you served your present master?

*Arch.* Not long; my life has been mostly spent in the service of the ladies.

*Mrs. S.* And, pray, which service do you like best?

*Arch.* Madam, the ladies pay best; the honour of serving them is sufficient wages; there is a charm in their looks that delivers a

A GENTLEMANLY CANING

pleasure with their commands, and gives our duty the wings of inclination.

*Mrs. S.* That flight was above the pitch of a livery: and, sir, would you not be satisfied to serve a lady again?

*Arch.* As groom of the chamber, madam, but not as a footman.

*Mrs. S.* I suppose you served as footman before?

*Arch.* For that reason, I would not serve in that post again; for my memory is too weak for the load of messages that the ladies lay upon their servants in London. My Lady Howd'ye, the last mistress I served, called me up one morning, and told me, "Martin, go to my Lady Allnight, with my humble service; tell her I was to wait on her ladyship yesterday, and left word with Mrs. Rebecca, that the preliminaries of the affair she knows of are stopped, till we know the concurrence of the person I know of, for which there are circumstances wanting, which we shall accommodate at the old place; but that, in the meantime, there is a person about her ladyship, that, from several hints and surmises, was accessory at a certain time to the disappointment that naturally attend things, that to her knowledge are of more importance—

*Mrs. S. and Dor.* Ha, ha! Where are you going, sir?

*Arch.* Why, I hav'n't half done.

*Scrub.* I should not remember a quarter of it.

*Arch.* The whole howd'ye was about half an hour long; I happened to misplace two syllables, and was turned off, and rendered incapable—

*Dor.* The pleasantest fellow, sister, I ever saw. But, friend, if your master be married, I presume you still serve a lady?

*Arch.* No, madam; I take care never to come into a married family; the commands of the master and mistress are always so contrary that 'tis impossible to please both.

*Dor.* There's a main point gained. My lord is not married, I find.

*Mrs. S.* But I wonder, friend, that in so many good services you had not a better provision made for you.

*Arch.* I don't know how, madam; I am very well as I am.

*Mrs. S.* Something for a pair of gloves.

[*Offering him money.*

*Arch.* I humbly beg leave to be excused. My master, madam, pays me; nor dare I take money from any other hand without injuring his honour and disobeying his commands.

*Scrub.* Brother Martin! brother Martin!

*Arch.* What do you say, brother Scrub?

*Scrub.* Take the money and give it to me.

[*Exeunt Archer and Scrub.*

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## FATHER AND SON.

(FROM "THE INCONSTANT.")

[Old Mirabel, guardian of Oriana, to whom his son young Mirabel was engaged. However, three years' absence changes him, and although he loves Oriana he has formed a resolution never to marry. Dugard is brother to Oriana, and Petit her page.]

*Enter* OLD *and* YOUNG MIRABEL, *meeting.*

*Old Mir.* Bob, come hither, Bob.

*Y. Mir.* Your pleasure, sir?

*Old Mir.* Are not you a great rogue, sirrah?

*Y. Mir.* That's a little out of my comprehension, sir; for I've heard say that I resemble my father.

*Old Mir.* Your father is your very humble slave. I tell thee what, child, thou art a very pretty fellow, and I love thee heartily; and a very great villain, and I hate thee mortally.

*Y. Mir.* Villain, sir! Then I must be a very impudent one; for I can't recollect any passage of my life that I'm ashamed of.

*Old Mir.* Come hither, my dear friend; dost see this picture? [*Shows him a little picture.*

*Y. Mir.* Oriana's? Psha!

*Old Mir.* What, sir, won't you look upon't? Bob, dear Bob, pr'ythee come hither, now. Dost want any money, child?

*Y. Mir.* No, sir.

*Old Mir.* Why then, here's some for thee: come here now. How canst thou be so hard-hearted an unnatural, unmannerly rascal (don't mistake me, child, I a'n't angry), as to abuse this tender, lovely, good-natured, dear rogue? Why, she sighs for thee, and cries for thee, pouts for thee, and snubs for thee; the poor little heart of it is like to burst. Come, my dear boy, be good-natured, like your own father; be now; and then, see here, read this; the effigies of the lovely Oriana, with thirty thousand pounds to her portion! — thirty thousand pounds, you dog! — thirty thousand pounds, you rogue! how dare you refuse a lady with thirty thousand pounds, you impudent rascal?

*Y. Mir.* Will you hear me speak, sir?

*Old Mir.* Hear you speak, sir? If you had

thirty thousand tongues, you could not outtalk thirty thousand pounds, sir.

*Y. Mir.* Nay, sir, if you won't hear me, I'll begone, sir: I'll take post for Italy, this moment.

*Old Mir.* Ah, the fellow knows I won't part with him! Well, sir, what have you to say?

*Y. Mir.* The universal reception, sir, that marriage has had in the world, is enough to fix it for a public good, and to draw every body into the common cause; but there are some constitutions, like some instruments, so peculiarly singular, that they make tolerable music by themselves, but never do well in a concert.

*Old Mir.* Why, this is reason, I must confess: but yet it is nonsense, too, for though you should reason like an angel, if you argue yourself out of a good estate, you talk like a fool.

*Y. Mir.* But, sir, if you bribe me into bondage with the riches of Crœsus, you leave me but a beggar, for want of my liberty.

*Old Mir.* Was ever such a perverse fool heard? 'Sdeath, sir! why did I give you education? was it to dispute me out of my senses? Of what colour, now, is the head of this cane? You'll say, 'tis white, and, ten to one, make me believe it too. I thought that young fellows studied to get money.

*Y. Mir.* No, sir, I have studied to despise it; my reading was not to make me rich, but happy, sir.

*Old Mir.* Lookye, friend, you may persuade me out of my designs, but I'll command you out of yours; and though you may convince my reason that you are in the right, yet there is an old attendant of sixty-three, called Positiveness, which you, nor all the wits of Italy, shall ever be able to shake: so, sir, you're a wit, and I'm a father: you may talk, but I'll be obeyed.

*Y. Mir.* This it is to have the son a finer gentleman than the father; they first give us breeding, that they don't understand; then they turn us out of doors, because we are wiser than themselves. But I'm a little beforehand with the old gentleman. (*Aside.*) Sir, you have been pleased to settle a thousand pounds sterling a year upon me; in return for which, I have a very great honour for you and your family, and shall take care that your only and beloved son shall do nothing to make him hate his father, or to hang himself. So, dear sir, I'm your very humble servant. [*Runs off.*

*Old Mir.* Here, sirrah! rogue! Bob! villain!

*Enter* DUGARD.

*Dug.* Ah, sir! 'tis but what he deserves.

*Old Mir.* 'Tis false, sir! he don't deserve it: what have you to say against my boy, sir!

*Dug.* I shall only repeat your own words.

*Old Mir.* What have you to do with my words? I have swallowed my words already; I have eaten them up. I say, that Bob's an honest fellow, and who dares deny it?

*Dug.* Come, sir, 'tis no time for trifling: my sister is abused; you are made sensible of the affront, and your honour is concerned to see her redressed.

*Old Mir.* Lookye, Mr. Dugard, good words go farthest. I will do your sister justice, but it must be after my own rate; nobody must abuse my son but myself; for, although Robin be a sad dog, yet he's nobody's puppy but my own.

[Old Mirabel and Oriana cause the report to be circulated that she is about to be married to a Spanish nobleman, with a view to stimulate Young Mirabel by jealousy. Old Mirabel personates the nobleman.]

YOUNG MIRABEL *solus.*

*Enter* OLD MIRABEL, *dressed in a Spanish habit, leading* ORIANA.

*Oriana.* Good, my lord, a nobler choice had better suited your lordship's merit. My person, rank, and circumstance expose me as the public theme of raillery, and subject me so to injurious usage, my lord, that I can lay no claim to any part of your regard, except your pity.

*Old Mir.* Breathes he vital air that dares presume,
With rude behaviour, to profane such excellence?
Show me the man—
And you shall see how my sudden revenge
Shall fall upon the head of such presumption.
Is this thing one? [*Strutting up to Y. Mir.*

*Y. Mir.* Sir!

*Oriana.* Good, my lord,——

*Old Mir.* If he, or any he,——

*Oriana.* Pray, my lord, the gentleman's a stranger.

*Old Mir.* O, your pardon, sir, but if you had—remember, sir, the lady now is mine, her injuries are mine; therefore, sir, you understand me.—Come, madam.

[*Leads Oriana to the door; she goes off; Young Mirabel runs to his father, and pulls him by the sleeve.*

*Y. Mir. Ecoutez, Monsieur le Count.*

*Old Mir.* Your business, sir?

*Y. Mir.* Boh!

*Old Mir.* Boh! what language is that, sir?

*Y. Mir.* Spanish, my lord.

*Old Mir.* What d'ye mean?

*Y. Mir.* This, sir. [*Trips up his heels.*

*Old Mir.* A very concise quarrel, truly—I'll bully him.—*Trinidade Seigneur*, give me fair play. [*Offering to rise.*

*Y. Mir.* By all means, sir. (*Takes away his sword.*) Now, seigneur, where's that bombast look, and fustian face, your countship wore just now? [*Strikes him.*

*Old Mir.* The rogue quarrels well, very well; my own son right! But hold, sirrah, no more jesting; I'm your father, sir! your father!

*Y. Mir.* My father! Then, by this light, I could find in my heart to pay thee. (*Aside.*) Is the fellow mad? Why, sure, sir, I ha'n't frighted you out of your senses?

*Old Mir.* But you have, sir!

*Y. Mir.* Then I'll beat them into you again. [*Offers to strike him.*

*Old Mir.* Why, rogue!—Bob, dear Bob! don't you know me, child?

*Y. Mir.* Ha, ha, ha! the fellow's downright distracted! Thou miracle of impudence! wouldst thou make me believe that such a grave gentleman as my father would go a masquerading thus? That a person of three-score and three would run about, in a fool's coat, to disgrace himself and family? why, you impudent villain, do you think I will suffer such an affront to pass upon my honoured father, my worthy father, my dear father? 'Sdeath, sir! mention my father but once again, and I'll send your soul to thy grandfather this minute!

[*Offering to stab him.*

*Old Mir.* Well, well, I am not your father.

*Y. Mir.* Why, then, sir, you are the saucy, hectoring Spaniard, and I'll use you accordingly.

*Enter* Dugard, Oriana, *Maid, and* Petit.

[*Dugard runs to Young Mirabel, the rest to Old Mirabel.*

*Dug.* Fie, fie, Mirabel! murder your father!

*Y. Mir.* My father? What, is the whole family mad? Give me way, sir; I won't be held.

*Old Mir.* No, nor I either; let me begone, pray. [*Offering to go.*

*Y. Mir.* My father!

*Old Mir.* Ay, you dog's face! I am your father, for I have borne as much for thee as your mother ever did.

*Y. Mir.* O ho! then this was a trick, it seems, a design, a contrivance, a stratagem! Oh, how my bones ache!

*Old Mir.* Your bones, sirrah! why yours?

*Y. Mir.* Why, sir, ha'n't I been beating my own flesh and blood all this while? O, madam. (*To Oriana.*) I wish your ladyship joy of your new dignity. Here was a contrivance, indeed!

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# COUNT HAMILTON.

Born 1646 — Died 1720.

[Anthony, Count Hamilton, descended from a younger branch of the dukes of Hamilton, was born at Roscrea in 1646. His parents were Catholics and Royalists, and as such found it wisest to leave Ireland and take up their abode in France on the death of Charles I. in 1649. In France the future count resided for many years with his parents, and it was there he was educated. At the Restoration in 1660 he was brought over to England, where he soon grew in favour with the court and wits of the day. For a number of years he divided his time between France and England, and when the Revolution occurred he was appointed governor of Limerick by James II. On the break-up of James's party he returned once more to France, where he passed the rest of his life, and died at St. Germains in 1720, aged seventy-four.

The works of Count Hamilton have been frequently published, and always with success. His *Memoirs of the Count de Grammont* is, to this day, eagerly sought after, and is, as one of his biographers says, "a spirited production, exhibiting a free, and in the general outline a faithful, delineation of the voluptuous court of Charles II." His *Fairy Tales* are marked by great elegance of style in the original French in which they were written. They were intended as a "piece of

ridicule on the passion for the marvellous which made the *Arabian Nights* so eagerly read at their first appearance" in French. All his works are marked by fertility of imagination and ready movement. "The *History of Grammont*", says Sir Walter Scott, "may be considered as an unique; there is nothing like it in any language. For drollery, knowledge of the world, various satire, general utility, united with great vivacity of composition, *Gil Blas* is unrivalled: but as a merely agreeable book, the *Memoirs of Grammont*, perhaps, deserves that character more than any which was ever written."]

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## PORTRAIT OF GRAMMONT.

For your past sketch how beauties tender
Did to his vows in crowds surrender:
Show him forth-following the banners
  Of one who match'd the goddess born:
Show how in peace his active manners
  Held dull repose in hate and scorn:
Show how at court he made a figure,
Taught lessons to the best intrigue,
  Till, without fawning, like his neighbours,
  His prompt address foil'd all their labours.
Canvas and colours change once more,
  And paint him forth in various light:
The scourge of coxcomb and of bore;
Live record of lampoons in score,
  And chronicle of love and fight;
Redoubted for his plots so rare,
By every happy swain and fair;
Driver of rivals to despair;
  Sworn enemy to all long speeches;
Lively and brilliant, frank and free;
Author of many a repartee:
Remember, over all, that he
  Was most renowned for storming breaches. . .
Tell too by what enchanting art,
Or of the head, or of the heart,
  If skill or courage gain'd his aim;
When to St. Alban's foul disgrace,
Despite his colleague's grave grimace,
And a fair nymph's seducing face,
  He carried off gay Buckingham.[1]

Speak all these feats, and simply speak,—
To soar too high were forward freak,—
  To keep Parnassus' skirts discreetest;
For 'tis not on the very peak
  That middling voices sound the sweetest.
Each tale in easy language dress,
  With natural expression closing;
Let every rhyme fall in express;
Avoid poetical excess,
  And shun low miserable prosing:
Doat not on modish style, I pray,
  Nor yet condemn it with rude passion:
There is a place near the Marais,
Where mimicry of antique lay
  Seems to be creeping into fashion.
This new and much admired way,
  Of using Gothic words and spelling,
Costs but the price of Rabelais,
  Or Ronsard's sonnets, to excel in.
With half a dozen ekes and ayes,
Or some such antiquated phrase,
At small expense you lightly hit
On this new strain of ancient wit.

. . . .

Still may his wit's unceasing charms
  Blaze forth, his numerous days adorning;
May he renounce the din of arms,
  And sleep some longer of a morning:
Still be it upon false alarms,
  That chaplains come to lecture o'er him;
Still prematurely, as before,
That all the doctors give him o'er,
  And king and court are weeping for him.
May such repeated feats convince
  The king he lives but to attend him;
And may he, like a grateful prince,
  Avail him of the hint they lend him;
Live long as Grammont's age, and longer,
Then learn his art still to grow younger.

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## FIDDLESTICK.[2]

About seven thousand three hundred and fifty-three miles from hence there is a certain beautiful country called Cashmeer, which was governed by a caliph. This caliph had a daughter, and that daughter a face; but it would have been better for many if she had

[1] This refers to Grammont's share in carrying Buckingham to France and causing him to determine on breaking the Triple Alliance.

[2] From *May Flower*, a Circassian Tale, second edition in English, Salisbury, 1796. The occasion of Count Hamilton writing this beautiful Circassian tale is thus related in the introduction to the book: "The conversation happened to turn in a company in which he was present on the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, which were just published; every one highly commended the book; many seemed to hint at the difficulty of writing that species of composition. 'Nothing can be more easy,' replied Count Hamilton, 'and as a proof of it I will venture to write a Circassian tale after the manner of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment* on any subject which you can mention.' 'Fiddlestick!' [*Tarare!*] replied the other. 'You have hit it,' said Count Hamilton; 'and I promise you that I shall produce a tale in which Fiddlestick shall be the principal hero.' In a few days he finished this tale, which he called 'Fleur d'Épine.' It was much read and admired in Paris.'

been born without one. For her beauty, tolerable to the fifteenth year of her age, became insupportable at that period. I shall not pretend to describe the most beautiful mouth that was ever seen, the whitest teeth, a nose which was neither too long nor too short; the liveliness of her complexion, in comparison with which the lilies of Cashmeer, which are a thousand times whiter than ours, appeared dirty, and the carnation of her cheeks, which shamed the damask-rose. But all these charms were nothing in comparison with her eyes, which shone with such astonishing brightness, that from the eighth year of her age, her father, who was a truly economical prince, used to extinguish all the candles at midnight throughout his palace, and the light from her eyes was so great, that all the courtiers (and courtiers always speak truth) declared they could see as well as at midday. No one could ever distinguish their colour; for as soon as any one ventured to take a peep at them he was immediately struck as with a flash of lightning; and from this circumstance she was called the Brilliant.

The misfortune was that the finest young men of the court perished continually; and a day did not pass that two or three of those fops, who affected to ogle whenever they met with a pretty pair of eyes, and who had hitherto escaped unhurt, could not avoid the general conflagration. Such, indeed, was the effect of the operation that the flame passed rapidly from the eyes to the heart of those men who looked at her; and in less than four-and-twenty hours they died, continually pronouncing tenderly her name, and humbly thanking her beautiful eyes for the honour of sending them to the grave.

The fair sex, however, suffered differently. Those who saw her at a distance were dazzled to such a degree as to become near-sighted; but those who waited on her person purchased their honour at a dear rate: the lady of the bed-chamber, four maids of honour, and an old mistress of the robes, became absolutely blind.

The grandees of the kingdom, who saw their families daily extinguished by the fatal conflagration of her eyes, humbly petitioned the caliph to find out some remedy for a disorder which deprived their sons of their lives and their daughters of their sight.

Accordingly, the caliph summoned his council of state to deliberate on what was to be done. His minister presided, and this minister was the silliest president alive.

The council was divided in opinion. One party proposed to put Brilliant into a convent; supposing that there could be no harm if a dozen or two old nuns, with their abbess, should become blind for the good of the state. A second party proposed to sew her eyelids together; and a third offered to take out her eyes with such address that she should feel no pain, keep them in a silver box till the fatal fire was somewhat extinguished, and then replace them in their sockets as if they had never been taken out.

The caliph, who tenderly loved his daughter, objected to all these proposals, and the prime minister, who penetrated his royal master's sentiments, got up to speak. The good man had cried bitterly for above an hour, and he began his harangue even without wiping his eyes.

"I have been lamenting," he said, "the death of the count, my son, knight of the sword, which honour, however, could not preserve him from the fatal looks of the princess. He was yesterday buried: so no more of him. We are now met for the service of your majesty, and I must forget that I am a father, to remember only that I am a minister.

"My grief has not prevented me from listening to the several opinions: and with great respect to the company, I do not approve any which have been given. Mine is as follows: I have a squire in my service: I do not know whence he comes, or what he is; further, I know, that since he has been in my service I no longer trouble myself about the affairs of my household. He is like a spirit who knows everything, and although I have the honour of being your majesty's first minister, yet I am a mere ignoramus in comparison with him. My wife tells me so every day. Now, if your majesty should find it good to consult him upon an affair of such difficulty, I am persuaded your majesty would be satisfied."

"Willingly, good Mr. Minister," returned the caliph; "and more particularly as I shall be very glad to see a man who has more wisdom and understanding than yourself."

On being sent for the squire refused to come, unless the eyes of the princess were closed.

"Sire," said the minister, "did I not tell you so!"

"Oh, ho!" replied the caliph, "I see he is not deficient in understanding; bring him here; he shall not see my daughter's eyes." He soon came, and though neither well nor ill made he had something agreeable in his air and striking in his physiognomy.

"Speak boldly to him, sire," said the minister, "he understands all languages."

The caliph, who only understood his own tongue, and that not very well, after meditating a long time in order to find out an ingenious question, said to him—

"My friend, what is your name?"

"Fiddlestick," replied he.

"Fiddlestick!" returned the caliph.

"Fiddlestick!" exclaimed the minister.

"I ask you," resumed the caliph, "what is your name?"

"I understand you, sire."

"Well, then," said the caliph, "what is it?"

"Fiddlestick," replied the other, making at the same time a low bow.

"And why are you called Fiddlestick?"

"Because it is my name."

"And how so?"

"Because I quitted my real name to take this; so I am called Fiddlestick, although it is not my real name."

"Nothing is plainer," returned the caliph; "and yet I should never have found it out in a month."

——"Well then, Mr. Fiddlestick, what shall we do with my daughter?"

"What you please, sire."

"But I say, what shall we do with my daughter?"

"What you please," again replied Fiddlestick.

"To cut the matter short," said the caliph, "my minister advised me to consult you in regard to her misfortune in killing or striking blind those who look at her."

"The gods are to blame, sire," Fiddlestick cries,
"Who made her so handsome, and not her bright eyes.

But if it is a misfortune to have such beautiful eyes, hear what is to be done, according to my humble opinion. The fairy Serena knows all the secrets of nature; send her a trifling present of a hundred or two hundred thousand rupees, and if she does not find a remedy for the eyes of the princess you may be fully persuaded that her disorder is incurable; and in order to prevent all excuses or delays, I will myself undertake to consult Serena on your part, as I am well acquainted with her habitation."

The caliph approved the proposal, and ordered a purse of the most brilliant diamonds, and half a bushel of the largest pearls, as a present for the fairy; and our adventurer set out on the expedition, notwithstanding the opposition and regret of the minister's wife.

During his absence on this expedition, which lasted a month, the eyes of Brilliant did more execution than ever; and the caliph ordered public prayers and processions to incline Heaven to look with an eye of pity on his distressed subjects, and to prevent her fixing her eyes on him. In the midst of these distresses and ceremonies Fiddlestick returned, and repairing to the caliph, who was in the act of consulting his privy-council, thus addressed him: "Sire, the fairy Serena presents her compliments, thanks you for your present, but declines accepting it. She says that she is able to render the eyes of the princess as harmless as those of your majesty, without diminishing their lustre, provided you will supply her with four things."

"Four!" returned the caliph; "four hundred if she pleases."

"Softly if you please," replied Fiddlestick; "the first of these is the portrait of Brilliant; the second, May Flower; the third, the Luminous Hat; and the fourth, the mare Sonora."

"What is the meaning of all this?" interrupted the caliph.

"I will tell you, sire," returned Fiddlestick. "Serena has a rival whose name is Mother Long Tooth; she is almost as powerful as herself, but as she employs her art in doing harm, she is only a witch, while Serena is an honest fairy. Now this old hag contrived to carry away the daughter of Serena, and is now endeavouring by most cruel usages to force her to marry her son, who is a little monster. This supposed daughter of Serena is called May Flower. The old hag has also in her possession a hat all covered with diamonds, and those diamonds are so sparkling that they rival the sun, and are only inferior to the lustre of Brilliant's eyes; this is the Luminous Hat. Beside these things she has a mare, each hair of which is provided with a golden bell, so harmonious that it is a concert of itself; and whenever this animal stirs the united sound of all the bells forms a melody louder and more ravishing than the harmony of the spheres.

"These are the four things which Serena requires, and as a comfort, she added, that it is next to impossible for any one who endeavours to carry off May Flower, the Luminous Hat, and Sonora, not to avoid falling into the hands of the old hag; and if that should happen not all the powers of earth can again deliver him from her clutches."

The consideration of these hard terms affected

the caliph and his privy-councillors to such a degree that they burst into tears. Fiddlestick, affected at their sorrow, said to the caliph, "Sire, I know a man who will undertake to execute the first commission."

"How!" returned the caliph, "to draw the portrait of my daughter! and who is there sufficiently out of his senses to attempt what is impossible?"

"Fiddlestick," replied the other; "Fiddlestick!" returned the caliph; "Fiddlestick!" repeated the minister and all the privy-councillors; "Fiddlestick!" echoed the courtiers who were waiting in the drawing-room till the caliph made his appearance; and "Fiddlestick!" re-echoed the servants who were standing in the court-yard of the palace, and the boys who were playing in the streets.

"Sire," said the minister, "he will succeed if he undertakes it."

"And if he does," replied the caliph, "who will undertake the rest?"

"Fiddlestick," answered the other; "Fiddlestick!" said the caliph; "Fiddlestick!" repeated the minister and all the privy-councillors; "Fiddlestick!" echoed the courtiers who were waiting in the drawing-room till the caliph made his appearance; and "Fiddlestick!" re-echoed the servants who were standing in the court-yard of the palace, and the boys who were playing in the streets.

"Sire," said Fiddlestick impatiently, "I cannot engage in this attempt, but under two conditions; the first, that when my name is mentioned, it may not be bandied about from one to the other like so many echoes; and the second, that when the princess is restored to the state which you desire, she may be permitted to choose her own husband."

The caliph solemnly promised; and the minister, who loved business, issued letters patent under the great seal, granting to Fiddlestick the sole monopoly of painting the portrait of the Princess Brilliant, and of being called Fiddlestick without any one's presuming to repeat the name whenever it was mentioned.

This important business being finished, the caliph and the whole court were employed in making conjectures by what means he would paint a countenance which no one could look at without instant blindness or death; but he soon convinced them that it was not impossible.

Having travelled much, and being accustomed to make a journal of his tour, he found in his notes, that in those countries where eclipses are common the natives were accustomed to look at the sun through a glass tinged with a dark colour.

He immediately contrived to make a pair of spectacles with glasses of a dark green colour; and having tried their effect against the sun at midday, he repaired to the apartments of Brilliant with the proper apparatus for taking her portrait.

This proceeding surprised her, and to punish his rashness she opened her eyes as much as she could, but all she did was in vain, for the painter, after he had sufficiently and minutely examined, under cover of his spectacles, the features of her countenance, began the portrait.

Although he was not a painter by profession, yet no one surpassed him in the art. He had an exquisite taste in all the branches of design, composition, and colouring, and was an admirable judge of beauty. The beauty of the princess did not at first make upon his heart that impression which might have been expected. But by degrees his insensibility wore off, he became smitten with her charms, and endeavoured to render himself agreeable by the power of his wit and understanding, which he possessed in so high a degree. The princess was not insensible to the praises which he bestowed on her beauty, and listened with the greatest attention to the agreeable account of his travels, which he related under the pretext of amusing her while she was sitting for her picture. She was so delighted with his lively sallies and amusing conversation, that she would often prolong the time in which she was to sit, always expressed her regret when he left her, quite forgot that his person was not as beautiful as his mind, and at length became passionately in love with him.

The portrait was no sooner finished than it became the admiration of the whole court; all the courtiers to a man declared that they could scarcely bear to look at the eyes of the picture, and affected to borrow spectacles for that purpose.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile the princess became pensive and melancholy, and her uneasiness increased as the time approached when Fiddlestick was about to depart in pursuit of so dangerous an adventure.

On taking leave she assured him "that in exposing himself for her sake he was going to labour for himself; for if he succeeded she was permitted to choose her own husband, and she need not tell him who that should be; and if

he did not succeed. she should then remain single."

It must be confessed, that this declaration was plain and open; but in those days whenever a beautiful lady felt any symptoms of tenderness she was eager to disclose them, and princesses were not more squeamish than other women. Nor was Fiddlestick shocked at this eagerness; he flung himself twenty times at her feet, to express transports which he did not feel, for he was astonished at finding that his heart did not beat time with his mouth, and that he did not love as much as he professed.

[After wonderful adventures, Fiddlestick, aided by the fairy Serena, conquered old Mother Long Tooth, and released May Flower; at the same time he managed cleverly to fill the bells with something to hinder their sounding, so that the mare called Sonora went off with him quietly. The diamond hat also is secured. May Flower, in gratitude for her release, fell in love with him, and he reciprocated the feeling. However, he returned to court accompanied by May Flower, and this is how matters proceed.]

He carried in his hand a phial made of a single diamond, containing a transparent liquor of such splendour, that the eyes of Brilliant herself were dazzled and closed of themselves.

Fiddlestick took that opportunity of moistening her temples and eyelids; having ordered the doors to be thrown open, the people entered in crowds and were witnesses to the immediate effect of the liquor; her eyes were no less brilliant than before, but so little dangerous, that an infant of a year old could ogle her during a whole day without danger.

Fiddlestick having respectfully kissed the train of her robe retired from her presence, and although the first emotion of his heart would have carried him to the charming May Flower, yet the report of the miracle he had just performed was so quickly diffused, that he was hurried involuntarily into the presence of the caliph.

That good prince was almost transported with joy when he heard that the eyes of his daughter, though as bright as ever, were no longer dangerous to behold, and when Fiddlestick had restored him to his sight he did not appear so much delighted with seeing the light of the sun, as grateful to him who had been the means of opening his eyes.

. . . . . .

He expressed a resolution of leading him to his daughter, that she might choose him for her husband, adding that the marriage should instantly take place, and protested to his council that he should never be completely happy till he saw his palace full of little Fiddlesticks.

The members of the council were upon the point of repeating "Fiddlesticks!" but fortunately in time recollected the letters patent which declared all those who repeated that word guilty of high treason, and were silent.

[While the eyes of the Princess Brilliant were being cured it was found that a beloved parrot belonging to her had taken flight; all other considerations were for the time forgotten in this dreadful calamity, and the princess was almost distracted. In the midst of the confusion the parrot returned. The fairy Serena appeared and instantly restored him to his former shape, that of a handsome young prince named Phœnix. The Princess Brilliant at once fell in love with him, and he with her. All this was perplexing to the caliph, who had intended his daughter for Fiddlestick. The fairy Serena proposed to tell her story and set matters right, and after describing her father, who for love of science resigned a crown, and ultimately succeeded in discovering the philosopher's stone,—the marriage of her sister to a Circassian prince,—the death of her mother, and subsequently of her father, who bequeathed to her all his magic powers,—and her discovery by this means that the eldest daughter of her sister is menaced with great danger,—she goes on to relate how she found the secret foe:—]

"I had immediately recourse to my wand, and having drawn the extremity over a skin of parchment it traced of its own accord the horrible figure of Mother Long Tooth, the situation of her abode, her enchantments and inclinations. I was shocked at finding that the most horrible of all creatures had a greater propensity to love than to vengeance and cruelty; that she employed her art in drawing men into her snares. I had also the regret of discovering that neither my power nor my art could avail against hers as long as she possessed Sonora and the Luminous Hat.

"I learned, moreover, by means of my wand that she had an only son nearly of the same age of May Flower, and I was convinced that her aim was to carry off the heiress of Circassia and give her to Master Long Tooth. For this reason I proposed to take her under my protection, and my sister sent her to me secretly. But that precaution was of no ser-

vice, for the old hag contrived to carry her off almost in my presence, at the very moment when she was about to be delivered to me. I in vain passed her off as my daughter; the cruel Mother Long Tooth was not to be deceived, and all my arts were ineffectual in defending my poor little May Flower from the clutches of the inhuman sorceress. Yes, Caliph of Cashmeer, that same May Flower whom you now see is heiress of Circassia.

"May Flower was thus torn from me, and neither my art nor the powers of this world could have delivered her from the fangs of the sorceress if Fiddlestick had not undertaken the enterprise. That glory was reserved to the most ingenious as well as the most faithful of lovers. I well knew that these two qualities were necessary to him who should carry off Sonora and the Luminous Hat; and I could not form a conjecture where I should find a man of such a character.

"About the same time Brilliant was born, and my books which I consulted on that occasion having informed me that she would be an extraordinary beauty, I spread a secret contagion over the lustre of her eyes, well convinced that I should be applied to for the remedy, and resolved not to grant it but on the condition of obtaining May Flower and the treasures of Mother Long Tooth.

"The curiosity of Fiddlestick fortunately conducted him to my palace before he made his appearance at court, and what I discovered of his understanding and sentiments made me hope that if he undertook the adventure he might succeed.

. . . . . .

"Thus, sire, Fiddlestick is not so badly married as your majesty imagined; and the loss of Cashmeer and Brilliant will be amply supplied by the throne of Circassia and the possession of his beloved May Flower."

Serena had no sooner finished her relation, and the caliph was preparing a long harangue of compliments to her, and of excuses to May Flower, when he was relieved of his embarrassments by supper's being announced, and his most serene majesty had only time to say, "I trust, most mighty Serena, that you will unite with me in wishing that the brides and bridegrooms may enjoy that happiness which they deserve; that Brilliant may bear to Phœnix a numerous progeny as beautiful as their parents; that the palace of Circassia may be filled with little Fiddlesticks, who shall equal their father in ingenuity and courage, and their mother in meekness and patience, and that future generations may continue to hail the auspicious hour which placed on the throne Sultan Fiddlestick the First and his beloved May Flower."

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## THE ENCHANTER FAUSTUS:

### A TALE TOLD TO A YOUNG LADY.[1]

Queen Elizabeth, in whose reign a great-grandfather of my lady, your mother, was lord high-admiral of Ireland, was a princess wonderful alike for wisdom, knowledge, magnificence, and greatness of character. So far so good; but she was as envious as a dog, and withal jealous and cruel, and this marred all the rest.

Be this as it might, common report, which never fails to give the bad side with the good, had borne her reputation into the very depths of Germany, whence a certain personage immediately set out to betake himself to her court. His name was Faust, but it is not unlikely we may hereafter call him Faustus, for the convenience of the rhyme, in case the fancy should take us to put him into verse. This Faustus, a great magician by profession, conceived a desire to ascertain in person whether the aforesaid Elizabeth, whereof such wonders were related, was indeed as marvellously endowed with good qualities as she was cursed with bad. He was in every way fitted to judge of the matter; for there was nothing took place up aloft in the region of the stars and planets but he knew of it; and Satan was as obedient to his beck as a poodle.

. . . . . .

One day being decked out with more than usual magnificence in order to receive some ambassadors, she had retired after the ceremony into her private closet, where she summoned our doctor to her presence. After admiring herself for some time in two or three large mirrors, she appeared mightily pleased with herself.

She was in this position when the enchanter Faustus made his appearance. He was the most accomplished courtier, for a conjurer, the world ever saw, and knowing the queen's weakness with respect to her imaginary beauty, he took good care not to lose so precious an opportunity of paying her his court. Accordingly, playing the part of the astounded Esther, he staggered back three steps as if about to

[1] Translated from the original French in 1849.

fall into a swoon. Whereupon the queen asking him if he felt ill, he replied,

"No, thank God, but the glory of Ahasuerus has overpowered me."

The queen, who had the Old and New Testament by heart, considered the allusion as just as it was ingenious, but not having her sceptre about her at the time that she might give him the end of it to kiss as a token of favour, she contented herself with drawing a ruby ring from her alabaster finger, with which he was just as well contented.

"For a queen, then," she said, "you think we make a tolerable figure;" at the same time she moistened her lips with the tip of her tongue as if quite unconsciously; whereupon he swore the devil might have him (and the prospect was no new one to the devil) if there then existed or ever had existed her equal, crowned or uncrowned.

"O Faustus, my friend," said she, "if the famous beauties of antiquity could but return, it would be apparent that you flatter us."

"Would your majesty wish to see them?" he replied. "Let her but speak and she may satisfy her conscience at once."

The doctor's proposal was snapped at forthwith, whether from the queen's desire to put his magical science to the proof by so marvellous an application of it, or for the satisfaction of a curiosity she had long entertained.

You must not, however, imagine, Mademoiselle, that what I am about to relate to you is a mere fable and the coinage of my own brain. The event is handed down in the memoirs of one of the wits of the day, Sir Philip Sydney, a sort of favourite of the queen's, who has narrated the adventure at length among the occurrences of his life, and I have it from the late Duke of Ormond, your grand-uncle, who frequently related it to me as a matter of history.

The story goes on to say, then, that our conjurer requested the queen to step into a little gallery close to her apartment while he went to fetch his wand, his book, and his long black robe. He was not long ere he returned with all his talismans and paraphernalia. The gallery had two doors, one at each end; by one of these the personages whom her majesty desired to behold were to enter, and by the other to depart. Only two persons more in addition to the queen were admitted to the spectacle; one of these was Lord Essex, and the other Sydney, the author of the memoirs.

The queen was posted about the middle of the gallery, and her two favourites on either side of her arm-chair, while the magician began, as a matter of course, to draw round them a mysterious circle, which he did with all the ceremonies usually employed on such occasions. He then drew another directly opposite for himself to stand in, leaving a space between, through which the actors were to pass. Thereupon he entreated the queen not to utter a word so long as they remained on the stage, and above all not to alarm herself at anything she might see. This latter precaution was somewhat superfluous with respect to her, for the good lady feared neither God nor devil. Having imparted this admonition, he asked her which of the defunct beauties she wished to behold first; to which she replied that in order to follow the proper chronological order, he ought to begin with Helen of Troy. Whereupon the necromancer, whose countenance appeared to undergo a slight change, called to them to "stand firm." Sydney confesses in his memoirs that at this point of the magical operation his heart began to beat a little, adding that the brave Lord Essex turned as white as a sheet, but that not a trace of any emotion was visible in the queen. It was then that—

> After an incantation mutter'd,
> *Sotte voce* it is said,
> And sundry other mummeries utter'd,
> The doctor Faustus raised his dead;
> And seeing our two heroes dying
> With fright, said, like a fury crying,
> "Daughter of Leda, from your tomb
> In all your ancient beauty come,
> Such as you were in olden time,
> When upon Ida's mountain shone
> That beauty sparkling as its clime,
> And Paris claim'd thee as his own."

After this invocation the lovely Helen could not reasonably keep them waiting; accordingly she appeared at the end of the gallery without any one perceiving how she had come in. She was attired in a Greek costume, and our author's memoirs state that her dress differed in nothing from that worn by our opera goddesses. . . . As soon as she had disappeared the queen exclaimed,

"What, is that the lovely Helen? Well, I don't plume myself on my beauty," she continued, "but may I die if I would change faces with her, even if it were possible."

"I told your majesty as much," replied the magician; "and yet you saw her exactly as she appeared in the very zenith of her beauty."

"Still," said Lord Essex, "I think her eyes may be considered fine."

"It must be admitted," rejoined Sydney, "that they are large, nobly shaped, black and sparkling, but what expression is there in them?"

"Not a particle," replied the favourite.

The queen, whose face that day was as red as a turkey cock's, asked them what they thought of Helen's porcelain complexion.

"Porcelain," cried Essex, "'tis but common delf at the best."

[After the queen had seen Mariamne and Cleopatra, fair Rosamond was next proposed, whom Sydney declared was like the queen. Elizabeth was so pleased with this, as the phantom Rosamond had been very beautiful, that she desired Dr. Faustus to call her before them once more. The doctor tried to dissuade her, but she was determined.]

He assured her, however, that if Rosamond did return, it would neither be through the door by which she had entered, nor that by which she had departed on her first appearance, and warned every one to take care of himself, for he would not answer for consequences. The queen, as we have already observed, knew not the sensation of fear, and our two gentlemen in waiting were by this time sufficiently hardened to supernatural appearances, so that the doctor's words gave them no alarm.

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# THOMAS PARNELL.

Born 1679 — Died 1717.

[The life of Thomas Parnell was a short and uneventful one, though for a time he jostled amongst the foremost men—wits and poets—of his day. He was born in Dublin in 1679, and early in life displayed considerable ability as well as quickness of memory. When only thirteen years of age he left the school of Dr. Jones and was admitted a member of Trinity College. This admission not being by favour, but after examination, proves the early, perhaps the too early, maturity of his understanding. On the 9th July, 1700, he took his degree of Master of Arts, and shortly after, having obtained a dispensation as being under canonical age, he was ordained a deacon by Dr. King, then Bishop of Derry. Three years later he was ordained priest, and in 1705 had conferred on him the Archdeaconry of Clogher. About the same time also he married a Miss Ann Minchin, a lady of great beauty and high attainments, and who inspired him to write at least one of his songs, *My Days have been so Wondrous Free.* In 1706 Parnell visited England, where he was well received, and where he was soon admitted a member of the Scriblerus Club, formed of Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Swift, and Jervas. Pope especially soon became his warm friend, mutual services drawing them nearer and nearer to each other. His erudition and classical knowledge were of great use to Pope in producing his translation of Homer, an obligation the great man repaid by his edition of Parnell's works after the early death of their author. Of the Scriblerus papers Parnell is said to have written or had a hand in several. *The Life of Zoilus* was from his pen, and in the *Origin of the Sciences from the Monkies in Ethiopia*, he had a principal share, according to Pope. He also wrote papers for the *Guardian* and *Spectator*, and some of his poems having appeared, he was on the highroad to fame when in 1712 his wife died, and, moved by sorrow and the lassitude of a weak constitution, he gave way a little more than was wise to the delights of the bottle. This, however, he soon shook off to a great extent, being of too pure and refined a nature to become its slave. In 1713, by the good offices of Swift, he obtained a prebend from Archbishop King, and in 1716 the vicarage of Finglass, worth £400 a year. This last he did not long enjoy, for on his way to Ireland in July, 1717, he died at Chester, and was buried in Trinity Church in that city. Over his grave no monument was placed, not even by his nephew, Sir John Parnell, who by his death became possessor of the hereditary property of the family.

Campbell, in his *Specimens of British Poetry*, says: "The compass of Parnell's poetry is not extensive, but its tone is peculiarly delightful ... from the graceful and reserved sensibility that accompanied his polished phraseology. The *curiosa felicitas*, the studied happiness of his diction, does not spoil its simplicity. His poetry is like a flower that has been trained and planted by the skill of the gardener, but which preserves in its cultured state the nat-

ural fragrance of its wilder air." A later critic, the Rev. John Mitford, says, that in his *Hesiod*, his *Hermit*, and his *Fairy Tale*, he "has given us poems that, in their kind, it would be very difficult to surpass in excellence." Dr. Johnson, after speaking of Parnell's *Hermit*, says, "Of his other compositions, it is impossible to say whether they are the productions of nature so excellent as not to want the help of art, or of art so refined as to resemble nature."

In 1721 Pope gathered together and published in one volume a collection of the best of Parnell's poems, to which he attached an epistle to the Earl of Oxford in his very best manner. In 1758 *The Posthumous Works of Parnell* appeared in Dublin. These, with several additional poems, collected by Mr. Nicholls, were printed in the London collection of English poets, and afterwards reprinted in the *British Poets*, published at Edinburgh in 1795. Goldsmith published an edition of Pope's volume, to which he added a life, and two poems, *Piety or the Vision* and *Bacchus*. During the last seventy or eighty years several editions of Parnell have appeared, and he has a place among the *Aldine Series of Poets*.]

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## A FAIRY TALE,

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.

In Britain's isle and Arthur's days,
When midnight faeries daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Though badly shap'd he been.

His mountain back mote well be said
To measure heighth against his head,
And lift itself above:
Yet spite of all that nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along
All in the moony light:
'Twas near an old enchaunted court,
Where sportive faeries made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas farr, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour-town;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds encrease;
And from the corner where he lay
He sees a train profusely gay
Come pranckling o'er the place.

But, trust me, gentles, never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awfull accent cried,
"What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presumed to hide?"

At this the swain, whose venturous soul
No fears of magic art controul,
Advanc'd in open sight;
"Nor have I cause of dreed," he said,
"Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.

"'Twas grief for scorn of faithful love
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew."
"'Tis well," the gallant cries again,
"We faeries never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

"Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
Whilst I with Mab my partner daunce,
Be little Mable thine."

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light musick floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen;

The rest their faerie partners found,
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made
As heart and lip desire;
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But now to please the faerie king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
And antick feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other-some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has hent him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm," he cries,
"And let it fairly now suffice
The gambol has been shown."
But Oberon answers with a smile,
"Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantome play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in sike a case
Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Han rid him of the lump behind
Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dauncing as he walks;
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erst approv'd,
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall:
Up spring the tapers as before,
The faeries bragly foot the floor,
And musick fills the hall.

But certes sorely sunk with woe
Sir Topaz sees the elfin show,
His spirits in him die:
When Oberon cries, "A man is near,
A mortall passion, cleeped fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth!
In accents faultering ay for ruth
Intreats them pity graunt;
For als he been a mister wight
Betray'd by wandering in the night
To tread the circled haunt.

'Ah losell vile!" at once they roar,
"And little skill'd of faerie lore,
Thy cause to come we know:
Now has thy kestrell courage fell;
And faeries, since a lie you tell,
Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The caitive upward flung;
There like a tortoise in a shop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolick mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the starrs began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down ydrops the knight:
For never spell by faerie laid
With strong enchantment bound a glade
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His seely back the bunch has got
Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse aread:
She softly strok'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,

"Thus some are born, my son," she cries,
"With base impediments to rise,
And some are born to none."

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## THE HERMIT.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost.
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle scene divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew),
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried;
"And hail, my son," the reverend sire replied;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kinds deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seem'd the sire; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest),
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,

Each hardly granted, serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark the pondering hermit view'd
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such, within himself he cried,
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place
In every settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh:
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair bestow'd, with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose.
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed;
His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before:
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!"—but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

"What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

"The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,

Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
Child of his age, for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had this dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow."

The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

"But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!

"Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done!"
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

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# ROBERT VISCOUNT MOLESWORTH.

Born 1656 — Died 1725.

[Robert Molesworth, Viscount Molesworth of Swords, in County Dublin, was born at Dublin in December, 1656, four days after the death of his father, an eminent merchant of that city, and one who had in early life served as a captain in the army. In Dublin young Molesworth received his education, and in due time he entered the university there. Before he was of full age he married a sister of Richard, Earl of Bellamont, by whom he had a daughter, afterwards well known to the world as Mrs. Monk, author of *Marinda*.[1] In 1688 he took such a prominent part on the side of William III. that he was attainted and his estate sequestrated by the Irish parliament of James on the 2nd May, 1689. This, however, only served to his advancement, for on the success of William he had all his estates restored, was called to the privy-council, and in 1692 sent envoy extraordinary to the court of Denmark.

In Denmark Molesworth resided about three years, but at the end of that time he seems to have given offence to the Danish king, and was forbidden the court. This offence appears to have consisted in travelling the king's road and hunting the king's game. Turning his back upon the court without the ceremony of a final audience he hastened to Flanders, and from thence home without leave. So soon as he arrived he began to draw up his *Account of Denmark*, in which he proved that there were indeed many things "rotten in the state". As might be expected, Prince George of Denmark was highly incensed at the free speech in Molesworth's work, and Scheel, the Danish envoy, presented a memorial of complaint against it to William III. Scheel also employed Dr. William King of London, author of the *Art of Love* and the *Art of Cookery*, to write a reply, and presented him with materials for spicing his dish.

Molesworth, however, took little notice of all this fuss. His book and himself had by one bound sprung into popularity, and the former was immediately translated into several languages. Shaftesbury, who saw in the book not only an *Account of Denmark*, but a politico-philosophical treatise of a high kind, spoke out his approval, and "conceived a great esteem for the author, which afterwards ripened into a close friendship". Later on, in writing to Molesworth, Shaftesbury said, "You have long had my heart even before I knew you personally. For the wholly and truly pious man who revealed the greatest of mysteries; he who, with a truly generous love to mankind and his country, pointed out the state of

[1] See page 11.

Denmark to other states, and prophesied of things highly important to the growing age; he, I say, had already gained me as his sworn friend before he was so kind as to make friendship reciprocal by his acquaintance and expressed esteem."

After this Molesworth sat in the House of Commons of both kingdoms, being member for the borough of Swords in Ireland, and for those of Bodmin, St. Michael, and Retford in England. He sat as a member of the privy-council till the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne, when, owing to the height of party feeling, he was removed from the board. This was on complaint of the Lower House of Convocation that he had affronted the clergy when they presented their address to the lord-chancellor, and that he had said openly, as no doubt he did, "They that have turned the world upside down are come hither also."

However, as Molesworth was a constant and strenuous defender of the succession of the house of Hanover, George I., on the naming of his privy-council for Ireland, in October, 1714, made him a member. Soon after he was appointed a commissioner of trade and plantations, and in 1716 he was made a peer of Ireland under the title of Baron of Philipstown and Viscount Molesworth of Swords. For some years longer, that is, until the early part of 1723, he continued his labours. In 1723 he retired into private life, in which he passed two quiet happy years, and died at Breedenstown in the county of Dublin on the 22d of May, 1725. He was buried at Swords.

In addition to his *Account of Denmark*, from which we quote, Molesworth wrote a great number of able pamphlets, and ephemeral but highly successful and useful tracts, of a political and politico-philosophical kind. He translated into English the *Franco-Gallia* of Hottoman, of which a second edition appeared in 1721, with additions and a new preface by the translator. His *Address to the House of Commons* on the encouragement of agriculture was frequently referred to for many years, and his letter on the Irish peerage is not yet forgotten in certain quarters.

The letters of Locke and Molyneux show that both these philosophers had a great respect for Molesworth, and held him in high regard. Locke calls him "an extraordinary man;" and a biographer writing in 1798 speaks of his minor works as written "with great force of reason and masculine eloquence, in defence of liberty and his ideas of the constitution of his country and the common rights of mankind; and it is certain that few men of his fortune and quality were more learned, or more highly esteemed by men of learning."]

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## THE COURT OF DENMARK.[1]

The ordinary diversions of the court are progresses, which are made once a year at least, to Sleswick or Holstein, either to make a review of some troops or to see the fortifications at Rendsburg; besides smaller journeys to Holland and elsewhere, up and down the country. These are of no expense to the treasury, because the travelling waggons and horses are found by the boors, who are also to pay their personal attendants, and be ready for all necessary services. During five or six weeks every summer the court removes to Jagersburg, a small hunting house situated upon a little lake within four English miles from Copenhagen, and not far from the sea; and for five or six weeks more it resides at Fredericksburg, the chief country palace of the kings of Denmark, about twenty English miles from Copenhagen, begun by Christian the Fourth, and finished by this king's father, Frederick the Third. This is that house which the Danes boast so much of, and tell wonders of the quantity of money it cost in building. It is seated in the midst of a lake, the foundations of it being laid in the water, which probably occasioned the greater part of the expense; you pass into it over several drawbridges. This watery situation in so moist and cold a country cannot be approved by the critical in seats, especially when the rising grounds about this lake (which are clothed with fine woods) afford much better places both for health and prospect; but it is the humour of all this kingdom to build in the midst of lakes; which I suppose was at first practised upon the score of security. This palace, notwithstanding the great cost they talk of, is far from being magnificent or well contrived; for the rooms are low, the apartments ill disposed, the fine chapel much too long in proportion to its breadth, and has a gallery over it which has one of the worst contrived entrances that can be imagined. In fine, it falls far short of many of our noblemen's country houses in England, yet is esteemed by the Danes as a *none-such*. There is indeed a

[1] This and the following extract are from *An Account of Denmark*.

fine park about it, well filled with red-deer, having large ponds, high trees in great quantity, a good bathing house, and other country embellishments; so that it is by far to be preferred to all the rest of the king's houses, which, except these two last mentioned, are for the most part out of repair; that of the fortress of Crovenburg near Elsignor, and of Coldingen in Jutland, with others, being scarce habitable even during one fortnight in the summer quarter.

At Fredericksburg the court spends most of its time in stag-hunting, for there are few fallow-deer in Denmark; during which sport the king allows great freedom to his domestics and ministers, who commonly do all accompany him wherever he goes; insomuch that he seems to lay aside all majesty and the formalities of it for that season; they eat and drink together, the latter something to excess, after a hard day's hunting; when, as soon as dinner is done they adjourn to the wine-cellar. About five or six in the afternoon the hunting assizes are solemnly held in the great court before the palace, the stag is drawn into the midst of it by the huntsmen, who are all clothed in red, having their great brass hunting-horns about their necks; and 'tis there broken up with great ceremony, whilst the hounds attend with much noise and impatience. One that is likely to give a good gratuity to the huntsmen is invited to take essay, and presented with the deer's foot. Then proclamation is made, if any can inform the king (who is both supreme judge and executioner) of any transgression against the known laws of hunting that day committed, let him stand forth and accuse; the accused is generally found guilty, and then two of the gentlemen lead him to the stag and make him kneel down between the horns, turning down his head with his buttocks up, and remove the skirts of his coat, which might intercept the blows. Then comes his majesty, and with a small long wand gives the offender some lashes on his posteriors, whilst in the meantime the huntsmen, with their brass horns, and the dogs with their loud openings, proclaim the king's justice and the criminal's punishment. The whole scene affording diversion to the queen, ladies, and other spectators, who are always assisting and stand in a circle about the place of execution. This is as often repeated as there happen to be delinquents; who as soon as the chastisement is over rise up and make their obeisance—

Proudly boasting
Of their magnificent rib roasting.

After all is done the hounds are permitted to fall to and eat the deer.

At another season swan-hunting is the royal pastime; the wild swans haunt a certain small island not far from Copenhagen, and breed there; about the time that the young ones are near as big as the old, before their feathers are long enough to fly, the king, with the queen, ladies, and others of the court, go to the killing of them; the foreign ministers are usually invited to take part in this sport. Every person of condition has a pinnace allotted to him, and when they come near the haunt they surround the place, and inclose a great multitude of young swans, which they destroy with guns till they have killed some thousands. What is killed by the whole company is brought to the court, which challenges the feathers and down of these birds, the flesh of them being good for nothing.

On Shrove Tuesday the king, queen, royal family, home and foreign ministers, and all the other persons above mentioned that usually compose the court, clothe themselves in the habit of the North Holland boors, with great trunk hose, short doublets, and large blue thrum caps; the ladies in blue petticoats and odd head-dresses. Thus accoutred they get up in their waggons, a man before and a woman behind, which they drive themselves, and go to a country village called Amak, about three English miles from town; here they dance to bagpipes and squeaking fiddles, and have a country dinner, which they eat out of earthen and wooden platters, with wooden spoons, and having passed the day in these divertisements, where all are equal, and little regard had to majesty or other quality, at night they drive in like manner home again, and are entertained at a comedy and magnificent supper by the Viceroy Guldenbien, spending the remainder of the night in dancing in the same habits, which they put not off all that day.

Every winter, as soon as the snow is firm enough to bear, the Danes take great delight in going in sleds, the king and court first giving the example, and making several tours about the town in great pomp, with kettle-drums and trumpets, the horses which draw the sleds being richly adorned with trappings, and harness full of small bells to give warning to such as stand in the way. After the court has been abroad the burghers and others trot about the streets all night, wrapped up in their fur gowns, with each his female in the sled with him; and this they esteem a great and pleasant pastime.

# SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

BORN 1667 — DIED 1723.

[Susanna Centlivre, originally Freeman, was born in Ireland, it is believed in the year 1667. Her early life was an unpleasant one, and on the death of her mother, being, as she thought, badly treated, she ran away from home while yet a girl. Then, as now, London was the goal for such minds as hers, and towards that city she travelled as best she might, now on foot, now getting a lift from some kind teamster. Before reaching London she met, among other travellers, a Mr. Hammond, who became deeply interested in her appearance and story. Being a student at Cambridge he hardly knew how to assist her, but after a time he persuaded her to assume boy's clothing; and in this disguise he sheltered her at college for several months. At the end of these months, being better able to provide help for her, he sent her on to London, where, in a short time, before passing out of her sixteenth year, she married a nephew of Sir Stephen Fox. Her married happiness was short-lived, for within a twelvemonth her husband died, and she was again thrown on the world. However, before long she took for second husband an officer of the army named Carrol; but again, in short time, she was left a widow, her husband being killed in a duel before they had been quite two years married. This event reduced her to extreme poverty, and after trying many ways of earning a living, she at last became a dramatic writer. Her first attempt was a tragedy called *The Perjured Husband*, which was produced in 1700 with reasonable success. This, however, gave her the idea that tragedy was not her line, and taking the hint she produced in rapid succession several comedies, translations from the French, but marked sufficiently by her own individuality to be looked upon as almost original work. At the same time she took to the stage as an actress, being handsome, sprightly, and agreeable, and in 1706, while acting the part of Alexander the Great, Joseph Centlivre, yeoman to the queen, fell in love with her and became her third husband.

After this she left the stage as an actress, but continued to write for it; and produced her three best plays, *The Busybody*, *The Wonder*, and *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*. She also became known and appreciated by Steele, Rowe, and Farquhar. She died at her husband's house in Spring Gardens in 1723, having written in all some fifteen plays.]

## THE BUSYBODY.[1]

*Scene, the Park.* SIR GEORGE AIREY *and* CHARLES *talking.*

*Enter* MARPLOT, *with a patch across his face.*

*Mar.* Dear Charles, yours. Ha! Sir George Airey! the man in the world I have an ambition to be known to. (*Aside.*) Give me thy hand, dear boy. [*To Charles.*

*Chas.* A good assurance! But, harkye—how came your beautiful countenance clouded in the wrong place?

*Mar.* I must confess 'tis a little mal-a-propos; but no matter for that. A word with you, Charles. Pr'ythee introduce me to Sir George—he is a man of wit; and I'd give ten guineas to—

*Chas.* When you have them, you mean.

*Mar.* Ay; when I have them; poh, plague, you cut the thread of my discourse. I would give ten guineas, I say, to be ranked in his acquaintance. But, pr'ythee, introduce me.

*Chas.* Well; on condition you'll give us a true account how you came by that mourning nose, I will.

*Mar.* I'll do it.

*Chas.* Sir George, here's a gentleman has a passionate desire to kiss your hand.

*Sir G.* (*Advancing.*) Oh, I honour men of the sword; and I presume this gentleman is lately come from Spain or Portugal by his scars.

*Mar.* No, really, Sir George; mine sprung from civil fury. Happening, last night, to step into the groom-porter's, I had a strong inclination to go ten guineas with a sort of a—sort of a—kind of a milksop, as I thought. A plague of the dice! He flung out; and my pockets being empty, as Charles knows they often are, he proved a surly North Briton, and broke my face for my deficiency.

*Sir G.* Ha, ha! and did not you draw?

*Mar.* Draw, sir! Why, I did but lay my hand upon my sword to make a swift retreat,

[1] This and the next scene are from *The Busybody*.

and he roared out, "Now the deel of ma saul, sir, gin ye touch yer steel, I se whip mine through yer wem."

*Sir G.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Chas.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! Safe was the word. So you walked off, I suppose.

*Mar.* Yes; for I avoid fighting, purely to be serviceable to my friends, you know.

*Sir G.* Your friends are much obliged to you, sir. I hope you will rank me in that number.

*Mar.* Sir George, a bow from the side-box, or to be seen in your chariot, binds me ever yours.

*Sir G.* Trifles; you may command them when you please.

*Chas.* Provided he may command you.

*Mar.* Me! Why, I live for no other purpose. Sir George, I have the honour to be caressed by most of the reigning toasts of the town. I'll tell them you are the finest gentleman—

*Sir G.* No, no, pr'ythee; let me alone to tell the ladies my parts. Can you convey a letter upon occasion, or deliver a message with an air of business—ha?

*Mar.* With the assurance of a page and the gravity of a statesman.

*Sir G.* You know Miranda?

*Mar.* What, my sister-ward! Why, her guardian is mine; we are fellow-sufferers. Ah! he is a covetous, cheating, sanctified curmudgeon. That Sir Francis Gripe is a d—d old—hypocritical—

*Chas.* Hold, hold; I suppose, friend, you forget that he is my father.

*Mar.* I ask your pardon, Charles; but it is for your sake I hate him. Well, I say, the world is mistaken in him; his outside piety makes him every man's executor, and his inside cunning makes him every heir's jailer. Egad, Charles, I'm half persuaded that thou art some ward too, and never of his getting; for never were two things so unlike as you and your father; he scrapes up everything, and thou spendest everything; everybody is indebted to him, and thou art indebted to everybody.

*Chas.* You are very free, Mr. Marplot.

*Mar.* Ay; I give and take, Charles; you may be as free with me, you know.

*Sir G.* A pleasant fellow.

*Chas.* The dog is diverting sometimes, or there would be no enduring his impertinence. He is pressing to be employed, and willing to execute; but some ill fate generally attends all he undertakes, and he oftener spoils an intrigue than helps it.

## MARPLOT'S CLEVERNESS.

SIR GEORGE *and* MIRANDA *together.*

*Enter* SCENTWELL.

*Scent.* Oh, madam! my master and Mr. Marplot are both coming into the house.

*Mir.* Undone, undone! If he finds you here in this crisis, all my plots are unravelled.

*Sir G.* What shall I do? Can't I get back into the garden?

*Scent.* Oh, no; he comes up those stairs.

*Mir.* Here, here, here! Can you condescend to stand behind this chimney-board, Sir George?

*Sir G.* Anywhere, anywhere, dear madam, without ceremony.

*Scent.* Come, come, sir; lie close.

[*They put him behind the chimney-board.*

*Enter* SIR FRANCIS GRIPE *and* MARPLOT, SIR FRANCIS *peeling an orange.*

*Sir F.* I could not go, though 'tis upon life and death, without taking leave of dear chargy. Besides, this fellow buzzed in my ears that thou mightst be so desperate as to shoot that wild rake that haunts the garden gate, and that would bring us into trouble, dear.

*Mir.* So Marplot brought you back, then?

*Mar.* Yes; I brought him back.

*Mir.* I'm obliged to him for that, I'm sure.

[*Frowning at Marplot aside.*

*Mar.* By her looks, she means she's not obliged to me. I have done some mischief now, but what I can't imagine. [*Aside.*

*Sir F.* Well, chargy, I have had three messengers to come to Epsom to my neighbour Squeezum's, who, for all his vast riches, is departing. [*Sighs.*

*Mar.* Ay, see what all you usurers must come to.

*Sir F.* Peace, you young knave! Some forty years hence I may think on't; but, chargy, I'll be with thee to-morrow before those pretty eyes are open. I will, I will, chargy. I'll rouse you, i'faith. Here, Mrs. Scentwell, lift up your lady's chimney-board, that I may throw my peel in, and not litter her chamber.

*Mir.* Oh, my stars! What will become of us now? [*Aside.*

*Scent.* Oh, pray, sir, give it me; I love it above all things in nature; indeed I do.

*Sir F.* No, no, hussy; you have the green pip already. I'll have no apothecary's bills.

[*Goes towards the chimney.*

*Mir.* Hold, hold, hold, dear guardy! I have a—a—a monkey shut up there; and if you open it before the man comes that is to tame it, 'tis so wild, 'twill break all my china, or get away, and that would break my heart; for I'm fond on't to distraction, next thee, dear guardy. [*In a flattering tone.*

*Sir F.* Well, well, chargy, I won't open it. She shall have her monkey, poor rogue! Here, throw this peel out of the window.

[*Exit Scentwell.*

*Mar.* A monkey! Dear madam, let me see it. I can tame a monkey as well as the best of them all. Oh, how I love the little miniatures of man!

*Mir.* Be quiet, mischief; and stand further from the chimney. You shall not see my monkey—who, sure,— [*Striving with him.*

*Mar.* For heaven's sake, dear madam, let me but peep, to see if it be as pretty as Lady Fiddlefaddle's. Has it got a chain?

*Mir.* Not yet; but I design it one shall last its lifetime. Nay, you shall not see it. Look, guardy, how he teazes me?

*Sir F.* (*Getting between him and the chimney.*) Sirrah, sirrah, let my chargy's monkey alone, or my bamboo shall fly about your ears. What, is there no dealing with you?

*Mar.* Pugh! plague of the monkey! Here's a rout! I wish he may rival you.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, they have put two more horses to the coach, as you ordered, and 'tis ready at the door.

*Sir F.* Well, I am going to be executor; better for thee, jewel. B'ye, chargy. One buss. I'm glad thou hast got a monkey to divert thee a little.

*Mir.* Thankye, dear guardy! Nay, I'll see you to the coach.

*Sir F.* That's kind, adad!

*Mir.* Come along, impertinence!

[*To Marplot.*

*Mar.* (*Stepping back.*) Egad, I will see the monkey now. (*Lifts up the board, and discovers Sir George.*) Oh, lord! oh, lord! Thieves, thieves! Murder!

*Sir G.* D—n ye, you unlucky dog! 'Tis I. Which way shall I get out? Show me instantly, or I'll cut your throat.

*Mar.* Undone, undone! At that door there. But, hold, hold! Break that china, and I'll bring you off.

[*He runs off at the corner, and throws down some china.*

*Re-enter* Sir Francis Gripe, Miranda, *and* Scentwell.

*Sir F.* Mercy on me! What's the matter?

*Mir.* Oh, you toad! What have you done?

*Mar.* No great harm. I beg of you to forgive me. Longing to see this monkey, I did but just raise up the board, and it flew over my shoulders, scratched all my face, broke your china, and whisked out of the window.

*Sir F.* Where—where is it, sirrah?

*Mar.* There—there, Sir Francis—upon your neighbour Parmazan's pantiles.

*Sir F.* Was ever such an unlucky rogue? Sirrah, I forbid you my house. Call the servants to get the monkey again. Pug, pug, pug! I would stay myself to look for it, but you know my earnest business.

*Scent.* Oh, my lady will be best to lure it back. All them creatures love my lady extremely.

*Mir.* Go, go, dear guardy! I hope I shall recover it.

*Sir F.* B'ye, b'ye, dearee! Ah, mischief, how you look now! B'ye, b'ye! [*Exit.*

*Mir.* Scentwell, see him in the coach, and bring me word.

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## MISS LOVELY AND HER GUARDIANS.

(FROM "A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.")

[Miss Lovely, an heiress. Her father, a whimsical character, left her thirty thousand pounds provided she married with the consent of her guardians; but to prevent her ever doing so he left her in the care of four men of opposite natures and tastes, and she is obliged to reside three months of the year with each of them. She just now resides with the Quaker, Mr. Prim.]

*Enter* Mrs. Prim, *and* Miss Lovely *in a Quaker's dress.*

*Mrs. P.* So, now I like thee, Anne. Art thou not better without thy monstrous vanities and patches? If heaven should make thee so many black spots upon thy face, would it not fright thee, Anne?

*Miss L.* If it should turn you inside outward, and show all the spots of your hypocrisy, 'twould fright me worse!

*Mrs. P.* My hypocrisy! I scorn thy words, Anne; I lay no baits.

*Miss L.* If you did, you'd catch no fish.

*Mrs. P.* Well, well, make thy jests; but I'd have thee to know, Anne, that I could have

catched as many fish (as thou callest them) in my time, as ever thou didst with all thy fool-traps about thee.

*Miss L.* Is that the reason of your formality, Mrs. Prim? Truth will out; I ever thought, indeed, there was more design than godliness in the pinched cap.

*Mrs. P.* Go; thou art corrupted with reading lewd plays and filthy romances! Ah! I wish thou art not already too familiar with the wicked ones.

*Miss L.* Too familiar with the wicked ones! Pray, no more of these freedoms, madam. I am familiar with none so wicked as yourself; how dare you thus talk to me, you—you—you, unworthy woman, you—

[*Bursts into tears.*

*Enter* TRADELOVE, *one of Miss Lovely's guardians.*

*Trade.* What, in tears, Nancy? What have you done to her, Mrs. Prim, to make her weep?

*Miss L.* Done to me? I admire I keep my senses among you; but I will rid myself of your tyranny, if there be either law or justice to be had. I'll force you to give me up my liberty.

*Mrs. P.* Thou hast more need to weep for thy sins, Anne; yea, for thy manifold sins.

*Miss L.* Don't think that I'll be still the fool which you have made me. No; I'll wear what I please; go when and where I please; and keep what company I think fit, and not what you shall direct,—I will.

*Trade.* For my part, I do think all this very reasonable, Miss Lovely. 'Tis fit you should have your liberty, and for that very purpose I am come.

*Enter* PERIWINKLE *and* OBADIAH PRIM, *two other guardians.*

*Obad.* What art thou in the dumps for, Anne?

*Trade.* We must marry her, Mr. Prim.

*Obad.* Why, truly, if we could find a husband worth having, I should be as glad to see her married as thou wouldst, neighbour.

*Per.* Well said, there are but few worth having.

*Trade.* I can recommend you a man now, that I think you can none of you have an objection to.

*Enter* SIR PHILIP MODELOVE, *another guardian.*

*Per.* You recommend? Nay, whenever she marries, I'll recommend the husband.

*Sir P.* What, must it be a whale, or a rhinoceros, Mr. Periwinkle? Ha, ha, ha!

*Per.* He shall be none of the fops at your end of the town, with mop-heads and empty skulls; nor yet any of our trading gentry, who puzzle the heralds to find arms for their coaches. No; he shall be a man famous for travels, solidity, and curiosity; one who has searched into the profundity of nature; when heaven shall direct such a one, he shall have my consent, because it may turn to the benefit of mankind.

*Miss L.* The benefit of mankind! What, would you anatomize me?

*Sir P.* Ay, ay, madam; he would dissect you.

*Trade.* Or pore over you through a microscope, to see how your blood circulates from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot—ha, ha! But I have a husband for you, a man that knows how to improve your fortune; one that trades to the four corners of the globe.

*Miss L.* And would send me for a venture, perhaps.

*Trade.* One that will dress you in all the pride of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; a Dutch merchant, my girl.

*Sir P.* A Dutchman! Ha, ha! there's a husband for a fine lady. Ya frow, will you meet myn slapen—ha, ha! He'll learn you to talk the language of the hogs, madam—ha, ha!

*Trade.* He'll teach you that one merchant is of more service to a nation than fifty coxcombs. 'Tis the merchant makes the belle. How would the ladies sparkle in the box without the merchant? The Indian diamond; the French brocade; the Italian fan; the Flanders lace; the fine Dutch holland. How would they vent their scandal over their tea-tables? And where would your beaux have champagne to toast their mistresses, were it not for the merchant?

*Obad.* Verily, neighbour Tradelove, thou dost waste thy breath about nothing. All that thou hast said tendeth only to debauch youth, and fill their heads with the pride and luxury of this world. The merchant is a very great friend to Satan, and sendeth as many to his dominions as the pope.

*Per.* Right; I say, knowledge makes the man.

*Obad.* Yea, but not thy kind of knowledge; it is the knowledge of truth. Search thou for the light within, and not for baubles, friend.

*Miss L.* Ah! study your country's good,

Mr. Periwinkle, and not her insects. Rid you of your homebred monsters before you fetch any from abroad. I dare swear, you have maggots enough in your own brain to stock all the virtuosos in Europe with butterflies.

*Sir P.* By my soul! Miss Nancy's a wit.

*Obad.* That is more than she can say of thee, friend. Lookye, 'tis in vain to talk; when I meet a man worthy of her, she shall have my leave to marry him.

*Miss L.* Provided he be of the faithful. Was there ever such a swarm of caterpillars to blast the hopes of a woman! (*Aside.*) Know this, that you contend in vain; I'll have no husband of your choosing, nor shall you lord it over me long. I'll try the power of an English senate. Orphans have been redressed, and wills set aside, and none did ever deserve their pity more. Oh, Feignwell! where are thy promises to free me from those vermin? Alas! the task was more difficult than he imagined. [*Aside.*

A harder task than what the poets tell
Of yore the fair Andromeda befell;
She but one monster fear'd, I've four to fear,
And see no Perseus, no deliv'rer near.
. . . . . .

[This is how Colonel Feignwell, Miss Lovely's lover, managed to gain the consent of Mr. Periwinkle, the virtuoso:—]

*A Tavern.*

COL. FEIGNWELL *is discovered in an Egyptian dress, with* SACKBUT *the landlord.*

*Sac.* A lucky beginning, Colonel; you have got the old beau's consent.

*Col. F.* Ay, he's a reasonable creature; but the other three will require some pains. Shall I pass upon him, think you? Egad, in my mind I look as antique as if I had been preserved in the ark.

*Sac.* Pass upon him; ay, ay, if you have assurance enough.

*Col. F.* I have no apprehension from that quarter; assurance is the cockade of a soldier.

*Sac.* Ay, but the assurance of a soldier differs much from that of a traveller. Can you lie with a good grace?

*Col. F.* As heartily, when my mistress is the prize, as I would meet the foe when my country called and king commanded; so don't you fear that part. If he don't know me again, I am safe. I hope he'll come.

*Sac.* I wish all my debts would come as sure. I told him you had been a great traveller, had many valuable curiosities, and was a person of most singular taste; he seemed transported, and begged me to keep you till he came.

*Col. F.* Ay, ay, he need not fear my running away. Let's have a bottle of sack, landlord; our ancestors drank sack.

*Sac.* You shall have it.

*Col. F.* And whereabouts is the trap-door you mentioned?

*Sac.* There is the conveyance, sir. [*Exit.*

*Col. F.* Now, if I could cheat all these roguish guardians, and carry off my mistress in triumph, it would be what the French call a grand *coup d'éclat.* Odso! here comes Periwinkle. Ah! deuce take this beard; pray Jupiter it does not give me the slip and spoil all.

*Enter* SACKBUT *with wine, and* PERIWINKLE *following.*

*Sac.* Sir, this gentleman, hearing you have been a great traveller, and a person of fine speculation, begs leave to take a glass with you; he is a man of curious taste himself.

*Col. F.* The gentleman has it in his face and garb. Sir, you are welcome.

*Per.* Sir, I honour a traveller and men of your inquiring disposition; the oddness of your habit pleases me extremely; 'tis very antique, and for that I like it.

*Col. F.* 'Tis very antique, sir. This habit once belonged to the famous Claudius Ptolemeus, who lived in the year one hundred and thirty-five.

*Sac.* If he keeps up to the sample, he shall lie with the devil for a bean-stack, and win it every straw. [*Aside.*

*Per.* A hundred and thirty-five! Why, that's prodigious, now! Well, certainly, 'tis the finest thing in the world to be a traveller.

*Col. F.* For my part, I value none of the modern fashions a fig-leaf.

*Per.* No more don't I, sir; I had rather be the jest of a fool than his favourite. I am laughed at here for my singularity. This coat, you must know, sir, was formerly worn by that ingenious and very learned person, Mr. John Tradescant, of Lambeth.

*Col. F.* John Tradescant! Let me embrace you, sir. John Tradescant was my uncle, by my mother's side; and I thank you for the honour you do his memory. He was a very curious man indeed.

*Per.* Your uncle, sir! Nay, then, 'tis no wonder that your taste is so refined; why, you have it in your blood. My humble service to you, sir. To the immortal memory of

John Tradescant, your never-to-be-forgotten uncle. [*Drinks.*

*Col. F.* Give me a glass, landlord.

*Per.* I find you are primitive, even in your wine. Canary was the drink of our wise forefathers; 'tis balsamic, and saves the charge of apothecaries' cordials. Oh that I had lived in your uncle's days! or rather, that he were now alive! Oh how proud he'd be of such a nephew! A person of your curiosity must have collected many rarities.

*Col. F.* I have some, sir, which are not yet come ashore—as an Egyptian idol.

*Per.* Pray what may that be?

*Col. F.* It is, sir, a kind of an ape, which they formerly worshipped in that country; I took it from the breast of a female mummy; two tusks of an hippopotamus, two pairs of Chinese nut-crackers, and one Egyptian mummy.

*Per.* Pray, sir, have you never a crocodile?

*Col. F.* Humph! the boatswain brought one with a design to show it; but touching at Rotterdam, and hearing it was no rarity in England, he sold it to a Dutch poet. Lookye, sir, do you see this little phial?

*Per.* Pray you, what is it?

*Col. F.* This is called Poluflosboio.

*Per.* Poluflosboio! It has a rumbling sound.

*Col. F.* Right, sir; it proceeds from a rumbling nature. This water was part of those waves which bore Cleopatra's vessel when she sailed to meet Antony.

*Per.* Well, of all that travelled, none had a taste like you.

*Col. F.* But here's the wonder of the world. This, sir, is called zona, or moros musphonon; the virtues of this are inestimable.

*Per.* Moros musphonon! What, in the name of wisdom, can that be? To me, it seems a plain belt.

*Col. F.* This girdle has carried me all the world over.

*Per.* You have carried it, you mean.

*Col. F.* I mean as I say, sir. Whenever I am girded with this, I am invisible; and, by turning this little screw, can be in the court of the Great Mogul, the Grand Signior, and King George, in as little time as your cook can poach an egg.

*Per.* You must pardon me, sir; I can't believe it.

*Col. F.* If my landlord pleases, he shall try the experiment immediately.

*Sac.* I thank you kindly, sir; but I have no inclination to ride post to the devil.

*Col. F.* No, no, you sha'n't stir a foot; I'll only make you invisible.

*Sac.* But if you could not make me visible again.

*Per.* Come, try it upon me, sir; I am not afraid of the devil, nor all his tricks. 'Sbud, I'll stand 'em all.

*Col. F.* There, sir, put it on. Come, landlord, you and I must face the east. (*They turn about.*) Is it on, sir?

*Per.* 'Tis on. [*They turn about again.*

*Sac.* Heaven protect me! where is he?

*Per.* Why, here, just where I was.

*Sac.* Where, where, in the name of virtue? Ah, poor Mr. Periwinkle! Egad, look to't; you had best, sir; and let him be seen again, or I shall have you burnt for a wizard.

*Col. F.* Have patience, good landlord.

*Per.* But, really, don't you see me now?

*Sac.* No more than I see my grandmother, that died forty years ago.

*Per.* Are you sure you don't lie? Methinks I stand just where I did, and see you as plain as I did before.

*Sac.* Ah! I wish I could see you once again.

*Col. F.* Take off the girdle, sir.

[*He takes it off.*

*Sac.* Ah! sir, I am glad to see you, with all my heart. [*Embraces him.*

*Per.* This is very odd; certainly there must be some trick in't. Pray, sir, will you do me the favour to put it on yourself?

*Col. F.* With all my heart.

*Per.* But, first, I'll secure the door.

*Col. F.* You know how to turn the screw, Mr. Sackbut.

*Sac.* Yes, yes. Come, Mr. Periwinkle, we must turn full east.

[*They turn; the Colonel sinks through the trap-door.*

*Col. F.* 'Tis done; now turn. [*They turn.*

*Per.* Ha! mercy upon me; my flesh creeps upon my bones. This must be a conjuror, Mr. Sackbut.

*Sac.* He's the devil, I think.

*Per.* Oh! Mr. Sackbut, why do you name the devil, when perhaps he may be at your elbow?

*Sac.* At my elbow! Marry, heaven forbid!

*Col. F.* Are you satisfied?

[*From under the stage.*

*Per.* Yes, sir, yes. How hollow his voice sounds!

*Sac.* Yours seemed just the same. 'Faith, I wish this girdle were mine; I'd sell wine no more. Harkye! Mr. Periwinkle (*takes him aside till the Colonel rises again*), if he would

sell this girdle, you might travel with great expedition.

*Col. F.* But it is not to be parted with for money.

*Per.* I am sorry for't, sir; because I think it the greatest curiosity I ever heard of.

*Col. F.* By the advice of a learned physiognomist in Grand Cairo, who consulted the lines in my face, I returned to England, where he told me I should find a rarity in the keeping of four men, which I was born to possess for the benefit of mankind; and the first of the four that gave me his consent, I should present him with this girdle. Till I have found this jewel I shall not part with the girdle.

*Per.* What can this rarity be? Didn't he name it to you?

*Col. F.* Yes, sir; he called it a chaste, beautiful, unaffected woman.

*Per.* Pish! women are no rarities. Women are the very gewgaws of the creation; playthings for boys, who, when they write man, they ought to throw aside.

*Sac.* A fine lecture to be read to a circle of ladies! [*Aside.*

*Per.* What woman is there, dressed in all the pride and foppery of the times, can boast of such a foretop as the cockatoo?

*Col. F.* I must humour him. (*Aside.*) Such a skin as the lizard?

*Per.* Such a shining breast as the hummingbird?

*Col. F.* Such a shape as the antelope?

*Per.* Or, in all the artful mixture of their various dresses, have they half the beauty of one box of butterflies?

*Col. F.* No; that must be allowed. For my part, if it were not for the benefit of mankind, I'd have nothing to do with them; for they are as indifferent to me as a sparrow or a flesh-fly.

*Per.* Pray, sir, what benefit is the world to reap from this lady?

*Col. F.* Why, sir, she is to bear me a son, who shall revive the art of embalming, and the old Roman manner of burying the dead; and, for the benefit of posterity, he is to discover the longitude, so long sought for in vain.

*Per.* Od! these are valuable things, Mr. Sackbut!

*Sac.* He hits it off admirably; and t'other swallows it like sack and sugar. (*Aside.*) Certainly, this lady must be your ward, Mr. Periwinkle, by her being under the care of four persons.

*Per.* By the description, it should. Egad, if I could get that girdle, I'd ride with the sun, and make the tour of the world in four-and-twenty hours. (*Aside.*) And you are to give that girdle to the first of the four guardians that shall give his consent to marry that lady, say you, sir?

*Col. F.* I am so ordered, when I can find him.

*Per.* I fancy I know the very woman; her name is Anne Lovely.

*Col. F.* Excellent! He said, indeed, that the first letter of her name was L.

*Per.* Did he, really? Well, that's prodigiously amazing, that a person in Grand Cairo should know anything of my ward.

*Col. F.* Your ward?

*Per.* To be plain with you, sir, I am one of those four guardians.

*Col. F.* Are you, indeed, sir? I am transported to find that the very man who is to possess this moros musphonon is a person of so curious a taste. Here is a writing drawn up by that famous Egyptian, which, if you will please to sign, you must turn your face full north, and the girdle is yours.

*Per.* If I live till the boy is born, I'll be embalmed, and sent to the Royal Society when I die.

*Col. F.* That you shall, most certainly.

[Colonel Feignwell learns the weak point in the other guardians, and after a considerable amount of amusing stratagem he manages to obtain a written consent to his marriage with the heiress from each of them, which they cannot gainsay. The marriage winds up the comedy.]

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## FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

(FROM "THE WONDER.")

*Enter* ISABELLA *and* INIS *her maid.*

*Inis.* For goodness' sake, madam, where are you going in this pet?

*Isa.* Anywhere to avoid matrimony; the thought of a husband is terrible to me.

*Inis.* Ay, of an old husband; but if you may choose for yourself, I fancy matrimony would be no such frightful thing to you.

*Isa.* You are pretty much in the right, Inis; but to be forced into the arms of an idiot, who has neither person to please the eye, sense to charm the ear, nor generosity to supply those defects. Ah, Inis, what pleasant lives women

lead in England, where duty wears no fetters but inclination! The custom of our country enslaves us from our very cradles; first to our parents, next to our husbands; and when Heaven is so kind to rid us of both these, our brothers still usurp authority, and expect a blind obedience from us: so that, maids, wives, or widows, we are little better than slaves to the tyrant man; therefore, to avoid their power, I resolve to cast myself into a monastery.

*Inis.* That is, you'll cut your own throat to avoid another's doing it for you. Ah, madam, those eyes tell me you have no nun's flesh about you! A monastery, quotha! where you'll wish yourself into the green-sickness in a month.

*Isa.* What care I? there will be no man to plague me.

*Inis.* No, nor, what's much worse, to please you neither. Od'slife, madam, you are the first woman that ever despaired in a Christian country! Were I in your place—

*Isa.* Why, what would your wisdom do if you were?

*Inis.* I'd embark with the first fair wind with all my jewels, and seek my fortune on t'other side the water; no shore can treat you worse than your own; there's never a father in Christendom should make me marry any man against my will.

*Isa.* I am too great a coward to follow your advice: I must contrive some way to avoid Don Guzman, and yet stay in my own country.

*Enter* Don Lopez.

*Lop.* Must you so, mistress? but I shall take care to prevent you. (*Aside.*) Isabella, whither are you going, my child?

*Isa.* To church, sir.

*Inis.* The old rogue has certainly overheard her. [*Aside.*

*Lop.* Your devotion must needs be very strong or your memory very weak, my dear; why, vespers are over for this night. Come, come, you shall have a better errand to church than to say your prayers there. Don Guzman is arrived in the river, and I expect him ashore to-morrow.

*Isa.* Ha! to-morrow!

*Lop.* He writes me word that his estate in Holland is worth twelve thousand crowns a year; which, together with what he had before, will make thee the happiest wife in Lisbon.

*Isa.* And the most unhappy woman in the world. Oh, sir, if I have any power in your heart, if the tenderness of a father be not quite extinct, hear me with patience.

*Lop.* No objection against the marriage, and I will hear whatsoever thou hast to say.

*Isa.* That's torturing me on the rack, and forbidding me to groan; upon my knees I claim the privilege of flesh and blood. [*Kneels.*

*Lop.* I grant it; thou shalt have an arm full of flesh and blood to-morrow. Flesh and blood, quotha! heaven forbid I should deny thee flesh and blood, my girl.

*Inis.* Here's an old dog for you! [*Aside.*

*Isa.* Do not mistake, sir; the fatal stroke which separates soul and body is not more terrible to the thoughts of sinners than the name of Guzman to my ear.

*Lop.* Pho, pho! you lie, you lie!

*Isa.* My frighted heart beats hard against my breast, as if it sought a passage to your feet, to beg you'd change your purpose.

*Lop.* A very pretty speech this; if it were turned into blank verse it would serve for a tragedy. Why, thou hast more wit than I thought thou hadst, child. I fancy this was all extempore; I don't believe thou didst ever think one word on't before.

*Inis.* Yes, but she has, my lord; for I have heard her say the same things a thousand times.

*Lop.* How, how? What, do you top your second-hand jests upon your father, hussy, who knows better what's good for you than you do yourself? Remember, 'tis your duty to obey.

*Isa.* (*Rises.*) I never disobeyed you before, and wish I had not reason now; but nature has got the better of my duty, and makes me loath the harsh commands you lay.

*Lop.* Ha, ha! very fine! Ha, ha!

*Isa.* Death itself would be welcome.

*Lop.* Are you sure of that?

*Isa.* I am your daughter, my lord, and can boast as strong a resolution as yourself; I'll die before I'll marry Guzman.

*Lop.* Say you so? I'll try that presently. (*Draws.*) Here, let me see with what dexterity you can breathe a vein now. (*Offers her his sword.*) The point is pretty sharp; 'twill do your business, I warrant you.

*Inis.* Bless me, sir, what do you mean, to put a sword into the hands of a desperate woman?

*Lop.* Desperate! ha, ha, ha! you see how desperate she is. What, art thou frightened, little Bell? ha!

*Isa.* I confess I am startled at your morals, sir.

*Lop.* Ay, ay, child, thou hadst better take the man, he'll hurt thee least of the two.

*Isa.* I shall take neither, sir; death has many doors, and when I can live no longer with pleasure I shall find one to let him in at without your aid.

*Lop.* Say'st thou so, my dear Bell? Ods, I'm afraid thou art a little lunatic, Bell. I must take care of thee, child. (*Takes hold of her, and pulls a key out of his pocket.*) I shall make bold to secure thee, my dear. I'll see if locks and bars can keep thee till Guzman comes. Go, get into your chamber.

[*Pushes her in, and locks the door.*

There I'll your boasted resolution try—
And see who'll get the better, you or I.

[*Exeunt.*

[She jumped out of a window, luckily into the arms of a Captain Briton, who was in Lisbon at the time and happened to be passing. He conveyed her to a house near, which happened to be the residence of a friend. After a series of adventures they get married.]

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# JOHN O'NEACHTAN.

PROBABLY ABOUT 1695–1720.

[Of this writer little remains but the two poems quoted, which were translated by the diligent gleaners of Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy. He was a native of Meath; "a learned man and ingenious poet", says Hardiman, going on to speak of his five hundred page treatise on geography and his curious Annals of Ireland. The events of his life are unknown.]

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## MAGGY LAIDIR.

Here's first the toast, the pride and boast,
Our darling Maggy Laidir;
Let old and young, with ready tongue
And open heart, applaud her.
Again prepare—here's to the Fair
Whose smiles with joy have crown'd us,
Then drain the bowl for each gay soul
That's drinking here around us.

Come, friends, don't fail to toast O'Neill,
Whose race our rights defended;
Maguire the true, O'Donnell too,
From eastern sires descended.
Up! up again—the tribe of Maine
In danger never failed us,
With Leinster's spear for ever near,
When foemen have assail'd us.

The madder fill with right good will,
There's sure no joy like drinking—
Our Bishop's name this draught must claim
Come let me have no shrinking.
His name is dear, and with him here
We'll join old Father Peter,
And as he steers thro' life's long years,
May life to him seem sweeter.

Come mark the call, and drink to all
Old Ireland's tribes so glorious,
Who still have stood, in fields of blood,
Unbroken and victorious:
Long as of old may Connaught hold
Her boast of peerless beauty;
And Leinster show to friend and foe
Her sons all prompt for duty.

A curse for those who dare oppose
Our country's claim for freedom;
May none appear the knaves to hear,
Or none who hear 'em heed 'em:
May famine fall upon them all,
May pests and plagues confound them,
And heartfelt care, and black despair,
Till life's last hour surround them.

May lasting joys attend the boys
Who love the land that bore us,
Still may they share such friendly fare
As this that spreads before us.
May social cheer, like what we've here,
For ever stand to greet them;
And hearts as sound as those around
Be ready still to meet them.

Come raise the voice! rejoice, rejoice,
Fast, fast, the dawn's advancing,
My eyes grow dim, but every limb
Seems quite agog for dancing.
Sweet girls begin, 'tis shame and sin
To see the time we're losing.
Come, lads, be gay—trip, trip away,
While those who sit keep boozing.

Where's Thady Oge? up, Dan, you rogue,
Why stand you shilly-shally;
There's Mora here, and Una's here,
And yonder's sporting Sally.
Now frisk it round—aye, there's the sound
Our sires were fond of hearing;
The harp rings clear—hear, gossip, hear;
O sure such notes are cheering!

Your health, my friend! till life shall end
May no bad chance betide us;

Oh may we still, our grief to kill,
Have drink like this beside us!
A fig for care! but who's that there
That's of a quarrel thinking?—
Put out the clown or knock him down—
We're here for fun and drinking.

Tie up his tongue—am I not sprung
From chiefs that all must honour—
The princely Gael, the great O'Neill,
O'Kelly and O'Connor,
O'Brien the strong, Maguire, whose song
Has won the praise of nations;
O'More the tough, and big Branduff,
These are my blood relations!

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## A LAMENT.[1]

Dark source of my anguish! deep wound of a land
Whose young and defenceless the loss will deplore;
The munificent spirit, the liberal hand,
Still stretched the full bounty it prompted to pour.

The stone is laid o'er thee! the fair glossy braid,
The high brow, the light cheek with its roseate glow:
The bright form, and the berry that dwelt and could fade
On these lips, thou sage giver, all, all are laid low.

Like a swan on the billows, she moved in her grace,
Snow-white were her limbs, and with beauty replete,
And time on that pure brow had left no more trace
Than if he had sped with her own fairy feet.

Whatever of purity, glory, hath ever
Been linked with the name, lovely Mary, was thine;
Woe, woe, that the tomb, ruthless tyrant, should sever
The tie which our spirits half broken resign.

Than Caesar of hosts—the true darling of Rome,
Far prouder was James—where pure spirits are met,
The virgin, the saint—though heav'n's radiance illume
Their brows—Erin's wrongs can o'ershadow them yet.

And rank be the poison, the plagues that distil
Through the heart of the spoiler that laid them in dust,
The rapt bard with their glory the nations shall fill,
With the fame of his patrons, the generous, the just.

Wherever the beam of the morning is shed,
With its light the full fame of our lov'd ones hath shone,
The deep curse of our sorrow shall burst on his head
That hath hurl'd them, the pride of our hearts, from their throne.

The mid-day is dark with unnatural gloom—
And a spectral lament wildly shrieked in the air
Tells all hearts that our princess lies cold in the tomb,
Bids the old and the young bend in agony there!

Faint the lowing of kine o'er the sear'd yellow lawn!
And tuneless the warbler that droops on the spray!
The bright tenants that flashed through the current are gone,
For the princess we honoured is laid in the clay.

Darkly brooding alone o'er his bondage and shame,
By the shore in mute agony wanders the Gael,—
And sad is my spirit, and clouded my dream,
For my king, for the star, my devotion would hail.

What woe beyond this hath dark fortune to wreak?
What wrath o'er the land yet remains to be hurl'd?
They turn them to Rome! but despairing they shriek,
For Spain's flag in defeat and defection is furled.

Though our sorrows avail not, our hope is not lost—
For the Father is mighty! the highest remains!
The loos'd waters rushed down upon Pharaoh's wide host,
But the billows crouch back from the foot he sustains.

Just Power! that for Moses the wave did'st divide,
Look down on the land where thy followers pine;
Look down upon Erin, and crush the dark pride
Of the scourge of thy people, the foes of thy shrine.

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[1] This poem is a lament for Mary D'Este, queen of James II. She died at St. Germaine, April 26th, 1718. Her son, called James Francis Edward, was the Chevalier de St. George, so much beloved by the Irish.

# SIR RICHARD STEELE.

BORN 1672 — DIED 1729.

[Richard Steele was born in Dublin on the 12th March, 1672, a few weeks before the birth of his life-long friend Joseph Addison. His father was an attorney, his mother, as he himself says, "a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit." While he was in his fifth year his father died; but notwithstanding this there was little change in his condition until his thirteenth year, when, through the influence of the Duke of Ormond, he became a foundationer at the Charterhouse in London. There in 1686 he met with Addison, and from there he went to Oxford in 1690. Addison had already gone to Oxford, and on Steele joining him the friendship was renewed.

While at Oxford, Steele, as a matter of course, began to write verses, and in 1695 he made public his first poem, *The Procession*, which had for its subject the funeral of Queen Mary. His best work at this time, however, was in helping Addison to "break loose from the critical cobwebs of an age of periwigs and patches," and in helping to lay the first foundation of that reputation, which, with the generosity of his nature, he built so high that it is only now his own is beginning to properly appear out of the shadow. Presently, leaving Addison to his slow-going longings to "launch into a bolder strain," Steele allowed his patriotism to carry him away, and he enlisted as a private in the Coldstream Guards. For this, as he says himself, "he lost the succession to a very good estate in the county of Wexford, from the same humour which he has preserved ever since, of preferring the state of his mind to that of his fortune." The colonel of the regiment, Lord Cutts, soon made Steele his secretary, and got him a commission as ensign. While an ensign he wrote his *Christian Hero*, chiefly to confirm himself in resisting the temptations of his position; but as it rather failed to do this he made it public, in the hope that then it would have a greater effect on him. The book was at once a success, but in the eyes of his brother officers he had changed from being a good companion into a disagreeable fellow. To remedy this, and also to show that his style was not in reality a didactic one, he soon after produced a bright little comedy, *The Funeral; or, Grief à la Mode*, in which, however, he adhered to the condemnation of the things condemned in his book. This comedy, first acted in 1702, made him at once popular with the town. In 1703 it was followed by *The Tender Husband*, which was dedicated to Addison, and to which Addison wrote a prologue. This comedy is gay in manner and full of pure wit, yet it preaches an effective moral, and has many a hit at the fashionable vices of the day. In 1704 he produced the *Lying Lovers*, an adaptation from the French. The play was not a success, art being sacrificed in it to morality. Its failure placed Steele in the position "of being the only English dramatist who had had a piece damned for its piety." Foote afterwards re-adapted it as *The Liar*, in which form it still keeps the stage.

From 1704 to 1707 Steele wrote little, except possibly as a collaborateur. In May of the latter year he was appointed to the office of gazetteer, the work of which he performed with care and faithfulness. In the same year he married his second wife, he having already been married to a lady belonging to Barbadoes, who died a few months after her marriage. From Addison he borrowed a thousand pounds to "set up house," and the thousand was repaid within a year. On the 12th of April, 1709, he published the first number of his *Tatler*, "for the use of the good people of England," but in which he candidly declared that he was "an author writing for the public, who expected from the public payment for his work, and that he preferred this to gambling for the patronage of men in office." The first eighty numbers of the publication he produced entirely out of his own resources, but the mental strain must have been great, and no doubt he welcomed the return of Addison from Ireland, as it gave him an opportunity of inducing his friend to join him in the work. On the 2d of January, 1711, the *Tatler* was discontinued, after a career of great usefulness and influence, and on the 1st of the following March appeared the first number of the *Spectator*, that living monument to the friendship of two honest men. The *Spectator* was even a greater success than the *Tatler*, and on the articles contributed to it to please his friend now chiefly rests Addison's fame—a fame which Steele took every opportunity of enlarg-

ing. In the 555th number of the *Spectator* proper, Steele brought it to a conclusion; but a year and a half later Addison revived it. The revival was not a success from any point of view. Addison, without the guiding hand of his friend, fell below his former standard. His teaching became preaching, and his wit lost both in delicacy and point. After the production of eighty numbers he wisely gave up the struggle, and his supplementary *Spectator* was allowed to become the eighth volume of the complete series.

Already, on March the 12th, 1713, Steele had issued the first number of his *Guardian*, the plan of which gave him more liberty to write as a politician, which on entering parliament he found was desirable. The *Guardian*, however, he brought to an end, of his own freewill, on the 1st of October, when it had reached 175 numbers, and five days later he issued the first number of the *Englishman*. The *Englishman* did not live very long, but for the writing of its last number, as well as for the celebrated *Crisis*, he was expelled from the House of Commons by a factious majority. Swift attacked the *Crisis* with all his force in *The Public Spirit of the Whigs*. In the *Crisis* Steele indulged in no personalities, unless we call his praise of the Scottish nation such. Swift, on the other hand, indulged in personal abuse of his manly opponent and one-time friend, and launched his bitterest satire at the poverty and greed of the Scotch. Though expelled the house the moral victory in the *mêlée* was with Steele.

Being now at leisure, owing to his expulsion and the discontinuance of the *Englishman*, Steele wrote *An Apology for Himself and his Writings*, which may be found in his *Political Writings*, published in 1715. Shortly after he produced a deservedly forgotten treatise entitled *Romish Ecclesiastical History of Late Years*, and in the same year two papers called *The Lover* and *The Reader*.

On the death of Queen Anne and accession of George I., Steele was appointed surveyor of the royal stables, governor of the Royal Company of Comedians, and a magistrate for Middlesex. In April, 1715, he was also knighted, and in George's first parliament he was chosen member for Boroughbridge. Finally, after the suppression of the rebellion in the north, he was made one of the commissioners of the forfeited estates. In this year, 1715, he published *An Account of the State of the Roman Catholic Religion throughout the World*, as well as *A Letter from the Earl of Mar to the King*. In 1716 he produced a second volume of the *Englishman;* in 1718 *An Account of his Fishpool;* in 1719 *The Spinster*, a pamphlet; and *A Letter to the Earl of Oxford concerning the Bill of Peerage*. This bill he opposed in the House of Commons as well as in the *Plebeian*. Addison replied to his criticisms in the *Old Whig*, and thus, a year before the death of the latter, a coolness sprang up between the two friends. In 1720 Steele wrote two pieces against the South Sea scheme: one *The Crisis of Property*, the other *A Nation a Family*. In January of the same year, under the assumed name of Sir John Edgar, he commenced a paper called *The Theatre*, which he continued till the following 5th of April. During its existence his patent as governor of the Royal Company of Comedians was revoked. This, which was a heavy loss to him, he discussed calmly in a pamphlet called *The State of the Case*. In 1721, on the accession of Walpole to power, he was reinstated in his post, and in 1722 his *Conscious Lovers* was produced with great success.

Soon after this, having lost in 1723 his only surviving son, his health began to decline, and, hoping for an improvement, he moved from London to Bath, and from there to Llangunnor near Caermarthen, where he lodged with his agent and receiver of rents. In 1726 he had an attack of palsy, and on the 1st of September, 1729, he died, having "retained his cheerful sweetness of temper to the last."

Steele's position in literature is only now, after many years, beginning to be properly appreciated. In him is well seen how ready the world is to take a man at his own measurement, for as he claimed to be only a "whetstone to the wit of others," as Professor Morley puts it, the world gave him credit for little more. As a dramatist he was superior to Addison—as an editor superior beyond comparison. His essays form that part of the *Spectator* "which," says the writer just quoted, "took the widest grasp upon the hearts of man." "It was," continues Professor Morley, "the firm hand of his friend Steele that helped Addison up to the place in literature which became him. . . . There were those who argued that he was too careless of his own fame in unselfish labour for the exaltation of his friend, and no doubt his rare generosity of temper has been often misinterpreted. But . . . he knew his countrymen, and was in too genuine accord with the spirit of a time then distant but now come, to doubt that, when he was dead, his whole life's work would

SIR RICHARD STEELE

*After the Painting by SIR GODFREY KNELLER*

speak for him to posterity." Let us now at last make this belief a true one, and let us no longer be found speaking of the *Spectator* as "Addison's *Spectator;*" but, if the admirers of Addison will have it so, as "the Steele-Addison *Spectator*." For among other things let it be remembered that of the essays in the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, 510 belonged to Steele and 369 to Addison, while Steele was in addition projector, founder, and editor—and what he was as an editor may be inferred when we look at Addison attempting to walk alone.]

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## THE CIVIL HUSBAND.[1]

The fate and character of the inconstant Osmyn is a just excuse for the little notice taken by his widow of his departure out of this life, which was equally troublesome to Elmira, his faithful spouse, and to himself. That life passed between them after this manner is the reason the town has just now received a lady with all that gaiety, after having been a relict but three months, which other women hardly assume under fifteen after such a disaster. Elmira is the daughter of a rich and worthy citizen, who gave her to Osmyn with a portion which might have obtained her an alliance with our noblest houses, and fixed her in the eye of the world, where her story had not been now to be related; for her good qualities had made her the object of universal esteem among the polite part of mankind, from whom she has been banished and immured till the death of her jailer.

It is now full fifteen years since that beauteous lady was given into the hands of the happy Osmyn, who in the sense of all the world received at that time a present more valuable than the possession of both the Indies. She was then in her early bloom, with an understanding and discretion very little inferior to the most experienced matrons. She was not beholden to the charms of her sex, that her company was preferable to any Osmyn could meet with abroad; for were all she said considered, without regard to her being a woman, it might stand the examination of the severest judges. She had all the beauty of her own sex, with all the conversation-accomplishments of ours.

But Osmyn very soon grew surfeited with the charms of her person by possession, and of her mind by want of taste; for he was one of that loose sort of men, who have but one reason for setting any value upon the fair sex, who consider even brides but as new women, and consequently neglect them when they cease to be such. All the merit of Elmira could not prevent her becoming a mere wife within few months after her nuptials; and Osmyn had so little relish for her conversation that he complained of the advantages of it.

"My spouse," said he to one of his companions, "is so very discreet, so good, so virtuous, and I know not what, that I think her person is rather the object of esteem than of love; and there is such a thing as a merit which causes rather distance than passion."

But there being no medium in the state of matrimony, their life began to take the usual gradations to become the most irksome of all beings. They grew in the first place very complaisant; and having at heart a certain knowledge that they were indifferent to each other, apologies were made for every little circumstance which they thought betrayed their mutual coldness. This lasted but few months, when they showed a difference of opinion in every trifle; and, as a sign of certain decay of affection, the word *perhaps* was introduced in all their discourse.

"I have a mind to go to the park," says she, "but perhaps, my dear, you will want the coach on some other occasion." He would very willingly carry her to the play, but perhaps she had rather go to Lady Centaure's and play at ombre. They were both persons of good discerning, and soon found that they mortally hated each other, by their manner of hiding it. Certain it is, that there are some Genio's which are not capable of pure affection, and a man is born with talents for it as much as for poetry or any other science.

Osmyn began too late to find the imperfection of his own heart, and used all the methods in the world to correct it, and argue himself into return of desire and passion for his wife, by the contemplation of her excellent qualities, his great obligations to her, and the high value he saw all the world except himself did put upon her. But such is man's unhappy condition, that though the weakness of the heart has a prevailing power over the strength of the head, yet the strength of the head has but small force against the weakness of the heart. Osmyn therefore struggled in vain to revive departed desire; and for that reason resolved to retire to one of his estates in the country,

[1] Number 53 of *The Tatler*.

and pass away his hours of wedlock in the noble diversions of the field; and in the fury of a disappointed lover, made an oath to leave neither stag, fox, or hare living during the days of his wife. Besides that country sports would be an amusement, he hoped also that his spouse would be half killed by the very sense of seeing this town no more, and would think her life ended as soon as she left it.

He communicated his design to Elmira, who received it (as now she did all things) like a person too unhappy to be relieved or afflicted by the circumstance of place. This unexpected resignation made Osmyn resolve to be as obliging to her as possible; and if he could not prevail upon himself to be kind, he took a resolution at least to act sincerely, and communicate frankly to her the weakness of his temper, to excuse the indifference of his behaviour. He disposed his household in the way to Rutland, so as he and his lady travelled only in the coach for the conveniency of discourse. They had not gone many miles out of town when Osmyn spoke to this purpose:—

"My dear, I believe I look quite as silly now I am going to tell you I do not love you as when I first told you I did. We are now going into the country together, with only one hope for making this life agreeable—survivorship; desire is not in our power; mine is all gone for you. What shall we do to carry it with decency to the world, and hate one another with discretion?"

The lady answered without the least observation on the extravagance of the speech:—"My dear, you have lived most of your days in a court, and I have not been wholly unacquainted with that sort of life. In courts, you see, good-will is spoken with great warmth, ill-will covered with great civility. Men are long in civilities to those they hate, and short in expressions of kindness to those they love. Therefore, my dear, let us be well-bred still, and it is no matter, as to all who see us, whether we love or hate; and to let you see how much you are beholden to me for my conduct, I have both hated and despised you, my dear, this half year; and yet neither in language or behaviour has it been visible but that I loved you tenderly. Therefore, as I know you go out of town to divert life in pursuit of beasts, and conversation with men just above them; so, my life, from this moment I shall read all the learned cooks who have ever writ, study broths, plaisters, and conserves, till from a fine lady I become a notable woman. We must take our minds a note or two lower, or we shall be tortured by jealousy or anger. Thus I am resolved to kill all keen passions by employing my mind on little subjects, and lessening the easiness of my spirit; while you, my dear, with much ale, exercise, and ill company, are so good as to endeavour to be as contemptible as it is necessary for my quiet I should think you."

To Rutland they arrived, and lived with great but secret impatience for many successive years, till Osmyn thought of an happy expedient to give their affairs a new turn. One day he took Elmira aside, and spoke as follows: "My dear, you see here the air is so temperate and serene, the rivulets, the groves, and soil so extremely kind to nature, that we are stronger and firmer in our health since we left the town, so that there is no hope of a release in this place; but if you will be so kind as to go with me to my estate in the hundreds of Essex, it is possible some kind damp may one day or other relieve us. If you will condescend to accept of this offer, I will add that whole estate to your jointure in this county."

Elmira, who was all goodness, accepted the offer, removed accordingly, and has left her spouse in that place to rest with his fathers.

This is the real figure in which Elmira ought to be beheld in this town, and not thought guilty of an indecorum in not professing the sense or bearing the habit of sorrow for one who robbed her of all the endearments of life and gave her only common civility instead of complacency of manners, dignity of passion, and that constant assemblage of soft desires and affections which all feel who love, but none can express.

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## INKLE AND YARICO.[1]

Arietta is visited by all persons of both sexes who may have any pretence to wit and gallantry. She is in that time of life which is neither affected with the follies of youth or infirmities of age; and her conversation is so mixed with gaiety and prudence, that she is agreeable both to the young and the old. Her behaviour is very frank, without being in the least blamable; and as she is out of the track of any amorous or ambitious pursuits of her own, her visitants entertain her with accounts of themselves very freely, whether they concern their passions or their in-

[1] Number 11 of *The Spectator*.

terests. I made her a visit this afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the honour of her acquaintance by my friend Will. Honeycomb, who has prevailed upon her to admit me sometimes into her assembly as a civil, inoffensive man. I found her accompanied with one person only, a commonplace talker, who, upon my entrance, rose, and after a very slight civility sat down again; then turning to Arietta, pursued his discourse, which I found was upon the old topic, of constancy in love. He went on with great facility in repeating what he talks every day of his life; and, with the ornaments of insignificant laughs and gestures, enforced his arguments by quotations out of plays and songs, which allude to the perjuries of the fair and the general levity of women. Methought he strove to shine more than ordinarily in his talkative way, that he might insult my silence, and distinguish himself before a woman of Arietta's taste and understanding. She had often an inclination to interrupt him, but could find no opportunity, 'till the larum ceased of itself; which it did not till he had repeated and murdered the celebrated story of the Ephesian matron.[1]

Arietta seemed to regard this piece of raillery as an outrage done to her sex; as indeed I have always observed that women, whether out of a nicer regard to their honour, or what other reason I cannot tell, are more sensibly touched with those general aspersions which are cast upon their sex than men are by what is said of theirs.

When she had a little recovered herself from the serious anger she was in, she replied in the following manner:—

Sir, when I consider how perfectly new all you have said on this subject is, and that the story you have given us is not quite two thousand years old, I cannot but think it a piece of presumption to dispute with you: but your quotations put me in mind of the fable of the lion and the man. The man walking with that noble animal, showed him, in the ostentation of human superiority, a sign of a man killing a lion. Upon which the lion said very justly, "We lions are none of us painters, else we could show a hundred men killed by lions for one lion killed by a man." You men are writers, and can represent us women as becoming as you please in your works, while we are unable to return the injury. You have twice or thrice observed in your discourse that hypocrisy is the very foundation of our education; and that an ability to dissemble our affections is a professed part of our breeding. These, and such other reflections, are sprinkled up and down the writings of all ages, by authors, who leave behind them memorials of their resentment against the scorn of particular women, in invectives against the whole sex. Such a writer, I doubt not, was the celebrated Petronius, who invented the pleasant aggravations of the frailty of the Ephesian lady; but when we consider this question between the sexes, which has been either a point of dispute or raillery ever since there were men and women, let us take facts from plain people, and from such as have not either ambition or capacity to embellish their narrations with any beauties of imagination. I was the other day amusing myself with Ligon's account of Barbadoes; and, in answer to your well-wrought tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon my memory) out of that honest traveller, in his fifty-fifth page, the history of Inkle and Yarico.

Mr. Thomas Inkle of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs, on the good ship called the *Achilles*, bound for the West Indies, on the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the *Achilles*, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America in search of provisions: the youth, who is the hero of my story, among others, went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great dis-

[1] Told in the prose "Satyricon" ascribed to Petronius, whom Nero called his arbiter of elegance. The tale was known in the middle ages from the stories of the "Seven Wise Masters." She went down into the vault with her husband's corpse, resolved to weep to death or die of famine; but was tempted to share the supper of a soldier who was watching seven bodies hanging upon trees, and that very night, in the grave of her husband and in her funeral garments, married her new and stranger guest.—*Prof. Morley.*

tance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped, among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood he threw himself [tired and] breathless on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him: after the first surprise they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American, the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation: she therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers: then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and bredes. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her; so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and show him where to lie down in safety and sleep amidst the falls of waters and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him in her arms for fear of her countrymen, and wake on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals, and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days' interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which considerations the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant; notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him: but he only made use of that information to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.

I was so touched with this story (which I think should be always a counterpart to the Ephesian matron) that I left the room with tears in my eyes; which a woman of Arietta's good sense did, I am sure, take for greater applause than any compliments I could make her.

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## SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S WOOING.[1]

In my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time it may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth, which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house: as soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several

[1] Number 113 of *The Spectator*.

of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse, which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:—

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighbourhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behaviour to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, 'till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, 'Make way for the defendant's witnesses.' This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her council, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favour; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her council to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship; she is always accompanied by a confidant, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must needs say this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most human of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement, of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you won't let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman there is that dignity

in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honour, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she [had] discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidant sat by her, and upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers, turning to her, says, I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak. They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists. I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be who could converse with a creature— But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed,—but who can believe half that is said! After she had done speaking to me she put her hand to her bosom and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country: she has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but, indeed, it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh the excellent creature, she is as inimitable to all women, as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial, which one knows not how to render in English, *Dum tacet hanc loquitur.* I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humour my honest friend's condition.

Quicquid agit Rufus nihil est nisi Nævia Rufo,
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur:
Cœnat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est
Nævia; si non sit Nævia mutus erit.
Scriberet hesterna Patri cum Luce Salutem,
Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia lumen, ave.

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk;
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute.
He writ to his father, ending with this line,
I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine.

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## CHARITY.[1]

Charity is a virtue of the heart and not of the hands, says an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence of this virtue. A man may bestow great sums on the poor and indigent without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to bestow anything. Charity is therefore a habit of good-will or benevolence in the soul, which disposes us to the love, assistance, and relief of mankind, especially of those who stand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind is no less intituled to the reward of this virtue than the man who founds a college. For my own part, I am charitable to an extravagance this way. I

[1] Number 166 of *The Guardian.*

never saw an indigent person in my life, without reaching out to him some of this imaginary relief. I cannot but sympathize with every one I meet that is in affliction; and if my abilities were equal to my wishes, there should be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

To give my reader a right notion of myself in this particular, I shall present him with the secret history of one of the most remarkable parts of my life.

I was once engaged in search of the philosopher's stone. It is frequently observed of men who have been busied in this pursuit, that though they have failed in their principal design, they have however made such discoveries in their way to it as have sufficiently recompensed their inquiries. In the same manner, though I cannot boast of my success in that affair, I do not repent of my engaging in it, because it produced in my mind such an habitual exercise of charity, as made it much better than perhaps it would have been, had I never been lost in so pleasing a delusion.

As I did not question but I should soon have a new Indies in my possession, I was perpetually taken up in considering how to turn it to the benefit of mankind. In order to it I employed a whole day in walking about this great city, to find out proper places for the erection of hospitals. I had likewise entertained that project, which has since succeeded in another place, of building churches at the court-end of the town, with this only difference, that instead of fifty, I intended to have built a hundred, and to have seen them all finished in less than one year.

I had with great pains and application got together a list of all the French Protestants; and by the best accounts I could come at, had calculated the value of all those estates and effects which every one of them had left in his own country for the sake of his religion, being fully determined to make it up to him, and return some of them the double of what they had lost.

As I was one day in my laboratory, my operator, who was to fill my coffers for me, and used to foot it from the other end of the town every morning, complained of a sprain in his leg that he had met with over against St. Clement's Church. This so affected me, that as a standing mark of my gratitude to him, and out of compassion to the rest of my fellow-citizens, I resolved to new pave every street within the liberties, and entered a memorandum in my pocket-book accordingly. About the same time I entertained some thoughts of mending all the highways on this side the Tweed, and of making all the rivers in England navigable.

But the project I had most at heart was the settling upon every man in Great Britain three pounds a year (in which sum may be comprised, according to Sir William Pettit's observations, all the necessities of life), leaving to them, whatever else they could get by their own industry to lay out on superfluities.

I was above a week debating in myself what I should do in the matter of impropriations; but at length came to a resolution to buy them all up, and restore them to the Church.

As I was one day walking near St. Paul's I took some time to survey that structure, and not being entirely satisfied with it, though I could not tell why, I had some thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up anew at my own expense.

For my own part, as I have no pride in me, I intended to take up with a coach and six, half a dozen footmen, and live like a private gentleman.

It happened about this time that public matters looked very gloomy, taxes came hard, the war went on heavily, people complained of the great burdens that were laid upon them. This made me resolve to set aside one morning to consider seriously the state of the nation. I was the more ready to enter on it, because I was obliged, whether I would or no, to sit at home in my morning gown, having, after a most incredible expense, pawned a new suit of clothes and a full-bottomed wig for a sum of money which my operator assured me was the last he should want to make all our matters to bear. After having considered many projects, I at length resolved to beat the common enemy at his own weapons, and laid a scheme which would have blown him up in a quarter of a year, had things succeeded to my wishes. As I was in this golden dream somebody knocked at my door. I opened it and found it was a messenger that brought me a letter from the laboratory. The fellow looked so miserably poor that I was resolved to make his fortune before he delivered his message. But seeing he brought a letter from my operator, I concluded I was bound to it in honour, as much as a prince is to give a reward to one that brings him the first news of a victory. I knew this was the long-expected hour of projection, and which I had waited for with great impatience above half a year before. In short, I broke open my letter in a transport of joy, and found it as follows:—

"Sir,—After having got out of you everything you can conveniently spare, I scorn to trespass upon your generous nature, and therefore must ingenuously confess to you that I know no more of the philosopher's stone than you do. I shall only tell you for your comfort that I never yet could bubble a blockhead out of his money. They must be men of wit and parts who are for my purpose. This made me apply myself to a person of your wealth and ingenuity. How I have succeeded you yourself can best tell.—Your humble servant to command,

"THOMAS WHITE.

"I have locked up the laboratory and laid the key under the door."

I was very much shocked at the unworthy treatment of this man, and not a little mortified at my disappointment, though not so much for what I myself, as what the public suffered by it. I think, however, I ought to let the world know what I designed for them, and hope that such of my readers who find they had a share in my good intentions will accept of the will for the deed.

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## THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.

(FROM "THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.")

*Humphrey.* O, here's the prince of poor coxcombs, the representative of all the better fed than taught!—Ho, ho, Tom! whither so gay and so airy this morning?

*Enter* TOM, *singing.*

*Tom.* Sir, we servants of single gentlemen are another kind of people than you domestic ordinary drudges that do business; we are raised above you: the pleasures of board wages, tavern dinners, and many a clear gain, vails, alas! you never heard or dreamt of.

*Humph.* Thou hast follies and vices enough for a man of ten thousand a year, though it is but as t'other day that I sent for you to town to put you into Mr. Sealand's family, that you might learn a little before I put you to my young master, who is too gentle for training such a rude thing as you were into proper obedience.——You then pulled off your hat to every one you met in the street, like a bashful, great, awkward cub, as you were. But your great oaken cudgel, when you were a booby, became you much better than that dangling stick at your button, now you are a fop, that's fit for nothing, except it hangs there to be ready for your master's hand, when you are impertinent.

*Tom.* Uncle Humphrey, you know my master scorns to strike his servants; you talk as if the world was now just as it was when my old master and you were in your youth—when you went to dinner because it was so much o'clock, when the great blow was given in the hall at the pantry door, and all the family came out of their holes in such strange dresses and formal faces as you see in the pictures in our long gallery in the country.

*Humph.* Why, you wild rogue!

*Tom.* You could not fall to your dinner, till a formal fellow in a black gown said something over the meat, as if the cook had not made it ready enough.

*Humph.* Sirrah, who do you prate after?—despising men of sacred characters! I hope you never heard my young master talk so like a profligate.

*Tom.* Sir, I say you put upon me when I first came to town about being orderly, and the doctrine of wearing shams, to make linen last clean a fortnight, keeping my clothes fresh, and wearing a frock within doors.

*Humph.* Sirrah, I gave you those lessons, because I supposed at that time your master and you might have dined at home every day, and cost you nothing; then you might have made you a good family servant; but the gang you have frequented since, at chocolate houses and taverns, in a continual round of noise and extravagance——

*Tom.* I don't know what you heavy inmates call noise and extravagance; but we gentlemen, who are well fed, and cut a figure, sir, think it a fine life, and that we must be very pretty fellows, who are kept only to be looked at.

*Humph.* Very well, sir—I hope the fashion of being lewd and extravagant, despising of decency and order, is almost at an end, since it is arrived at persons of your quality.

*Tom.* Master Humphrey, ha! ha! you were an unhappy lad, to be sent up to town in such queer days as you were. Why now, sir, the lackeys are the men of pleasure of the age; the top gamesters, and many a laced coat about town, have had their education in our party-coloured regiment.—We are false lovers, have a taste of music, poetry, billet doux, dress, politics, ruin damsels; and when we are weary of this lewd town, and have a mind to take up, whip into our masters' clothes, and marry fortunes.

*Humph.* Sirrah, there is no enduring your extravagance; I'll hear you prate no longer: I wanted to see you, to inquire how things go with your master, as far as you understand them: I suppose he knows he is to be married to-day.

*Tom.* Ay, sir, he knows it, and is dressed as gay as the sun; but between you and I, my dear, he has a very heavy heart under all that gaiety. As soon as he was dressed I retired, but overheard him sigh in the most heavy manner. He walked thoughtfully to and fro in the room, then went into his closet: when he came out, he gave me this for his mistress, whose maid, you know——

*Humph.* Is passionately fond of your fine person.

*Tom.* The poor fool is so tender, and loves to hear me talk of the world, and the plays, operas, and masquerades; and lard! says she, you are so wild—but you have a world of humour.

*Humph.* Coxcomb! Well, but why don't you run with your master's letter to Mrs. Lucinda, as he ordered you?

*Tom.* Because Mrs. Lucinda is not so easily come at as you think for.

*Humph.* Not easily come at? why, sir, are not her father and my old master agreed that she and Mr. Bevil are to be one flesh before to-morrow morning?

*Tom.* It's no matter for that: her mother, it seems, Mrs. Sealand, has not agreed to it; and you must know, Mr. Humphrey, that in that family the gray mare is the better horse.

*Humph.* What dost thou mean?

*Tom.* In one word, Mrs. Sealand pretends to have a will of her own, and has provided a relation of hers, a stiff starched philosopher and a wise fool, for her daughter; for which reason, for these ten days past, she has suffered no message nor letter from my master to come near her.

*Humph.* And where had you this intelligence?

*Tom.* From a foolish fond soul, that can keep nothing from me—one that will deliver this letter too, if she is rightly managed.

*Humph.* What, her pretty handmaid, Mrs. Phillis?

*Tom.* Even she, sir. This is the very hour, you know, she usually comes hither, under a pretence of a visit to our housekeeper, forsooth, but in reality to have a glance at——

*Humph.* Your sweet face, I warrant you.

*Tom.* Nothing else in nature. You must know I love to fret and play with the little wanton——

*Humph.* Play with the little wanton! what will this world come to!

*Tom.* I met her this morning in a new gown, not a bit the worse for her lady's wearing, and she has always new thoughts and new airs with new clothes—then she never fails to steal some glance or gesture from every visitant at their house, and is indeed the whole town of coquettes at second hand——But here she comes; in one motion she speaks and describes herself better than all the words in the world can.

*Humph.* Then I hope, dear sir, when your own affair is over, you will be so good as to mind your master's with her.

*Tom.* Dear Humphrey! you know my master is my friend, and those are people I never forget——

*Humph.* Sauciness itself! but I'll leave you to do your best for him. [*Exit.*

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## A ROMANTIC YOUNG LADY.

(FROM "THE TENDER HUSBAND.")

[Aunt, who desires her niece to marry her cousin Humphrey Gubbin; she loves a Captain Clerimont, and determines to cut her cousin.]

*Enter Aunt and Nicce.*

*Niece.* Was it not my gallant that whistled so charmingly in the parlour before we went out this morning? He's a most accomplished cavalier!

*Aunt.* Come, niece, come; you don't do well to make sport of your relations, especially with a young gentleman that has so much kindness for you.

*Niece.* Kindness for me! What a phrase is there to express the darts and flames, the sighs and languishings of an expecting lover!

*Aunt.* Pray, niece, forbear this idle trash, and talk like other people. Your cousin Humphrey will be true and hearty in what he says, and that's a great deal better than the talk and compliment of romances.

*Niece.* Good madam, don't wound my ears with such expressions; do you think I can ever love a man that's true and hearty? Pray, aunt, endeavour a little at the embellishment of your style.

*Aunt.* Alack-a-day! cousin Biddy, these idle romances have quite turned your head.

*Niece.* How often must I desire you, madam, to lay aside that familiar name, cousin Biddy? I never hear it without blushing. Did you ever meet with a heroine, in those idle romances, as you call 'em, that was termed Biddy?

*Aunt.* Ah! cousin, cousin, these are mere vapours, indeed; nothing but vapours.

*Niece.* No; the heroine has always something soft and engaging in her name; something that gives us a notion of the sweetness of her beauty and behaviour. A name that glides through half-a-dozen tender syllables, as Elismunda, Clidamira, Deidamia, that runs upon vowels of the tongue, not hissing through one's teeth, or breaking them with consonants. 'Tis strange rudeness, those familiar names they give us, when there is Aurelia, Sacharissa, Gloriana, for people of condition, and Cella. Chloris, Corinna, Mopsa, for their maids and those of lower rank.

*Aunt.* Lookye! Biddy, this is not to be supported; I know not where you have learned this nicety; but I can tell you, forsooth, as much as you despise it, your mother was a Bridget afore you, and an excellent housewife.

*Niece.* Good madam, don't upbraid me with my mother Bridget, and an excellent housewife.

*Aunt.* Yes, I say, she was; and spent her time in better learning than ever you did; not in reading of fights and battles of dwarfs and giants, but in writing out receipts for broths, possets, caudles, and surfeit-waters, as became a good country gentlewoman.

*Niece.* My mother, and a Bridget!

*Aunt.* Yes, niece; I say again—your mother, my sister, was a Bridget. The daughter of her mother Margery, of her mother Cicely, of her mother Alice—

*Niece.* Have you no mercy? Oh, the barbarous genealogy!

*Aunt.* Of her mother Winifred, of her mother Joan—

*Niece.* Since you will run on, then, I must needs tell you I am not satisfied in the point of my nativity. Many an infant has been placed in a cottage with obscure parents, till, by chance, some ancient servant of the family has known it by its marks.

*Aunt.* Ay, you had best be searched. That's like your calling the winds the fanning gales, before I don't know how much company; and the tree that was blown by them had, forsooth, a spirit imprisoned in the trunk of it.

*Niece.* Ignorance!

*Aunt.* Then, a cloud, this morning, had a flying dragon in it.

*Niece.* What eyes had you that you could see nothing? For my part I look upon it as a prodigy, and expect something extraordinary will happen to me before night. But you have a gross relish of things. What noble descriptions in romances had been lost if the writers had been persons of your *gout!*

*Aunt.* I wish the authors had been hanged, and their books burnt, before you had seen them.

*Niece.* Simplicity!

*Aunt.* A parcel of improbable lies—

*Niece.* Indeed, madam, your raillery is coarse.

*Aunt.* Fit only to corrupt young girls, and turn their heads with a thousand foolish dreams of I don't know what.

*Niece.* Nay, now, madam, you grow extravagant.

*Aunt.* What I say is not to vex, but advise you for your good.

*Niece.* What, to burn Philocles, Artaxerxes, Oroondates, and the rest of the heroic lovers; and take my country booby, cousin Humphrey, for a husband.

*Aunt.* Oh, dear! oh, dear! Biddy, pray, good dear, learn to act and speak like the rest of the world; come, come, you shall marry your cousin, and live comfortably.

*Niece.* Live comfortably! What kind of life is that? A great heiress live comfortably! Pray, aunt, learn to raise your ideas. What is, I wonder, to live comfortably?

*Aunt.* To live comfortably is to live with prudence and frugality, as we do in Lombard Street.

*Niece.* As we do! That's a fine life, indeed! with one servant of each sex. Let us see how many things our coachman is good for. He rubs down his horses, lays the cloth, whets the knives, and sometimes makes beds.

*Aunt.* A good servant should turn his hand to everything in a family.

*Niece.* Nay, there's not a creature in our family that has not two or three different duties—as John is butler, footman, and coachman, so Mary is cook, laundress, and chambermaid.

*Aunt.* Well, and do you laugh at that?

*Niece.* No, not I; nor at the coach-horses, though one has an easy trot for my uncle's riding, and t'other an easy pace for your side-saddle.

*Aunt.* And so you jeer at the good management of your relations, do you?

*Niece.* No, I am well satisfied that all the house are creatures of business; but, indeed, was in hopes that my poor lap-dog might have lived with me upon my fortune without an employment; but my uncle threatens every day to make him a turnspit, that he, too, in his sphere, may help us to live comfortably.

*Aunt.* Harkye! cousin Biddy—

*Niece.* I vow I'm out of countenance when our butler, with his careful face, drives us all stowed in a chariot, drawn by one horse ambling and t'other trotting, with his provisions behind for the family, from Saturday night till Monday morning, bound for Hackney. Then we make a comfortable figure, indeed.

*Aunt.* So we do; and so will you always, if you marry your cousin Humphrey.

*Niece.* Name not the creature.

*Aunt.* Creature! What, your own cousin a creature!

. . . . . .

*Enter* Humphrey Gubbin.

*Hump.* Aunt, your humble servant. Is that he—eh, aunt?

*Aunt.* Yes, cousin Humphrey; that's your cousin Bridget. Well, I'll leave you together. [*Exit.*

*Hump.* Aunt does as she'd be done by, cousin Bridget, doesn't she, eh, cousin? What, are you a Londoner and not speak to a gentleman? Lookye! cousin, the old folks resolving to marry us, I thought it would be proper to see how I liked you, as not caring to buy a pig in a poke, for I love to look before I leap.

*Niece.* Sir, your person and address brings to my mind the whole history of Valentine and Orson. What, would they marry me to a wild man? Pray, answer me a question or two.

*Hump.* Ay, ay; as many as you please, cousin Bridget.

*Niece.* What wood were you taken in? How long have you been caught?

*Hump.* Caught!

*Niece.* Where were your haunts?

*Hump.* My haunts?

*Niece.* Are not clothes very uneasy to you? Is this strange dress the first you ever wore?

*Hump.* How!

*Niece.* Are you not a great admirer of roots and raw flesh? Let me look upon your nails. Don't you love blackberries, haws, and pignuts mightily?

*Hump.* How!

*Niece.* Canst thou deny that thou wert suckled by a wolf? You haven't been so barbarous, I hope, since you came amongst men as to hunt your nurse, have you?

*Hump.* Hunt my nurse! Ay, 'tis so; she's distracted, as sure as a gun. (*Aside.*) Harkye! cousin, pray will you let me ask you a question or two?

*Niece.* If thou hast yet learned the use of language, speak, monster.

*Hump.* How long have you been thus?

*Niece.* Thus! What wouldst thou say?

*Hump.* What's the cause of it? Tell me truly, now. Did you never love anybody before me?

*Niece.* Go, go; thou'rt a savage.

*Hump.* They never let you go abroad, I suppose.

*Niece.* Thou'rt a monster, I tell thee.

*Hump.* Indeed, cousin, though 'tis folly to tell thee so, I am afraid thou art a mad woman.

*Niece.* I'll have thee into some forest.

*Hump.* I'll take thee into a dark room.

*Niece.* I hate thee.

*Hump.* I wish you did; there's no hate lost, I assure you, cousin Bridget.

*Niece.* Cousin Bridget, quotha! I'd as soon claim kindred with a mountain bear. I detest thee.

*Hump.* You never do any harm in those fits, I hope. But do you hate me in earnest?

*Niece.* Dost thou ask it, ungentle forester?

*Hump.* Yes; for I've a reason, lookye! It happens very well if you hate me, and are in your senses; for to tell you truly, I don't much care for you; and there is another fine woman, as I am informed, that is in some hopes of having me.

*Niece.* This merits my attention. [*Aside.*

*Hump.* Lookye! d'ye see? as I said, I don't care for you. I would not have you set your heart on me; but, if you like anybody else, let me know it, and I'll find out a way for us to get rid of one another, and deceive the old folks that would couple us.

*Niece.* This wears the face of an amour. (*Aside.*) There is something in that thought which makes thy presence less insupportable.

*Hump.* Nay, nay; now you're growing fond; if you come with these maid's tricks, to say you hate at first, and afterwards like me, you'll spoil the whole design.

*Niece.* Don't fear it. When I think of consorting with thee, may the wild boar defile the cleanly ermine! May the tiger be wedded to the kid!

*Hump.* When I of thee, may the polecat caterwaul with the civet!

*Niece.* When I harbour the least thought of thee, may the silver Thames forget its course!

*Hump.* When I like thee, may I be soused over head and ears in a horse-pond! But do you hate me?

*Enter* AUNT.

*Niece.* For ever; and you me?

*Hump.* Most heartily.

*Aunt.* Ha! I like this. They are come to promises and protestations. [*Aside.*

*Hump.* I am very glad I have found a way to please you.

*Niece.* You promise to be constant?

*Hump.* Till death.

*Niece.* Thou best of savages!

*Hump.* Thou best of savages! Poor Biddy!

[Humphrey and Niece seated, and Captain Clerimont, disguised as an artist, is introduced by the Aunt to take her niece's portrait. As he proceeds with his sketch he talks as follows:—]

*Cap.* Ladies, have you heard the news of a late marriage between a young lady of a great fortune and a younger brother of a good family?

*Aunt.* Pray, sir, how is it?

*Cap.* This young gentleman, ladies, is a particular acquaintance of mine, and much about my age and stature—look me full in the face, madam. He accidentally met the young lady, who had in her all the perfections of her sex—hold up your head, madam; that's right. She let him know that his person and discourse were not altogether disagreeable to her; the difficulty was how to gain a second interview—your eyes full upon mine, madam. For never was there such a sigher in all the valleys of Arcadia as that unfortunate youth during the absence of her he loved.

*Aunt.* Alack-a-day! poor young gentleman!

*Niece.* It must be him—what a charming amour is this. [*Aside.*

*Cap.* At length, ladies, he bethought himself of an expedient: he dressed himself just as I am now, and came to draw her picture.—Your eyes full upon mine, pray, madam.

*Hump.* A subtle dog, I warrant him.

*Cap.* And by that means found an opportunity of carrying her off, and marrying her.

*Aunt.* Indeed, your friend was a very vicious young man.

*Niece.* Yet, perhaps the young lady was not displeased at what he had done.

*Cap.* But, madam, what were the transports of the lover when she made him that confession!

*Niece.* I dare say she thought herself very happy when she got out of her guardian's hands.

*Aunt.* 'Tis very true, niece; there is abundance of those headstrong young baggages about town.

*Cap.* The gentleman has often told me he was strangely struck at first sight; but when she sat to him for her picture, and assumed all those graces that are proper for the occasion, his torment was so exquisite, his sensations so violent, that he could not have lived a day, had he not found means to make the charmer of his heart his own.

*Hump.* 'Tis certainly the foolishest thing in the world to stand shilly-shally about a woman when he had a mind to marry her.

*Cap.* The young painter turned poet on the subject; I believe I have the words by heart.

*Niece.* A sonnet! Pray, repeat it.

*Cap.* When gentle Parthenissa walks,
And sweetly smiles, and gaily talks,
A thousand shafts around her fly,
A thousand swains unheeded die.

If, then, she labours to be seen
With all her killing air and mien;
For so much beauty, so much art,
What mortal can secure his heart?

*Aunt.* Why, this is pretty. I think a painter should never be without poetry; it brightens the features strangely. I profess I'm mightily pleased. I'll but just step in and give some orders, and be with you presently.

[*Exit.*

[While the Aunt is absent the Captain throws off his disguise and proposes an elopement. Humphrey promises to assist, and the matter is cleverly carried out, while Humphrey's marriage with the lady of his choice reconciles all parties to the marriage of the Niece to Captain Clerimont.]

# MRS. CONSTANTIA GRIERSON.

BORN 1706 — DIED 1733.

[Constantia Grierson, a very extraordinary woman, says an old biographer, was born in the county of Kilkenny, in the year 1706. Her parents were poor, and from an early age she had to assist in supporting the family by needlework, "to which she was closely kept by her mother". However, with a little assistance from the minister of her parish, she early acquired a scholarlike knowledge of Greek and Roman language and literature, besides being well versed in history, divinity, philosophy, and mathematics. A proof of her knowledge of Latin may be seen in her dedication of the Dublin edition of Tacitus to Lord Carteret; her Greek knowledge is displayed in an epigram addressed to Lord Carteret's son. Mrs. Pilkington says that "when about eighteen years of age, Constantia was brought to her father to be instructed in midwifery; that she was mistress of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French, and understood mathematics as well as most men". While still young she was married to Mr. Grierson, who soon after obtained a patent as king's printer. In this patent, as a reward for her great merits, Lord Carteret caused her life also to be inserted. This provision, however, was never of any use, for she died in 1733, when only twenty-seven years of age, regretted by all who knew her.

This very charming specimen of the learned lady would seem to be a precursor of working women of to-day. From the time of Juliana Berness, the prioress of a convent, who wrote the *Treatise on Hawking*, letters were the privilege of the leisured woman. The Muse was a fine lady, and visited in her own set. The Countess of Newcastle, "the Matchless Orinda", and such accomplished dames, took to verse-writing as an appanage of their condition. But here is a daughter of the people as accomplished as any.

In the few years of her married life Mrs. Grierson wrote several graceful poems, and there is no doubt had she lived she would have given to the world something it would not willingly let die. As it is, the majority of her verses are to be found in Mrs. Barber's volume of poems, while several have been lost, and some are only to be discovered after weary search among broadsides, tracts, and ephemeral publications of the period.]

## AT A COUNTRY ASSIZE.

TO MISS LAETITIA VAN LAVEN, AFTERWARDS MRS. PILKINGTON.

The fleeting birds may soon in ocean swim,
And northern whales through liquid azure skim,
The Dublin ladies their intrigues forsake,
To dress and scandal an aversion take;
When you can in the lonely forest walk,
And with some serious matron gravely talk
Of possets, poultices, and waters still'd,
And monstrous casks with mead and cyder fill'd;
How many hives of bees she has in store,
And how much fruit her trees this summer bore;
Or home returning in the yard can stand
And feed the chickens from your bounteous hand;
Of each one's top-knot tell, and hatching pry,
Like Tully waiting for an augury.
When night approaches down to table sit
With a great crowd, choice meat, and little wit:
What horse won the last race, how mighty Tray
At the last famous hunting caught the prey;
Surely you can't but such discourse despise,
Methinks I see displeasure in your eyes:
O my Laetitia, stay no longer there,
You'll soon forget that you yourself are fair;
Why will you keep from us, from all that's gay,
There in a lonely solitude to stay?
Where not a mortal through the year you view,
But bob-wigged hunters, who their game pursue
With so much ardour, they'd a cock or hare
To thee in all thy blooming charms prefer.
You write of belles and beaux that there appear,
And gilded coaches such as glitter here;
For gilded coaches, each elated clown
That gravely slumbers on the bench has one.
But beaux! They're young attorneys, sure, you mean,
Who thus appear to your romantic brain.
Alas! no mortal there can talk to you,
That love, or wit, or softness ever knew;
All they can speak of is capias and law,
And writs to keep the country fools in awe;
And if to wit or courtship they pretend,
'Tis the same way that they a cause defend,
In which they give of lungs a vast expense,
But little passion, thought, or eloquence:
Bad as they are, they'll soon abandon you,
And gain and clamour in the town pursue,
So haste to town, if even such fools you prize,
O haste to town! and bless the longing eyes
Of your Constantia.

# WILLIAM CONGREVE.

BORN 1672 — DIED 1729.

[It is alleged that an objection on the part of Congreve to being known as an Irishman is responsible for a certain confusion about the date of his birth. He liked to be regarded as a man of fashion rather than of letters, as he told Voltaire, and no doubt it was unfashionable to be Irish-born, however descended.

William Congreve, then, was born in Ireland in 1672, where, and at which time, his father was steward to the Earl of Burlington. At a very early age he was sent to school at Kilkenny; afterwards to the University of Dublin, where he displayed great precocity and studied with success. Shortly after the Revolution of 1688, while he was yet in his seventeenth year, his father sent him over to London, where he was placed in the Middle Temple, and "where", says Johnson, "he lived for several years, but with very little attention to statutes or reports". Soon after taking up his abode in the Temple he produced his first work, a novel called *Incognita; or Love and Duty Reconciled.* Several biographers praise this work as showing vivacity of wit and fluency of style, and Johnson speaks of some quotations from it as "for such a time of life uncommonly judicious". He, however, adds, "I would rather praise it than read it".

While *Incognita* was being talked over by the critics Congreve composed his first dramatic work, *The Old Bachelor*, which, with foolish affectation, he declares he wrote with "little thoughts of the stage; but did it to amuse myself in a slow recovery from a fit of sickness". The comedy was placed in the hands of Dryden, who fitted it for the stage, and who stated that he "had never seen such a first play in his life". It was acted, after some delay, in 1693, when the author was actually only twenty-one years of age. Its success was unequivocal, and procured for Congreve the patronage of Halifax, who made him a commissioner for licensing coaches, and soon after appointed him to a post in the Pipe Office, and to the office of commissioner of wine licenses, worth £600 a year. Johnson says that "this gay comedy, when all deductions are made, will still remain the work of very powerful and fertile faculties; the dialogue is quick and sparkling, the incidents such as seize the attention, and the wit so exuberant that it 'o'er-informs its tenement.'"

Encouraged by his success Congreve produced in the following year (1694) *The Double Dealer*, which was not successful, though praised by the best critics, and now known to be a better play than *The Old Bachelor.* At the end of the year Queen Mary died, and Congreve wrote a pastoral on the event. Johnson calls it a "despicable effusion," but another biographer speaks of it as "in point of simplicity, elegance, and correctness of language, equal to anything of the kind that has appeared in our language." In 1695 appeared *Love for Love*, which, like the first play, was highly successful, and deservedly so. In the same year also appeared his poem *On the Taking of Namur*, in which he is said to have "succeeded greatly." In 1697 he produced his *Mourning Bride*, a tragedy, which raised high expectations, and, strange to say, was not in consequence a failure. Indeed, nothing could be better received, and the play, though marked by more of bustle and noise than good writing, still holds the stage.

In the following year (1698), Jeremy Collier issued his *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, in which he handled Congreve's four plays rather roughly. Congreve attempted a reply, "which, if it does not justify him, shows, however, great modesty and wit." This quarrel seems to have given him somewhat of a distaste for the stage, and it was some time before his fifth, last, best, and most carefully constructed play, *The Way of the World*, was produced. This was at first unsuccessful, for, says a writer in the *General Biographical Dictionary*, "it gave so just a picture of the 'way of the world' that the world seemed resolved not to bear it."

The comparative failure of this last play so heightened Congreve's dislike to the stage that he left off writing for it for ever; upon which Dennis the critic remarked "that Mr. Congreve quitted the stage early, and that comedy left it with him." From that time his literary labours were confined to original poems and translations, a complete edition of which appeared in 1710. On the appearance

of Southerne's *Oroonoko* he wrote an epilogue for it, and he gave Dryden considerable assistance in his translation of Virgil. He also wrote the translation of the eleventh satire of *Juvenal*, published in Dryden's translation of that poet, and he contributed at least one paper to Steele's *Tatler*. The latter part of his life was passed chiefly in retirement, not, however, of an eremitic kind, but broken into by the visits of old friends and distinguished people either in fashion or literature. On the 19th January, 1729, he died in his house in Surrey Street, Strand, and on the 26th his corpse "lay in state" in the Jerusalem Chamber, whence it was carried with great pomp into Westminster Abbey and buried there. In keeping with the tuft-hunting weakness in his character he bequeathed the chief part of his fortune, £10,000, to the Duchess of Marlborough, to whom it could be but of little use, while he left his own family connections and others who had moral claims on him to struggle on unhelped by any hand of his.

Congreve "raised the glory of comedy", says Voltaire, "to a greater height than any English writer before or since his time. He wrote only a few plays, but they are excellent of their kind." Johnson speaks slightingly of his poems, but acknowledges that "while comedy or while tragedy is regarded, his plays are likely to be read". Mr. Cowden Clarke speaks of Congreve as "the keystone to the arch of the conventional and artificial school of the comic drama".

In addition to the works already mentioned Congreve wrote *The Judgment of Paris*, a masque, and an oratorio or opera called *Semele*, which was set to music by Handel, but never acted, so far as we can discover.]

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### AMORET.

Fair Amoret is gone astray;
Pursue and seek her, ev'ry lover;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studied, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

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### LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Should hope and fear thy heart alternate tear,
Or love, or hate, or rage, or anxious care,
Whatever passions may thy mind infest,
(Where is that mind which passions ne'er molest?)
Amidst the pangs of such intestine strife,
Still think the present day the last of life;
Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.
Or should to-morrow chance to cheer thy sight
With her enlivening and unlook'd-for light,
How grateful will appear her dawning rays,
As favours unexpected doubly please!
Who thus can think, and who such thoughts pursues,
Content may keep his life, or calmly lose:
All proofs of this thou may'st thyself receive
When leisure from affairs will give thee leave.
Come, see thy friend, retir'd without regret,
Forgetting care, or striving to forget;
In easy contemplation soothing time
With morals much, and now and then with rhyme:
Not so robust in body as in mind,
And always undejected, though declin'd;
Not wondering at the world's wicked ways,
(Compar'd with those of our forefathers' days)
For virtue now is neither more nor less,
And vice is only varied in the dress.
Believe it, men have ever been the same,
And all the golden age is but a dream.

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### TALKING OF LOVERS.[1]

MIRABLE *and* MRS. FAINALL *together.*

*Enter* MRS. MILLAMANT, *a young widow,* WITWOULD, *and* MINCING.

*Mir.* Here she comes, i'faith! full sail, with her fan spread and streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders—eh? no; I cry her mercy.

*Mrs. F.* I see but one poor empty sculler; and he tows her woman after him.

*Mir.* You seem to be unattended, madam. You used to have the *beau monde* throng after you, and a flock of gay, fine perukes hovering round you.

*Wit.* Like moths about a candle. I had

[1] This and the following extract are from *The Way of the World.*

like to have lost my comparison for want of breath.

*Mrs. Mill.* Oh, I have denied myself airs to-day! I have walked as fast through the crowd—

*Wit.* As a favourite just disgraced; and with as few followers.

*Mrs. Mill.* Dear Mr. Witwould, truce with your similitudes; for I am as sick of 'em—

*Wit.* As a physician of a good air. I cannot help it, madam, though 'tis against myself.

*Mrs. Mill.* Yet again! Mincing, stand between me and his wit.

*Wit.* Do, Mrs. Mincing, like a screen before a great fire. I confess, I do blaze to-day, I am too bright.

*Mrs. F.* But Millamant, why were you so long?

*Mrs. Mill.* Long! Lud! have I not made violent haste? I have asked every living thing I met for you; I have inquired after you, as after a new fashion.

*Wit.* Madam, truce with your similitudes. No, you met her husband, and did not ask him for her.

*Mir.* By your leave, Witwould, that were like inquiring after an old fashion, to ask a husband for his wife.

*Wit.* Hum! a hit, a hit—a palpable hit, I confess it.

*Mir.* You were dressed before I came abroad.

*Mrs. Mill.* Ay, that's true. Oh! but then I had—Mincing, what had I? Why was I so long?

*Min.* Oh! mem, your la'ship stayed to peruse a packet of letters.

*Mrs. Mill.* Oh, ay, letters! I had letters; I am persecuted with letters; I hate letters; nobody knows how to write letters; and yet one has 'em, one does not know why—they serve one to pin up one's hair.

*Wit.* Is that the way? Pray, madam, do you pin up your hair with all your letters? I find I must keep copies.

*Mrs. Mill.* Only with those in verse, Mr. Witwould, I never pin up my hair with prose. I think I tried once, Mincing?

*Min.* Oh! mem, I shall never forget it.

*Mrs. Mill.* Ay, poor Mincing tiffed and tiffed all the morning.

*Min.* Till I had the cramp in my fingers, I'll vow, mem, and all to no purpose. But when your la'ship pins it up with poetry, it sits so pleasant the next day as anything, and is so pure and so crips!

*Wit.* Indeed, so crips?

*Min.* You're such a critic, Mr. Witwould.

*Mrs. Mill.* Mirable, did you take exceptions last night? Oh! ay, and went away. Now I think on't, I'm angry—No, now I think on't, I'm pleased; for I believe I gave you some pain.

*Mir.* Does that please you?

*Mrs. Mill.* Infinitely; I love to give pain.

*Mir.* You would affect a cruelty which is not in your nature; your true vanity is in the power of pleasing.

*Mrs. Mill.* Oh! I ask your pardon for that. One's cruelty is one's power, and when one parts with one's cruelty, one parts with one's power; and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

*Mir.* Ay, ay, suffer your cruelty to ruin the object of your power, to destroy your lover; and then how vain, how lost a thing you'll be! The ugly and old, whom the looking-glass mortifies, yet, after commendation, can be flattered by it, and discover beauties in it; for that reflects our praises, rather than your face.

*Mrs. Mill.* Oh, the vanity of these men! Fainall, d'ye hear him? If they did not commend us, we were not handsome! Now, you must know they could not commend one, if one was not handsome. Beauty the lover's gift! Dear me, what is a lover, that it can give? Why, one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases; and then, if one pleases, one makes more.

*Wit.* Very pretty. Why, you make no more of making of lovers, madam, than of making so many card-matches.

*Mrs. Mill.* One no more owes one's beauty to a lover, than one's wit to an echo. They can but reflect what we look and say; vain, empty things, if we are silent or unseen, and want a being.

*Mir.* Yet, to those two vain, empty things, you owe two of the greatest pleasures of your life.

*Mrs. Mill.* How so?

*Mir.* To your lover you owe the pleasure of hearing yourselves praised, and to an echo the pleasure of hearing yourselves talk.

*Wit.* But I know a lady that loves talking so incessantly she won't give an echo fair play; she has that everlasting rotation of tongue that an echo must wait till she dies before it can catch her last words.

*Mrs. Mill.* Oh, fiction! Fainall, let us leave these men.

TALKING OF LOVERS

## SETTLING THE CONTRACT.

MRS. MILLAMANT, *the young widow, solus* (*Repeating*)

Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy.

*Enter* MIRABLE.

*Mir.* (*Repeating*)

Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.

Do you lock yourself up from me to make my search more curious? Or is this pretty artifice contrived to signify that here the chase must end, and my pursuit be crowned, for you can fly no further?

*Mrs. Mill.* Vanity! No; I'll fly and be followed to the last moment. Though I am upon the very verge of matrimony, I expect you should solicit me as much as if I were wavering at the grate of a monastery, with one foot over the threshold. I'll be solicited to the very last—nay, and afterwards.

*Mir.* What, after the last?

*Mrs. Mill.* Oh, I should think I were poor, and had nothing to bestow, if I were reduced to inglorious ease; and freed from the agreeable fatigues of solicitation.

*Mir.* But do not you know that when favours are conferred upon instant and tedious solicitation, that they diminish in their value, and that both the giver loses the grace, and the receiver lessens his pleasure?

*Mill.* It may be in things of common application; but never sure in love. O, I hate a lover that can dare to think he draws a moment's air independent on the bounty of his mistress. There is not so impudent a thing in nature as the saucy look of an assured man, confident of success. The pedantic arrogance of a very husband has not so pragmatical an air.—Ah! I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure.

*Mir.* Would you have 'em both before marriage? Or will you be contented with only the first now, "and stay for the other till after grace?"

*Mrs. Mill.* Ah! don't be impertinent—My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? My faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you then adieu? Ay, adieu—My morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, ye *douceurs*, ye *sommeils du matin*, adieu—I can't do't, 'tis more than impossible——Positively, Mirable, I'll lie a-bed in the morning as long as I please.

*Mir.* Then I'll get up in a morning as early as I please.

*Mrs. Mill.* Ah! idle creature, get up when you will——And, d'ye hear, I won't be called names after I'm married; positively I won't be called names.

*Mir.* Names!

*Mrs. Mill.* Ay, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel, love, sweetheart, and the rest of that nauseous cant in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar; I shall never bear that. Good Mirable, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my Lady Fadler and Sir Francis; nor go in public together the first Sunday in a new chariot to provoke eyes and whispers; and then never be seen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together, but let us be very strange and well bred; let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while; and as well bred as if we were not married at all.

*Mir.* Have you any more conditions to offer? Hitherto, your demands are pretty reasonable.

*Mrs. Mill.* Trifles, as liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters without interrogatories or wry faces on your part; to wear what I please; and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits that I don't like because they are your acquaintance; or to be intimate with fools because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please, dine in my dressing-room when I'm out of humour, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.

*Mir.* Your bill of fare is something advanced in this latter account. Well, have I liberty to offer conditions that when you are dwindled into a wife I may not be beyond measure enlarged into a husband?

*Mrs. Mill.* You have free leave; propose your utmost; speak, and spare not.

*Mir.* I thank you. *Imprimis* then, I covenant that your acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn confidant or intimate of your own sex; no she-friend to screen her affairs under your countenance and tempt you

to make trial of a mutual secrecy. No decoy-duck to wheedle you a fop-scrambling to the play in a mask; then bring you home in a pretended fright, when you think you shall be found out; and rail at me for missing the play, and disappointing the frolic which you had to pick me up and prove my constancy.

*Mrs. Mill.* Detestable *imprimis!* I go to the play in a mask!

*Mir. Item,* I article that you continue to like your own face as long as I shall. And while it passes current with me, that you endeavour not to new-coin it. To which end, together with all vizards for the day, I prohibit all masks for the night made of oiled skins, and I know not what — hog's-bones, hare's-gall, pig-water, and the marrow of a roasted cat. In short, I forbid all commerce with the gentlewoman in What-d'ye-call-it Court. Lastly, to the dominion of the tea-table I submit.—But with *proviso,* that you exceed not in your province; but restrain yourself to native and simple tea-table drinks, as tea, chocolate, and coffee. As likewise to genuine and authorized tea-table talk—Such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth—But that on no account you encroach on the men's prerogative, and presume to drink healths or toast fellows; for prevention of which I banish all foreign forces, all auxiliaries to the tea-table, as orange-brandy, all aniseed, cinnamon, citron, and Barbadoes-waters, together with ratafia, and the most noble spirit of Clary. ——But for cowslip-wine, poppy-water, and all dormitives, those I allow.—These *proviso* admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying husband.

*Mill.* O, horrid *proviso!* filthy strong waters! I toast fellows, odious men! I hate your odious *proviso.*

*Mir.* Then we're agreed. Shall I kiss your hand upon the contract? and here comes one to be a witness to the sealing of the deed.

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## A LITERARY LADY.[1]

*Enter* LADY FROTH, LORD FROTH, *and* BRISK.

*Lady F.* Then you think that episode between Susan the dairymaid and our coachman is not amiss? You know, I may suppose, the dairy in town as well as in the country.

*Brisk.* Incomparable, let me perish! But, then, being an heroic poem, had not you better call him a charioteer? Charioteer sounds great; besides, your ladyship's coachman, having a red face, and you comparing him to the sun —and, you know, the sun is called heaven's charioteer.

*Lady F.* Oh! infinitely better; I'm extremely beholding to you for the hint. Stay, we'll read over those half-a-score lines again. (*Pulls out a paper.*) Let me see here. You know what goes before; the comparison you know. [*Reads*

> For as the sun shines ev'ry day,
> So of our coachman I may say—

*Brisk.* I'm afraid that simile won't do in wet weather, because you say the sun shines every day.

*Lady F.* No, for the sun, it won't; but it will do for the coachman; for, you know, there's most occasion for a coach in wet weather.

*Brisk.* Right, right; that saves all.

*Lady F.* Then, I don't say the sun shines all the day; but, that he peeps now and then. Yet he does shine all the day, too, you know, though we don't see him.

*Brisk.* Right; but the vulgar will never comprehend that.

*Lady F.* Well, you shall hear. Let me see. [*Reads*

> For as the sun shines every day,
> So of our coachman I may say,
> He shows his drunken fiery face,
> Just as the sun does, more or less.

*Brisk.* That's right; all's well, all's well. More or less.

*Lady F.* (*Reads*)

> And when, at night, his labour's done,
> Then, too, like heaven's charioteer, the sun —

Ay, charioteer does better.

> Into the dairy he descends,
> And there his whipping and his driving ends;
> There he's secure from danger of a bilk,
> His fare is paid him, and he sets in milk.

For Susan, you know, is Thetis, and so—

*Brisk.* Incomparably well and proper, egad! but I have one exception to make. Don't you think bilk—I know it's good rhyme — but don't you think bilk and fare too like a hackney-coachman?

*Lady F.* I swear and vow I'm afraid so; and yet our Jehu was a hackney-coachman when my lord took him.

*Brisk.* Was he? I'm answered if Jehu was a hackney-coachman. You may put that into

[1] From *The Double Dealer.*

the marginal notes, though, to prevent criticism. Only mark it with a small asterism, and say, Jehu was formerly a hackney-coachman.

*Lady F.* I will. You'd oblige me extremely to write notes to the whole poem.

*Brisk.* With all my heart and soul; and proud of the vast honour, let me perish!

*Lord F.* He, he, he! My dear, have you done? Won't you join with us? We were laughing at my Lady Whifler and Mr. Sneer.

*Lady F.* Ay, my dear, were you? Oh! filthy Mr. Sneer! he's a nauseous figure, a most fulsamic fop, pho! He spent two days together in going about Covent Garden to suit the lining of his coach with his complexion.

*Lord F.* Oh, silly! Yet his aunt is as fond of him as if she had brought the ape into the world herself.

*Brisk.* Who, my Lady Toothless? Oh! she's a mortifying spectacle; she's always chewing the cud, like an old ewe.

*Lord F.* Fie! Mr. Brisk, 'tis eringoes for her cough.

*Lady F.* Then she's always ready to laugh when Sneer offers to speak; and sits in expectation of his no jest, with her mouth open.

*Brisk.* Like an oyster at low ebb, egad! Ha, ha, ha!

*Lady F.* Then that t'other great strapping lady; I can't hit of her name; the old fat fool that paints so exorbitantly.

*Brisk.* I know whom you mean: but deuce take me, I can't hit of her name neither. Paints, d'ye say? Why, she lays it on with a trowel; then she has a great beard, that bristles through it, and makes her look as if she were plastered with lime and hair, let me perish.

*Lady F.* Oh! you made a song upon her, Mr. Brisk.

*Brisk.* Eh! egad! so I did. My lord can sing it. 'Tis not a song, neither. It's a sort of an epigram, or rather an epigrammatic sonnet; I don't know what to call it, but it's satire. Sing it, my lord.

SONG—LORD FROTH.

Ancient Phillis has young graces,
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one;
Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own faces,
And each morning wears a new one;—
Where's the wonder now?

*Brisk.* Short, but there's salt in it; my way of writing, egad!

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## EXTRACTS FROM "THE MOURNING BRIDE."

Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

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Vile and ingrate! too late thou shalt repent
The base injustice thou hast done my love:
Yes, thou shalt know, spite of thy past distress,
And all those ills which thou so long hast mourn'd;
Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd.

---

Seest thou how just the hand of Heav'n has been?
Let us, who through our innocence survive,
Still in the paths of honour persevere,
And not from past or present ills despair;
For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

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# TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN.

BORN 1670 — DIED 1738.

[Turlough Carolan, or O'Carolan as he is more properly called, was born in the year 1670 at the village of Baile-nusah or Newton, in the county of Westmeath, and not at Nobber, as is generally, but erroneously, stated. His father was a small farmer, and his mother the daughter of a peasant in the neighbourhood. Goldsmith speaking of him says that "he seemed by nature formed for his profession; for as he was born blind, so also he was possessed of a most astonishing memory, and a facetious turn of thinking, which gave his entertainers infinite satisfaction." As to the blindness, Goldsmith is in error, for Carolan was born with perfect eyesight, but early in life, or about his fifteenth year, an attack of

small-pox made the world dark to him for ever. Before this he had been sent to school at Cruisetown, county Longford, and there he made the acquaintance of the Bridget Cruise whom he afterwards immortalized in one of his songs.

While still a boy Carolan moved with his father to Carrick-on-Shannon, and there he attracted the attention of a Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe, who admired him for his intelligence. Placing him among her own children, she had him carefully instructed in Irish, and also to some extent in English. She also caused him to learn how to play the harp, not with the view to his becoming a harper, but simply as an accomplishment. Hardiman says he afterwards "became a minstrel by accident, and continued it more through choice than necessity." Charles O'Conor—who places Carolan before us as a reduced Irish gentleman who lost his property in the troubles of the time—says "he was above playing for hire; at the houses where he visited he was welcomed more as a friend than an itinerant musician." In his twenty-second year he suddenly determined to become a harper, and his benefactress providing him with a couple of horses and an attendant to carry the harp, he started on a round of visits to the neighbouring gentry, to most of whom he was already known. In his journey he did not forget to visit Cruisetown, and though he might not behold beauty of form, his mind was doubly alive to the beauty of soul which he believed existed in his old school-fellow Miss Cruise. To her he poured out song after song, and at last in plain prose acknowledged his affection and met with a refusal. However, it is said that the young lady was anything but averse to him personally, her rejection being founded chiefly on financial reasons. Leaving Cruisetown his real career as an itinerant musician began, and for years he wandered all over the country, gladly received wherever he came, and seldom forgetting to pay for his entertainment by song in praise of his host.

When approaching middle life, Carolan went on a pilgrimage to what is called St. Patrick's Purgatory, a cave in an island on Lough Dearg in county Donegal. While standing on the shore he began to assist some of his fellow-pilgrims into a boat, and, chancing to take hold of a lady's hand, he suddenly exclaimed, "By the hand of my gossip! this is the hand of Bridget Cruise." So it was; but the fair one was still deaf to his suit, and soon after he solaced himself for her loss by marrying Miss Mary Maguire, a young lady of good family. With her he lived very happily and learned to love her tenderly, though she was haughty and extravagant. On his marriage he built a neat house at Moshill in county Leitrim, and there entertained his friends with more liberality than prudence. The income of his little farm was soon swallowed up, and he fell into embarrassments which haunted him the rest of his life. On this he took to his wanderings again, while his wife stayed at home, and busied herself with the education of their rather numerous family. In 1733, however, she was removed by death, and a melancholy fell upon him which remained till the end. When the first agony of his grief was past he composed a monody on her death, a composition which we quote, and which in the original Irish is peculiarly plaintive and pathetic.

Carolan did not survive his wife long. In 1738, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, he paid a visit to the house of his early benefactress, Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe, and there he fell ill and died of a disease, brought on it is said by over-indulgence in drink.

Carolan was, as Goldsmith says, "at once a poet, a musician, and a composer, and sung his own verses to his harp." Goldsmith also says that of all the bards Ireland produced, "the last and the greatest was Carolan the blind." With a single exception of no importance all his songs, which numbered over two hundred, were written in the Irish language, in which also they appear to most advantage. The style of his music may be best studied in the air to "Bumper Squire Jones," which Carolan originally composed to words of his own. Though essentially Gaelic, his style has also something of Italian in its manner. It was much admired by a great contemporary, Geminiani, who declared Carolan was endued with *il genio vero della musica.*

It is a great pity so few, and these not the best, of Carolan's compositions are extant. For this state of things we may thank an unfilial son, who in 1747 published a collection of his father's music, but omitted from it most of the best compositions. However, what we have is still of high merit, and deserves to be cherished by every true musician, as well as by every lover of the scattered reliques of poetry and music left us of the time when Ireland was indeed the "Land of Song."

We append an elegy on the death of Caro-

lan, written by his friend M'Cabe, and translated by Miss Brooke.[1]]

## PEGGY BROWNE.[2]

(TRANSLATED BY THOMAS FURLONG.)

Oh, dark, sweetest girl, are my days doomed to be,
While my heart bleeds in silence and sorrow for thee:
In the green spring of life to the grave I go down,
Oh! shield me, and save me, my lov'd Peggy Browne.

I dreamt that at evening my footsteps were bound
To yon deep spreading wood where the shades fall around,
I sought, midst new scenes, all my sorrows to drown,
But the cure of my grief rests with thee, Peggy Browne.

'Tis soothing, sweet maiden, thy accents to hear,
For, like wild fairy music they melt on the ear,
Thy breast is as fair as the swan's clothed in down,
Oh, peerless and perfect's my own Peggy Browne.

Dear, dear is the bark to its own cherished tree,
But dearer, far dearer, is my lov'd one to me:
In my dreams I draw near her, uncheck'd by a frown,
But my arms spread in vain to embrace Peggy Browne.

## GENTLE BRIDEEN.

(GEORGE SIGERSON, M.D., TRANSLATOR.)

O gentle fair maiden, thou hast left me in sadness;
My bosom is pierced with Love's arrow so keen;
For thy mien it is graceful, thy glances are gladness,
And thousands thy lovers, O gentle Brideen!

The gray mist of morning in autumn was fleeting,
When I met the bright darling down in the boreen;
Her words were unkind, but I soon won a greeting;
Sweet kisses I stole from the lips of Brideen!

Oh! fair is the sun in the dawning all tender,
And beauteous the roses beneath it are seen,
Thy cheek is the red rose! thy brow the sun-splendour!
And, cluster of ringlets! my dawn is Brideen!

Then shine, O bright Sun, on thy constant, true lover;
Then shine, once again, in the leafy boreen,
And the clouds shall depart that around my heart hover,
And we'll walk amid gladness, my gentle Brideen!

## BRIDGET CRUISE.

(TRANSLATED BY THOMAS FURLONG.)

Oh! turn thee to me, my only love,
Let not despair confound me;
Turn, and may blessings from above
In life and death surround thee.

[1] M'Cabe, says Miss Brooke, was rather of a humorous than a sentimental turn; he was a wit, but not a poet. It was therefore his grief and not his muse that inspired him on the present occasion.

The circumstances which gave rise to this elegy are striking and extremely affecting. M'Cabe had been an unusual length of time without seeing his friend, and went to pay him a visit. As he approached near the end of his journey, in passing by a church-yard, he was met by a peasant, of whom he inquired for Carolan. The peasant pointed to his grave and wept. M'Cabe, shocked and astonished, was for some time unable to speak; his frame shook, his knees trembled, he had just power to totter to the grave of his friend, and then sunk to the ground. A flood of tears at last came to his relief, and, still further to disburden his mind, he vented its anguish in the following lines. In the original they are simple and unadorned, but pathetic to a great degree; and this is a species of beauty in composition extremely difficult to transfuse into any other language. I do not pretend in this to have entirely succeeded, but I hope the effort will not be unacceptable; much of the simplicity is unavoidably lost; the pathos which remains may, perhaps, in some measure atone for it.

I came, with friendship's face, to glad my heart,
But sad and sorrowful my steps depart!
In my friend's stead—a spot of earth was shown,
And on his grave my woe-struck eyes were thrown!
No more to their distracted sight remained,
But the cold clay that all they lov'd contained.
And there his last and narrow bed was made,
And the drear tombstone for its covering laid.
Alas! for this my aged heart is wrung,
Grief chokes my voice, and trembles on my tongue,
Lonely and desolate I mourn the dead,
The friend with whom my every comfort fled!
There is no anguish can with this compare!
No pains, diseases, suffering, or despair,
Like that I feel, while such a loss I mourn,
My heart's companion from its fondness torn!
Oh, insupportable, distracting grief!
Woe, that through life can never hope relief!
Sweet-singing harp—thy melody is o'er!
Sweet friendship's voice—I hear thy sound no more!
My bliss, my wealth of poetry is fled,
And every joy, with him I loved, is dead!
Alas! what wonder (while my heart drops blood
Upon the woes that drain its vital flood)
If maddening grief no longer can be borne,
And frenzy fill the breast, with anguish torn!

[2] The present Marquis of Sligo is descended from this inspirer of Carolan's muse.

This fond heart throbs for thee alone—
Oh! leave me not to languish;
Look on these eyes, whence sleep hath flown,
Bethink thee of my anguish:
My hopes, my thoughts, my destiny—
All dwell, all rest, sweet girl, on thee.

Young bud of beauty, for ever bright,
The proudest must bow before thee:
Source of my sorrow and my delight—
Oh! must I in vain adore thee?
Where, where, through earth's extended round,
Where may such loveliness be found?
Talk not of fair ones known of yore;
Speak not of Deirdre the renowned—
She whose gay glance each minstrel hail'd;
Nor she whom the daring Dardan bore
From her fond husband's longing arms;
Name not the dame whose fatal charms,
When weighed against a world, prevail'd;
To each might blooming beauty fall,
Lovely, thrice lovely, might they be;
But the gifts and graces of each and all
Are mingled, sweet maid, in thee!

How the entranc'd ear fondly lingers
On the turns of thy thrilling song!
How brightens each eye as thy fair white fingers
O'er the chords fly gently along!
The noble, the learn'd, the ag'd, the vain,
Gaze on the songstress, and bless the strain.
How winning, dear girl, is thine air,
How glossy thy golden hair!
Oh! lov'd one, come back again,
With thy train of adorers about thee—
Oh! come, for in grief and in gloom we remain—
Life is not life without thee.

My memory wanders—my thoughts have stray'd—
My gathering sorrows oppress me—
Oh! look on thy victim, bright peerless maid,
Say one kind word to bless me.
Why, why on thy beauty must I dwell,
When each tortur'd heart knows its power too well?
Or why need I say that favour'd and bless'd
Must be the proud land that bore thee?
Oh! dull is the eye and cold the breast
That remains unmov'd before thee.

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## WHY, LIQUOR OF LIFE?

(TRANSLATED BY JOHN D'ALTON, M.R.I.A.)

*The Bard addresses whisky—*
Why, liquor of life! do I love you so;
When in all our encounters you lay me low?
More stupid and senseless I every day grow,
What a hint—if I'd mend by the warning!
Tatter'd and torn you've left my coat,
I've not a cravat—to save my throat,
Yet I pardon you all, my sparkling doat,
If you'd cheer me again in the morning!

*Whisky replies—*
When you've heard prayers on Sunday next,
With a sermon beside, or at least—the text,
Come down to the alehouse—however you're vexed,
And though thousands of cares assault you,
You'll find tippling there—till morals mend,
A cock shall be placed in the barrel's end,
The jar shall be near you, and I'll be your friend,
And give you a "*Kead mille faulté.*"[1]

*The Bard resumes his address—*
You're my soul and my treasure, without and within,
My sister and cousin and all my kin;
'Tis unlucky to wed such a prodigal sin,—
But all other enjoyment is vain, love!
My barley ricks all turn to you—
My tillage—my plough—and my horses too—
My cows and my sheep they have—bid me adieu,
I care not while you remain, love!

Come, vein of my heart! then come in haste,
You're like Ambrosia, my liquor and feast,
My forefathers all had the very same taste—
For the genuine dew of the mountain.
Oh! Usquebaugh! I love its kiss!—
My guardian spirit, I think it is.
Had my christening bowl been filled with this,
I'd have swallowed it—were it a fountain.

Many's the quarrel and fight we've had,
And many a time you made me mad,
But while I've a heart—it can never be sad,
When you smile at me full on the table;
Surely you are my wife and brother—
My only child—my father and mother—
My outside coat—I have no other!
Oh! I'll stand by you—while I am able.

If family pride can aught avail,
I've the sprightliest kin of all the Gael—
Brandy and Usquebaugh, and Ale!
But Claret untasted may pass us;
To clash with the clergy were sore amiss,
So, for righteousness sake, I leave them this,
For Claret the gownsman's comfort is,
When they've saved us with matins and masses.

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[1] A thousand welcomes.

## GRACE NUGENT.

(TRANSLATED BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.)

Brightest blossom of the spring
Grace the sprightly girl I sing;
Grace who bore the palm of mind
From all the rest of womankind.
Whomso'er the fates decree,
Happy fate for life to be,
Day and night my coolun near,
Ache or pain need never fear.

Her neck outdoes the stately swan,
Her radiant face the summer dawn;
Happy thrice the youth for whom
The fates design that branch of bloom.
Pleasant are thy words benign,
Rich those azure eyes of thine;
Ye who see my queen beware
Those twisted links of golden hair.

This is what I fain would say
To the bird-voiced lady gay—
Never yet conceived the heart,
Joy that grace could not impart,
Fold of jewels, case of pearls,
Coolun of the circling curls!
More I say not, but no less,
Drink your health and happiness.

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## MILD MABEL KELLY.

(TRANSLATED BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.)

Whoever the youth who by Heaven's decree
Has his happy right hand 'neath that bright head of thine,
'Tis certain that he
From all sorrow is free,
Till the day of his death, if a life so divine
Should not raise him in bliss above mortal degree.
Mild Mabel Ni Kelly, bright coolun of curls!
All stately and pure as the swan on the lake.
Her mouth of white teeth is a palace of pearls,
And the youth of the land are love-sick for her sake.

No strain of the sweetest e'er heard in the land
That she knows not to sing, in a voice so enchanting,
That the cranes on the sand
Fall asleep where they stand.
Oh, for her blooms the rose, and the lily ne'er waiting
To shed its mild lustre on bosom or hand.
The dewy blue blossom that hangs on the spray
More blue than her eyes human eye never saw.
Deceit never lurked in its beautiful ray.
Dear lady, I drink to you, slainte go bragh!

To gaze on her beauty the young hunter lies
'Mong the branches that shadow her path in the grove.
But, alas, if her eyes
The rash gazer surprise,
All eyesight departs from the victim of love,
And the blind youth steals home with his heart full of sighs.
O, pride of the Gael, of the lily-white palm!
O, coolun of curls to the grass at your feet!
At the goal of delight and of honour I am
To boast such a theme for a song so unmeet.

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## O'MORE'S FAIR DAUGHTER:

AN ODE.

(TRANSLATED BY THOMAS FURLONG.)

Flower of the young and fair,
'Tis joy to gaze on thee.
Pride of the gay hills of Maill,
Bright daughter of the princely Gael,
What words thy beauty can declare?
What eye unmoved thy loveliness can see?
Fond object of the wanderer's praise.
Source of the poet's love-fraught lays,
Theme of the minstrel's song,
Child of the old renowned O'More,
What charms to thee belong!

Happy is he who wafts thee o'er
To yon green isle where berries grow;
Happy is he who there retired,
Can rest him by thy side,
Marking with love's delicious frenzy fired
Thy young cheek's changing glow,
And all the melting meaning of thine eyes;
While round and round him, far and wide,
On the shore and o'er the tide,
Soft strains of music rise,
Varying through each winning measure,
Soothing every sense to pleasure.
He to whom such joy is given
Hath, while here, his share of heaven.

. . . . . .

Thy step is life and lightness,
Thy glance hath a thrilling brightness,
Thy waist is straight and slender,
And thy bosom, gently swelling,
Outdoes the swan's in whiteness
When she starts from her tranquil dwelling
And breasts the broad lake in splendour.

Sweet girl, those locks so wildly curled,
Have snares and spells for many:
O, far may we range through this weary world
And find thee unmatched by any.
Art thou a thing of earth?
A maid of terrestrial birth?
Or a vision sent from high
In peerless beauty beaming,
Like the shapes that pass o'er the poet's eye
When he lies all idly dreaming.

# JONATHAN SWIFT.

BORN 1667 — DIED 1745.

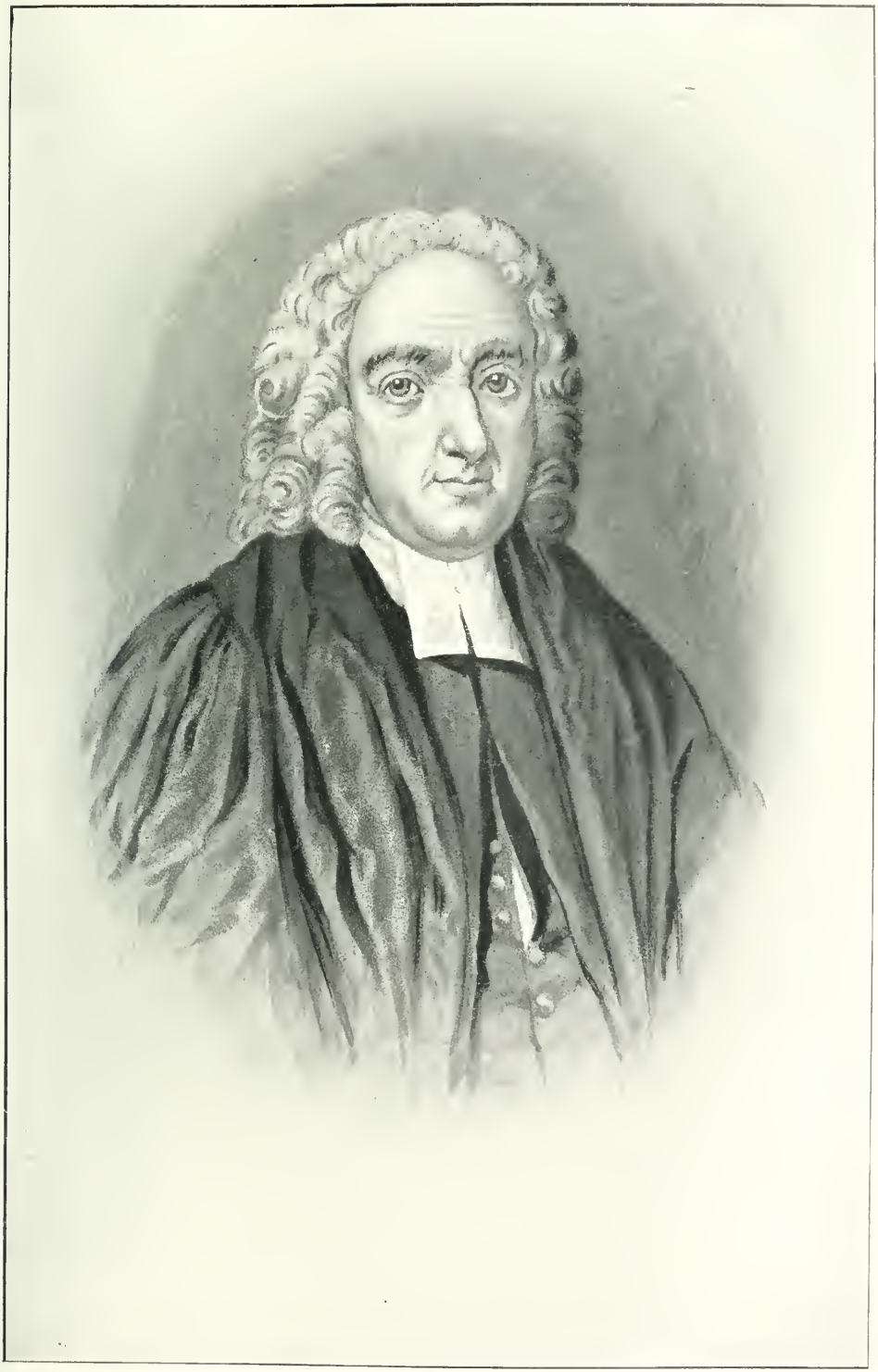
[In the spring of 1667 Jonathan Swift, full cousin to the poet Dryden, and steward to the Society of King's Inns, Dublin, died in poor circumstances, leaving a widow. Seven months later, on the 30th of November, in a little house in Hoey's Court, the poor widow gave birth to a son, who was named Jonathan after his dead father, and whose life, begun thus miserably, was fated to be one constant round of warfare and suffering, of defeat in victory and of disappointment in success. Born with a spirit fitting him to rule, the greatest satirist of England felt in the very first years of his life the cold hand of poverty pressing him to the earth and branding him a slave.

From his earliest days there seemed to be something in Swift's life different from other men. His father had been buried at the expense of the society he served; his mother and himself were kept in existence by the scanty, and we believe necessarily scanty, bounty of his uncle Godwin. Still, it seems he had a nurse, and this nurse, like other women, in after days became so attached to him, that when she was called away to England to the death-bed of a relative she carried him with her clandestinely. After she was found the mother refused to insist on taking the child from her, fearing, as it was delicate, that it might not be able to stand the fatigues of a voyage from Whitehaven to Ireland. So in Whitehaven Swift remained three or four years, and there learned to read the Bible with ease.

When he was about five years of age his nurse carried him to Ireland again, where, alas! there was now no kind mother to receive him, she having gone to live with a relative at Leicester in England. However, the little waif was taken into the family of his uncle Godwin, by whom, at six years of age, he was sent to Kilkenny school, where he remained for about eight years, and where, says Sir Walter Scott, his name, cut in school-boy fashion upon his desk or form, is still shown to strangers. There he learned to celebrate his birthdays by reading from Job the fierce passage in which that patriarch curses the day in which it was said in his father's house "that a man-child was born," and there, no doubt, he suffered many an indignity from the poverty-stricken state in which he was maintained by an uncle who seemed, but in reality was not, rich.

At the age of fourteen he was entered at the University of Dublin, being on the 24th of April, 1682, received a pensioner under the tuition of St. George Ashe. His cousin, Thomas Swift, was also admitted at the same time, and owing to this fact and to the mention of the names in the college record without any prænomen attached, great difficulty has arisen in tracing certain details of their lives. At the university Swift rebelled against having to study the learned sophistry of Smiglecius and his fellows. Instead he dived deeply into studies of a wide but desultory kind, and while so doing drew up, young as he was, a rough sketch of his *Tale of a Tub*. Not only did he rebel against Smiglecius and his crew, he rebelled also against the college discipline, and became reckless and violent in other respects. Like Johnson in a similar condition he "disregarded all power and all authority;" he was "miserably poor, mad, and violent," and what "was bitterness, that they mistook for frolic." For this he suffered several and severe penalties, and in February, 1685–6, the heaviest punishment of all in having his degree conferred on him by *special favour*. However, he still remained in college, and still continued to be a rebel to its rules. On the 18th of March, 1687, he was publicly admonished for neglect of duties, and on the 20th of November, 1688, he and some others were convicted of insolent conduct to the junior dean, and he and another had their academical degree suspended, and were condemned to publicly crave pardon of the offended dignitary.

Whether or not Swift ever submitted to the latter degradation is unknown, but shortly afterwards he left the college "without," as Scott says, "a single friend to protect, receive, or maintain him,"—his uncle having died a year or two before. The war of the Revolution had just broken out in Ireland, so he turned his back upon that country, and, footsore and weary, presented himself at his mother's residence in Leicestershire. There it was impossible for him to remain, as his mother was herself only the recipient of the bounty of her



JONATHAN SWIFT

*After the Painting by MARKHAM*

friends, and an inmate of a house which was not her own. However, she advised him to apply to Sir William Temple, a retired statesman, into whose house he was received as amanuensis at a salary of £20 a year.

At Moor Park, near Farnham, the residence of Temple, Swift resided for a couple of years, in the earlier part of which he was treated with coldness and distrust, and as one who had far too confident a mien and too presuming a temper for one so poor. However, he gradually grew in favour as his worth and strength became apparent, and after he had made a short visit to Ireland for the good of his health, Temple took him into confidence so far as to have him present at private interviews with the king. About this time also he went to Oxford, where, on the 5th of July, 1692, he was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts. At Oxford Swift composed his first extant poetical work, a translation of the eighteenth ode of the second book of Horace, and shortly after he attempted a higher flight in the production of Pindaric odes. These he showed to Dryden, who at once answered decisively, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." The remark was never forgiven or forgotten, for to the proud bitter soul of Swift it seemed another of the insults to which his youth had been subjected. However, notwithstanding Dryden's opinion, Swift began to acquire a literary reputation, and to make friendships among such men as Congreve, to whom in November, 1693, he addressed a copy of verses. In these very verses, as Scott has well remarked, he shows that he felt confidence in his own powers, and was already gifted with that "hate for fools" which made him so feared, and for which the "fools" yet make his memory pay dearly.

> "My hate, whose lash just Heaven had long decreed,
> Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed."

After Swift's return from Oxford, where he had been flatteringly received, Temple and he grew gradually colder to each other. Swift saw clearly that he was but very poorly rewarded by his patron, who kept him in his present state for selfish reasons he believed. Temple looked upon Swift's anxiety for advancement as ingratitude, and offered him a post in the Rolls Office in Ireland, which was, it is said, expected to be refused. Swift did refuse it, and the two parted in mutual bad temper. Swift made another foot journey to Leicester, stayed there for a short time with his mother, then went over to Ireland, determined to enter holy orders. Before being admitted a deacon he had, however, to write to Sir William Temple for a certificate of conduct, and this, after some delay, he brought himself to do. In his letter he made admissions that he had been perhaps over-hasty, if not absolutely wrong in his conduct, and Temple not only gave him the certificate, but pleaded his cause with Lord Capel, so that he was at once, after admission to deacon's orders in January, 1694–5, appointed to the prebend of Kilroot, near Carrickfergus, worth about £100 a year.

Swift's stay at Kilroot was not for long. He soon became weary of its rude society and dulness. Sir William found that he had lost an indispensable companion, whose real value only began to be properly seen when he was no longer present. Swift soon became aware of Sir William's desire for his return, but for a while his pride caused him to hesitate how to act. At last this was decided almost by accident. One day he met a curate with whom he had formed an acquaintance, and who had proved to be, not only a good man and modest, but well-learned and the father of eight children, whom he supported on an income of £40 a year. Borrowing the clergyman's horse, Swift started off at once to Dublin, resigned his preferment, and obtained a grant of it for the poor curate, who was so affected with gratitude that the benefactor never forgot the pleasure of the good deed so long as he lived.

On Swift's return to Moor Park, in 1695, he was treated "rather as a confidential friend than a dependent companion," and the two great men soon became really fast friends. Once more settling down to work Swift completed his *Tale of a Tub*, and also wrote *The Battle of the Books*, neither of which was published till 1704. The latter was written in defence of Temple's side in an argument into which that statesman had got involved as to the relative values of ancient and modern learning. During this second residence at Moor Park Swift made the acquaintance of Esther Johnson, whom he has immortalized as Stella, an event the most unfortunate in his life, as giving a handle to his enemies to vilify his name. In January, 1698–9, Sir William Temple died, and the four quietest and happiest years of Swift's life were brought sharply to an end. In his will Sir William left his secretary £100, and, what was looked upon as of much greater value than the money, his literary remains. These Swift edited carefully, and published with a dedication to King

William. A petition also was presented to the king reminding him of his promise to Sir William to bestow a prebend of Canterbury or Westminster on Swift; but as the dead statesman's services could no longer be turned to account, his secretary's talents and claims ceased to have any force, and Swift never even had an answer to his request. After long waiting, which must have been bitter indeed to his haughty spirit, he accepted an offer of the Earl of Berkeley, one of the lord-justices, and went with that nobleman to Ireland as chaplain and private secretary. Before long an intriguer of the name of Bushe was appointed to the place of private secretary, amends being promised to Swift in the shape of the first good church living that should become vacant. In this Swift was again disappointed and tricked. The rich deanery of Derry fell vacant, but Bushe, who seems rapidly to have gained influence over Berkeley, declared Swift should not have it without a bribe of £1000. Swift classing master and man together as partners in the vile transaction, burst into an impetuous cry—"God confound you both for a couple of scoundrels!"—and on the instant departed from his lodgings in the castle. Berkeley, alarmed at the thought of Swift's satiric lash, hastened to patch up the breach, and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan and the rectory of Agher, all in the diocese of Meath, were conferred upon him. These were altogether worth about £270 a year, not half the value of the deanery withheld, but Swift accepted them. Berkeley and Swift never were real friends again, but Lady Berkeley and her two daughters still retained the esteem of the late secretary, and one of the daughters, Lady Elizabeth, remained to the end of his days one of his most valued correspondents.

At Laracor he preached regularly on Sundays, and said prayers twice a week—on Wednesdays and Fridays—a thing not then much in vogue. The church, which was in a sad state of dilapidation, he repaired, as well as the vicarage, which had almost fallen into ruin through the avarice of former incumbents. "He increased the glebe from one acre to twenty." He also purchased the tithes of Effernock, and settled them by will upon the incumbent of that living.

While these things were being done, Stella, and Mrs. Dingley her companion, took up their abode in the town of Trim, near at hand. Johnson, like nearly all Swift's biographers, calls her "the unfortunate Stella," but we cannot see how the appellation is justified. Her connection with Swift has made her name remembered, which it otherwise would never have been; while in the company, conversation, and confidence of such a master mind she had a full recompense for sacrifices treble those she seemed to make. Whether in the end Swift did or did not marry her is a matter of little moment, and a thing impossible to determine. It is sufficient for us to know that he and she were pure true friends to the last, and that, so far at anyrate as he was concerned, no trace of lower passion was allowed to enter into their intercourse. To avoid scandal he and she continued to live apart; she and Mrs. Dingley occupying the parsonage in his absence, but retiring from it on his return. They also took care never to meet except in the presence of a third party, a piece of precaution that evidently originated with Swift.

In 1701 Swift's career began in earnest by the publication anonymously of his treatise on *Dissensions in Athens and Rome*, a work in which he showed how easy it is for liberty, by degenerating into license, to force itself to be extinguished by tyranny. The work made a great stir, and was attributed successively to Lord Somers and Bishop Burnet—Burnet, to escape an impeachment by the commons, being reduced to make a public disavowal of any share in the work, though in private he was no way offended at having it attributed to him. In 1702, on a visit to England, Swift publicly avowed the authorship. In 1704 appeared *The Tale of a Tub* and *The Battle of the Books*. The first of these at once placed Swift in the very foremost rank of living writers, and showed to the world and to the friends that flocked around him—Addison, Steele, and Arbuthnot, Somers and Halifax—that a new and tremendous literary force had arisen in their midst. In *The Tale of a Tub* Swift presents as an allegory three sons who mistook, altered, observed, and neglected the will of their father. In the records of their conduct he satirizes the corruptions and follies of the churches. At the same time in his digressions he points his sarcastic thrusts at the pedants, authors, and critics of his own and future times. It gave offence in many high quarters, however; notably to Queen Anne, who never forgave him for writing it, and who would never afterwards listen to his having the bishopric which he desired, earned, and deserved. Four years later, that is in 1708, appeared *The Sentiments of a Church of England Man; Arguments against Abolishing*

*Christianity; Letter upon the Sacramental Test;* and the witty ridicule of astrology under the name of *Bickerstaff Predictions for 1708* (published at the end of 1707). The first work "is written," says Johnson, "with great coolness, moderation, ease, and perspicuity;" and the second "is a very happy and judicious irony." Next year he published his *Project for the Advancement of Learning*, as well as the *Vindication of Bickerstaff*, and the curious explanation of an *Ancient Prophecy*. In 1710, on the persuasion of the primate of Ireland, Swift solicited the queen for a remission of the first-fruits and twentieth parts to the Irish clergy. In doing this he was joined by the Bishops of Ossory and Killaloe, but the matter was to be left entirely in his hands in case the bishops left London before it was brought to an end. Starting on his journey to London on the 1st of September, he reached Chester on the 2d, and there wrote the first of the letters in his *Journal to Stella*. When he reached London he was full of bitterness against the fallen Whigs, who had neglected him, and on the 1st October he wrote *Sid Hamet's Rod*, a lampoon on Lord Godolphin. On the 4th he was introduced to Harley, and by Harley he was presented to St. John, and between him and these two ministers a friendship, begun in interest but ended in genuine feeling, immediately commenced. Almost at once he became a close adviser, and was admitted to the meetings of the ministry. On the 10th November, 1710, appeared Swift's first number of *The Examiner*, in which, till the 14th of June, 1711, a space of seven months, "he bore the battle upon his single shield"—a battle in which he found opposed to him all the friends he had made on his previous visits to London—Steele, Addison, Congreve, Rowe, Burnet. But he was more than a match for them all, and one after another he planted his rankling shafts in the bosoms of Wharton, Somers, Marlborough, Sunderland, and Godolphin. Against Wharton he poured out the very vials of his wrath in his *Short Character of the Earl of Wharton*. In the midst of the turmoil he did not forget the mission on which he had left Ireland, and at last, owing to the influence he acquired over the ministers, he brought it to a successful issue just at the moment the bishops, with wonderful stupidity, recalled his commission on the pretext of putting it in the hands of the Duke of Ormond. In the latter part of November, 1711, a few days before the meeting of parliament, appeared his treatise on *The Conduct of the Allies*, of which, in the space of a week, four editions were swallowed by the public. To this treatise is attributed the conclusion of the peace of Utrecht. It was a masterly piece of political workmanship, drawn up with great care and skill, and carried public opinion with it in a wave. The Whigs denounced it violently, and even Walpole and Aislabie urged that Swift should be impeached at the bar of the House of Lords. However, he took no notice of the little storm, and continued his work for his friends by drawing up *The Representation of the House of Commons on the State of the Nation*, and *An Address of Thanks to the Queen*. In July, 1711, he wrote his *Proposal for Correcting, Improving, and Ascertaining the English Tongue*, which was published in May, 1712. In 1712 also appeared the *Reflections on the Barrier Treaty*, and his *Remarks on the Bishop of Sarum's Introduction to his Third Volume of the History of the Reformation*, a bitter reply to the bishop's pamphlet. Meanwhile, as occasion offered, he busied himself in good offices for his friends, even for those who, for political reasons, had become his enemies. "Congreve, Rowe, and Philips experienced in their turn the benefits of his intercession," says Sir Walter Scott, "and it appears he was really anxious to be of service to Steele." He smoothed Parnell's way for him, and caused him to receive "that prompt attention which is most flattering to the modesty of merit." Pope had his warmest support while at work over Homer, and Gay was made known to Bolingbroke through him. Berkeley also "owed to Swift those introductions which placed him in the way to promotion." Dr. King, an antagonist, he caused to be made gazetteer, and later on, Prior, when in distress, received from him effectual assistance and advice.

Meanwhile his desire for a life of ease began to assert itself, and Swift called upon his ministerial friends to redeem the promises of "doing something for him" which they had so often made, as a compensation for his services as a writer for the press, &c., which they found invaluable. The policy of the Tory party was to bring about a peace and draw with them the popular feeling. In this Swift's pen effected what no other means in their power was sufficient to produce. In his writings he pointed out the attempts of the Dutch to get the better of England in all their treaties, and also represented the financial loss of the country in consequence of a war which would have been ended but for the ambition

of Marlborough, to whom alone its prolongation would be an advantage. A bishopric was the least he expected and deserved, and there is no doubt that, on a vacancy occurring in the see of Hereford, Bolingbroke struggled hard that he should have it. But an angry woman stood in the way. The Duchess of Somerset had been ridiculed by Swift in his *Windsor Prophecy* some time before, and she now used all a clever woman's skill to keep him down. Joined to her was Archbishop Sharpe of York, who did not scruple to describe *The Tale of a Tub* as "a satire on religion in general, and the writer as little better than an infidel." The result was that the queen would not even see Swift, a piece of woman's folly which he generously repaid by never once allowing his pen to say a single bitter word of her. Finally it was arranged that Dr. Sterne should be promoted from the deanery of St. Patrick's in Dublin to the bishopric of Dromore, and Swift was prevailed upon to become a dean. Early in June, 1713, he departed for Ireland, feeling more like a person going into exile than one returning to his native land.

In a letter to Stella he says, "At my first coming I thought I should have died with discontent, and was horribly melancholy while they were installing me, but it begins to wear off, and change to dulness." In a fortnight's time, however, he was recalled to England to reconcile Harley and Bolingbroke, between whom a feud had broken out, and upon whose cordial co-operation and confidence the success of their government entirely depended. Swift brought about an interview, and a temporary reconciliation was effected. But perfect confidence between the two was impossible, and the feud broke out again, bringing in its train ruin and disaster.

Scarcely had Swift found himself in London again when he too became a party to a bitter feud between himself and Steele, in which Steele shows to much advantage. Swift conducted himself with fierceness and cruelty, and showed all his wit; Steele wrote well and manfully, and conducted himself with considerable generosity. It was the unappeasable Achilles and the more humane Hector over again, though the Hector in this case was not dragged at the chariot-wheels of his rival. Steele in his *Crisis* admired the wisdom of the union and praised the Scottish nation. Swift took the opposite side, and as he "disliked the Scots and had quarrelled with Argyll," he spoke of the Scots in *The Public Spirit of the Whigs*, an answer to *The Crisis*, as "a poor fierce northern people." The Scotch lords took the gibes flung at them very ill, and through their influence three hundred pounds were offered for the discovery of the author of the pamphlet. Morphew the bookseller and Barber the printer were both arrested. However, by the management of the ministry the storm was played with till it had blown itself out, and Swift, at one moment in great danger, soon found himself of greater importance than ever.

By this time matters between Oxford and Bolingbroke had reached such a height that Swift had once more to try to reconcile them. The attempt failed, and he retired, telling them that "all was gone," and that he "would go to Oxford on Monday, since he found it was impossible to be of any use." On the Monday he set out for Oxford, and at the house of Mr. Gery, Upper Letcomb, Berkshire, he composed his *Free Thoughts on the State of Public Affairs*. This he sent to Barber, Barber showed it to Bolingbroke, Bolingbroke at once added to it such things as made it very hurtful to Oxford, and Swift hearing of this demanded its return. After some delay the MS. was returned to its author. A little later, and before anything could be done to heal the breach in the Tory ranks, Queen Anne died. Bolingbroke and Ormond fled the country; Oxford, Wyndham, Prior, and others were imprisoned; and Swift, finding that the spirit of the Tories was utterly broken, retired into Ireland, where he was very badly received and insulted at first.

Very soon, however, Swift began to make himself at home in his new sphere. He obtained lodgings for Stella and Mrs. Dingley in a house on Ormond's Quay. He himself took possession of the deanery-house, where twice a week he entertained such people as the Grattans, Rev. Mr. Jackson, George Rochefort. Peter Ludlow, Dr. Walonsley, Dr. Helsham, Dr. Sheridan, Mr. Stopford, and Dr. Delany. However, before long a bird of ill omen appeared in Dublin in the shape of Miss Vanhomrigh, "Vanessa," whose acquaintance Swift had made while in London, and who seemed to think, though without any foundation for the thought, that he was likely to marry her. Her appearance roused the jealousy of Stella and made Swift fear for his reputation. He spoke to her harshly of her conduct, but she replied with tears, and fearing that decisive measures might lead to some tragic ending, he began a system of temporizing between the two foolish women, and entered upon that course of misery which ended in his

madness. However, in the year 1716, as some say, he consented to a marriage with Stella on condition that it was kept a perfect secret, and that their old course of life was continued. That it ever took place we can hardly believe, and certain it is, more evidence than that at present existing is required to establish the fact. Anyhow, after this time Swift seems to have redoubled his efforts to make Vanessa forget her wretched passion. But she grew only the more headstrong, and in 1717 she retired like a mourning hermit to her house and property at Celbridge. Here she was occasionally visited by Swift, and to her while here he addressed his finest poem *Cadenus and Vanessa*. In 1720 Vanessa's sister died, and left alone in the world she made a last effort to secure Swift by writing to Stella to know what relations existed between the two. Stella in a rage declared herself the wife of the dean, and sent him Vanessa's letter. Swift's rage was terrific. Mounting a horse he rode at once to the residence of Vanessa, and with a face full of the bitterest anger and contempt flung her letter on the table before her. Then he dashed out of the house and rode madly back to Dublin. In a few weeks the news reached him that the passionate woman was dead of a broken heart, having before dying revoked a will made in his favour, and made another by which she left all she possessed to Dr. Berkeley and Mr. Marshall, afterwards a judge in the Irish Court of Common Pleas.

From 1716 to 1720 there is good reason to believe Swift was engaged in reading up for and in planning and writing portions of his *Gulliver's Travels*. In 1720 his indignation at the treatment of Ireland vented itself in *A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures, &c.*, utterly rejecting and renouncing everything wearable that comes from England. This made him at once very popular, and roused the anger of the authorities to such a pitch that the printer was prosecuted. In 1723, after much intrigue, one Wood procured a patent to coin £180,000 in copper for the use of Ireland, by which he would have made enormous gain at the cost of the people. To prevent the carrying out of the evil scheme Swift in 1724 wrote the *Drapier Letters*, and at once became a power great as that of O'Connell in after days. After a tremendous stir and a bold attempt by the government to overcome him by prosecuting the printer, Swift carried the day. The government yielded, and Wood's patent was surrendered for a yearly grant of £3000 for twelve years.

In 1726 Swift visited England, where he was gladly received by all his old friends, but in the autumn of that year he hurried back to Ireland on hearing of the illness of Stella. However, he left behind him in London the MS. of *Gulliver's Travels*, and in November the work appeared. The public went wild over it. "It was read by the high and the low, the learned and illiterate. Criticism was for a while lost in wonder." "Perhaps," says Scott, "no work ever exhibited such general attractions for all classes." At Voltaire's suggestion it was translated into French. By March, 1727, Stella had so much recovered that Swift returned to England, where he was again well received; and in the same month appeared the three volumes of *Miscellanies* in which his name appears with that of Pope, to whom he gave the total profits of this as well as the copyright of *Gulliver*. After a time he was attacked with a heavy illness, and hearing that Stella was once more unwell he left England for the last time in October, 1727. In January, 1727–28, Stella died, and from that day forward a cloud seemed to have fallen upon him. He grew morose and passionate, "intolerable to his friends, unendurable to himself." In 1736, while engaged writing a poem called *The Legion Club*, he was seized with a very long-continued fit, and he never after attempted any work of importance. Before that, between 1730 and 1735, he wrote his *Rhapsody on Poetry* and *Verses on his Own Death*. From 1737 to 1739 he busied himself in preparing for publication his *History of the Peace of Utrecht*, which, however, he withheld from the press; and in doing the same duty by *Directions to Servants*, which appeared after his death. In the summer of 1740, on the 26th July, in a pathetic note to his cousin Mrs. Whiteway, the last words that he was to write passed from his pen. Soon after this his mind failed him completely, and in the next year he broke out into violent lunacy. In 1742 reason returned for a few days, but only to mock the hopes of his friends, and on the 19th of October, 1745, he passed away so quietly that those who watched him scarce knew the moment of his departure.

To make any lengthened comment here on Swift's works would be almost an impertinence. We can scarcely do better than follow the example of Sir Walter Scott, who closes his *Memoirs of Swift* with the following quotation from "the learned and candid Granger:"

"Swift was blessed in a higher degree than

any of his contemporaries with the powers of a creative genius. The more we dwell upon the character and writings of this great man, the more they improve upon us; in whatever light we view him, he still appears to be an original. His wit, his humour, his patriotism, his charity, and even his piety, were of a different cast from those of other men. He had in his virtues few equals, and in his talents no superior. In that of humour, and more especially in irony, he ever was, and probably ever will be, unrivalled. . . . His style, which generally consists of the most naked and simple terms, is strong, clear, and expressive; familiar without vulgarity or meanness; and beautiful, without affectation or ornament. . . . His writings, in general, are regarded as standing models of our language, as well as perpetual monuments of their author's fame."]

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## EXTRACT

(FROM "THE JOURNAL TO STELLA").

I know it is neither wit nor diversion to tell you every day where I dine; but I fancy I shall have, some time or other, the curiosity of seeing some particulars how I passed my life when I was absent from M. D. this time; and so I tell you now that I dined to-day at Molesworth's, the Florence envoy's; then went to the coffee-house, where I behaved myself coldly enough to Mr. Addison; and so came home to scribble. We dine together to-morrow and next day by invitation; but I shall alter my behaviour to him till he begs my pardon, or else we shall grow bare acquaintance. I am weary of friends and friendships are all monsters but M. D.'s. . . . How do I know whether china be dear or not? I once took a fancy of resolving to grow mad for it, but now it is off. And so you only want some salad-dishes and plates, and &c. Yes, yes, you shall. I suppose you have named as much as will cost five pounds. Now to Stella's little postscript; and I am almost crazed that you vex yourself for not writing. Cannot you dictate to Dingley and not strain your little dear eyes? I am sure it is the grief of my soul to think you are out of order. Pray be quiet, and if you will write, shut your eyes, and write just a line and no more, thus: *How do you do, Mrs. Stella?* That was written with my eyes shut. . . . O then, you kept Presto's little birthday? Would to God I had been with you! *Rediculous*, Madam! I suppose you mean *ridiculous*? I have mended it in your letter. And can Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes? O faith, I am afraid not. Have a care of those eyes, pretty Stella. . . . What, will you still have the impudence to write *London, England*, because I write *Dublin, Ireland*? Is there no difference between London and Dublin, saucy-boxes? The session, I doubt, will not be over till the end of April; however I shall not wait for it if the ministry will let me go sooner. I wish I were just now in my little garden at Laracor. I would set out for Dublin early on Monday, and bring you an account of my young trees. . . . I would fain be at the beginning of my willows-growing. Percival tells me that the quicksets upon the flat in the garden do not grow so well as those famous ones in the ditch. They want digging about them. The cherry-trees by the river-side I have set my heart upon. . . . See how my style is altered by living and thinking and talking among these people instead of my canal and river walk and willows. Yes, faith, I hope in God, Presto and M. D. will be together this time twelvemonths. What then? Last year, I suppose, I was at Laracor; but next I hope to eat my Michaelmas goose at my little goose's lodgings. I drink no *aile* (I suppose you mean *ale*), but yet good wine every day of five or six shillings the bottle. O Lord, how much Stella writes. Pray do not carry that too far, young woman, but be temperate to hold out. . . . Percival tells me he can sell your horse. Pray let him know that he shall sell his soul as soon. What! Sell anything that Stella loves, and may be rides! And so God Almighty protect poor, dear, dear, dear, dearest M. D. 'Night, dearest little M. D.

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## ON THE DEATH OF MRS. JOHNSON

(STELLA).

This day, being Sunday, January 28, 1727–28, about eight o'clock at night, a servant brought me a note, with an account of the death of the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend that I, or perhaps any other person was ever blessed with. She expired about six in the evening of this day; and as soon as I am left alone, which

is about eleven at night, I resolve, for my own satisfaction, to say something of her life and character.

She was born at Richmond, in Surrey, on the 13th day of March, in the year 1681. Her father was a younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire, her mother of a lower degree; and indeed she had little to boast of her birth. I knew her from six years old, and had some share in her education by directing what books she should read, and perpetually instructing her in the principles of honour and virtue, from which she never swerved in any one action or moment of her life. She was sickly from her childhood until about the age of fifteen, but then grew into perfect health, and was looked upon as one of the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable women in London, only a little too fat. Her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in perfection. She lived generally in the country, with a family where she contracted an intimate friendship with another lady of more advanced years. I was then, to my mortification, settled in Ireland; about a year after, going to visit my friends in England, I found she was a little uneasy upon the death of a person on whom she had some dependence. Her fortune, at that time, was in all not above £1500, the interest of which was but a scanty maintenance, in so dear a country, for one of her spirit. Under this consideration, and, indeed, very much for my own satisfaction, who had few friends or acquaintances in Ireland, I prevailed with her and her dear friend and companion, the other lady, to draw what money they had into Ireland, a great part of their fortune being in annuities upon funds. Money was then ten per cent in Ireland, besides the advantage of returning it, and all necessaries of life at half the price. They complied with my advice, and soon after came over; but I, happening to continue some time longer in England, they were much discouraged to live in Dublin, where they were wholly strangers. She was at that time about nineteen years old, and her person was soon distinguished. But the adventure looked so like a frolic, the censure held for some time, as if there were a secret history in such a removal, which, however, soon blew off by her excellent conduct. She came over with her friend in the year 1700, and they both lived together until this day, when death removed her from us. For some years past she had been visited with continual ill-health, and several times within these last two years her life was despaired of. But for this twelvemonth past she never had a day's health; and, properly speaking, she has been dying six months, but kept alive, almost against nature, by the generous kindness of two physicians and the care of her friends. [Thus far I writ the same night between eleven and twelve.]

Never was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or who more improved them by reading and conversation. Yet her memory was not of the best, and was impaired in the latter years of her life. But I cannot call to mind that I ever once heard her make a wrong judgment of persons, books, or affairs. Her advice was always the best, and with the greatest freedom, mixed with the greatest decency. She had a gracefulness somewhat more than human in every motion, word, and action. Never was so happy a conjunction of civility, freedom, easiness, and sincerity. There seemed to be a combination among all that knew her to treat her with a dignity much beyond her rank; yet people of all sorts were never more easy than in her company. Mr. Addison, when he was in Ireland, being introduced to her, immediately found her out; and, if he had not soon after left the kingdom, assured me that he would have used all endeavours to cultivate her friendship. A rude or conceited coxcomb passed his time very ill upon the least breach of respect; for in such a case she had no mercy, but was sure to expose him to the contempt of the standers-by, yet in such a manner as he was ashamed to complain and durst not resent. All of us who had the happiness of her friendship agreed unanimously that, in an afternoon or evening's conversation, she never failed, before we parted, of delivering the best thing that was said in the company. Some of us have written down several of her sayings, or what the French call *bons mots*, wherein she excelled beyond belief. She never mistook the understanding of others; nor ever said a severe word but where a much severer was deserved.

Her servants loved and almost adored her at the same time. She would, upon occasions, treat them with freedom; yet her demeanour was so awful, that they durst not fail in the least point of respect. She chid

them seldom, but it was with severity, which had an effect upon them for a long time after.

*January 29.* My head aches, and I can write no more.

*January 30. Tuesday.*

This is the night of the funeral, which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine at night, and I am removed into another apartment that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bedchamber.

With all the softness of temper that became a lady, she had the personal courage of a hero. She and her friend having removed their lodgings to a new house, which stood solitary, a parcel of rogues, armed, attempted the house, where there was only one boy. She was then about four-and-twenty; and having been warned to apprehend some such attempt, she learned the management of a pistol; and, the other women and servants being half-dead with fear, she stole softly to her dining-room window, put on a black hood to prevent being seen, primed the pistol fresh, gently lifted up the sash, and taking her aim with the utmost presence of mind, discharged the pistol, loaden with bullets, into the body of one villain who stood the fairest mark. The fellow, mortally wounded, was carried off by the rest, and died the next morning, but his companions could not be found. The Duke of Ormond had often drunk her health to me upon that account, and had always a high esteem for her. She was, indeed, under some apprehensions of going in a boat after some danger she had narrowly escaped by water, but she was reasoned thoroughly out of it. She was never known to cry out, or discover any fear, in a coach or on horseback; or any uneasiness by those sudden accidents with which most of her sex, either by weakness or affectation, appeared so much disordered.

She never had the least absence of mind in conversation, or was given to interruption, or appeared eager to put in her word, by waiting impatiently until another had done. She spoke in a most agreeable voice, in the plainest words, never hesitating, except out of modesty before new faces, where she was somewhat reserved; nor among her nearest friends, ever spoke much at a time. She was but little versed in the common topics of female chat; scandal, censure, and detraction never came out of her mouth; yet among a few friends, in private conversation, she made little ceremony in discovering her contempt of a coxcomb, and describing all his follies to the life; but the follies of her own sex she was rather inclined to extenuate or to pity.

When she was once convinced, by open facts, of any breach of truth or honour in a person of high station, especially in the Church, she could not conceal her indignation, nor hear them named without showing her displeasure in her countenance; particularly one or two of the latter sort, whom she had known and esteemed, but detested above all mankind when it was manifest that they had sacrificed those two precious virtues to their ambition; and would much sooner have forgiven them the commonest immoralities of the laity.

Her frequent fits of sickness, in most parts of her life, had prevented her from making that progress in reading which she would otherwise have done. She was well versed in Greek and Roman story, and was not unskilled in that of France and England. She spoke French perfectly, but forgot much of it by neglect and sickness. She had read carefully all the best books of travels, which serve to open and enlarge the mind. She understood the Platonic and Epicurean philosophy, and judged very well of the defects of the latter. She made very judicious abstracts of the best books she had read. She understood the nature of government, and could point out all the errors of Hobbes, both in that and religion. She had a good insight into physic, and knew somewhat of anatomy; in both which she was instructed in her younger days by an eminent physician, who had her long under his care, and bore the highest esteem for her person and understanding. She had a true taste of wit and good sense both in poetry and prose, and was a perfect good critic of style; neither was it easy to find a more proper or impartial judge, whose advice an author might better rely on, if he intended to send a thing into the world, provided it was on a subject that came within the compass of her knowledge. Yet, perhaps, she was sometimes too severe, which is a safe and pardonable error. She preserved her wit, judgment, and vivacity to the last, but often used to complain of her memory.

. . . . .

[I since writ as I found time.]

But her charity to the poor was a duty

not to be diminished, and therefore became a tax upon those tradesmen who furnish the fopperies of other ladies. She bought clothes as seldom as possible, and those as plain and cheap as consisted with the situation she was in; and wore no lace for many years. Either her judgment or fortune was extraordinary in the choice of those on whom she bestowed her charity, for it went farther in doing good than double the sum from any other hand. And I have heard her say she always met with gratitude from the poor; which must be owing to her skill in distinguishing proper objects, as well as her gracious manner in relieving them. But she had another quality that much delighted her, although it might be thought a check upon her bounty; however, it was a pleasure she could not resist: I mean that of making agreeable presents; wherein I never knew her equal, although it be an affair of as delicate a nature as most in the course of life. She used to define a present, that it was a gift to a friend of something he wanted or was fond of, and which could not be easily gotten for money. I am confident, during my acquaintance with her, she has, in these and some other kinds of liberality, disposed of to the value of several hundred pounds. As to presents made to herself, she received them with great unwillingness, but especially from those to whom she had ever given any; being, on all occasions, the most disinterested mortal I ever knew or heard of.

From her own disposition, at least as much as from the frequent want of health, she seldom made any visits; but her own lodgings, from before twenty years old, were frequented by many persons of the graver sort, who all respected her highly upon her good sense, good manners, and conversation. Among these were the late Primate Lindsay, Bishop Lloyd, Bishop Ashe, Bishop Brown, Bishop Sterne, Bishop Pulleyn, with some others of later date; and indeed the greatest number of her acquaintance was among the clergy. Honour, truth, liberality, good-nature, and modesty were the virtues she chiefly possessed, and most valued in her acquaintance: and where she found them, [she] would be ready to allow for some defects; nor valued them less although they did not shine in learning or in wit; but would never give the least allowance for any failures in the former, even to those who made the greatest figure in either of the two latter. She had no use of any person's liberality, yet her detestation of covetous people made her uneasy if such a one was in her company; upon which occasion she would say many things very entertaining and humorous.

She never interrupted any person who spoke; she laughed at no mistakes they made, but helped them out with modesty; and if a good thing were spoken, but neglected, she would not let it fall, but set it in the best light to those who were present. She listened to all that was said, and had never the least distraction or absence of thought.

It was not safe, nor prudent, in her presence, to offend in the least word against modesty; for then she gave full employment to her wit, her contempt, and resentment, under which even stupidity and brutality were forced to sink into confusion; and the guilty person, by her future avoiding him like a bear or a satyr, was never in a way to transgress a second time.

It happened one single coxcomb, of the pest kind, was in her company among several other ladies, and in his flippant way began to deliver some double meanings; the rest flapped their fans, and used the other common expedients practised in such cases, of appearing not to mind, or comprehend, what was said. Her behaviour was very different, and perhaps may be censured. She said thus to the man: "Sir, all these ladies and I understand your meaning very well, having, in spite of our care, too often met with those of your sex who wanted manners and good sense. But, believe me, neither virtuous nor even vicious women love such kind of conversation. However, I will leave you, and report your behaviour; and whatever visit I make, I shall first enquire at the door whether you are in the house, that I may be sure to avoid you." I know not whether a majority of ladies would approve of such a proceeding; but I believe the practice of it would soon put an end to that corrupt conversation, the worst effect of dulness, ignorance, impudence, and vulgarity, and the highest affront to the modesty and understanding of the female sex.

By returning very few visits, she had not much company of her own sex, except those whom she most loved for their easiness, or esteemed for their good sense: and those not insisting on ceremony, came often to her. But she rather chose men for her companions, the usual topic of ladies' discourse being such as she had little knowledge of, and less relish.

. . . . . .

## THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.[1]

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.

Reflect on things past, as wars, negotiations, factions, &c. We enter so little into those interests, that we wonder how men could possibly be so busy and concerned for things so transitory: look on the present times, we find the same humour, yet wonder not at all.

Positiveness is a good quality for preachers and orators, because he that would obtrude his thoughts and reasons upon a multitude, will convince others the more, as he appears convinced himself.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?

No preacher is listened to but Time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought that elder people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.

When we desire or solicit anything our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained our minds run wholly on the bad ones.

All fits of pleasure are balanced by an equal degree of pain or languor; it is like spending this year part of the next year's revenue.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Would a writer know how to behave himself with relation to posterity, let him consider in old books what he finds that he is glad to know, and what omissions he most laments.

Whatever the poets pretend, 'tis plain they give immortality to none but themselves. 'Tis Homer and Virgil we reverence and admire, not Achilles or Æneas. With historians it is quite the contrary; our thoughts are taken up with the actions, persons, and events we read, and we little regard the authors.

When a true genius appears in the world you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

Men who possess all the advantages of life are in a state where there are many accidents to disorder and discompose, but few to please them.

'Tis unwise to punish cowards with ignominy; for if they had regarded that they would not have been cowards: death is their proper punishment, because they fear it most.

I am apt to think, that in the day of judgment there will be small allowance given to the wise for their want of morals, nor to the ignorant for their want of faith, because both are without excuse. This renders the advantages equal of ignorance and knowledge. But some scruples in the wise, and some vices in the ignorant, will perhaps be forgiven upon the strength of temptation to each.

'Tis pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: *future ages shall talk of this; this shall be famous to all posterity;* whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

The chameleon, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, hath of all animals the nimblest tongue.

When a man is made a spiritual peer he loses his surname; when a temporal, his Christian name.

It is in disputes as in armies, where the weaker sides set up false lights, and make a great noise, to make the enemy believe them more numerous and strong than they really are.

Some men, under the notions of weeding out prejudices, eradicate virtue, honesty, and religion.

There are but three ways for a man to revenge himself of the censure of the world: to despise it, to return the like, or to endeavour to live so as to avoid it. The first of these is usually pretended, the last is almost impossible, the universal practice is for the second.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbours and passengers, but not the owner within.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, &c., beginning from his youth and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last!

What they do in heaven we are ignorant of; what they do not we are told expressly, that they neither marry nor are given in marriage.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

Physicians ought not to give their judgment

[1] These thoughts are perhaps more characteristic of the author than anything else he has left behind him.

of religion, for the same reason that butchers are not admitted to be jurors upon life and death.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is, because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

If a man will observe as he walks the streets, I believe he will find the merriest countenances in mourning-coaches.

Nothing more unqualifies a man to act with prudence, than a misfortune that is attended with shame and guilt.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable; for the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

Ill company is like a dog, who dirts those most whom he loves best.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

Invention is the talent of youth and judgment of age; so that our judgment grows harder to please when we have fewer things to offer it: this goes through the whole commerce of life. When we are old our friends find it difficult to please us, and are less concerned whether we be pleased or no.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

The motives of the best actions will not bear too strict an inquiry. It is allowed that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves; but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others; and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves. This makes the great distinction between virtue and vice. Religion is the best motive of all actions, yet religion is allowed to be the highest instance of self-love.

Old men view best at a distance with the eyes of their understanding as well as with those of nature.

Some people take more care to hide their wisdom than their folly.

Complaint is the largest tribute Heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men and most women is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth: so people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

Few are qualified to *shine* in company, but it is in most men's power to be *agreeable*. The reason therefore why conversation runs so low at present, is not the defect of understanding, but pride, vanity, ill nature, affectation, singularity, positiveness, or some other vice, the effect of a wrong education.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like, by which they plainly confess that these honours were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe if they had not been told: whereas a man truly proud thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whoever desires the character of a proud man, ought to conceal his vanity.

Law in a free country is, or ought to be, the determination of the majority of those who have property in land.

One argument used to the disadvantage of providence, I take to be a very strong one in its defence. It is objected that storms and tempests, unfruitful seasons, serpents, spiders, flies, and other noxious or troublesome animals, with many more instances of the like kind, discover an imperfection in nature, because human life would be much easier without them: but the design of providence may clearly be perceived in this proceeding. The motions of the sun and moon; in short, the whole system of the universe, as far as philosophers have been able to discover and observe, are in the utmost degree of regularity and perfection; but wherever God hath left to man the power of interposing a remedy by thought or labour, there he hath placed things in a state of imperfection, on purpose to stir up human industry, without which life would stagnate, or indeed rather could not subsist at all: *curis acuunt mortalia corda.*

Praise is the daughter of present power.

How inconsistent is man with himself!

I have known several persons of great fame for wisdom in public affairs and counsels, governed by foolish servants.

I have known great ministers, distinguished for wit and learning, who preferred none but dunces.

I have known men of great valour cowards to their wives.

I have known men of the greatest cunning perpetually cheated.

I knew three great ministers, who could exactly compute and settle the accounts of a kingdom, but were wholly ignorant of their own economy.

The preaching of divines helps to preserve well-inclined men in the course of virtue, but seldom or never reclaims the vicious.

Princes usually make wiser choices than the servants whom they trust for the disposal of places: I have known a prince more than once choose an able minister; but I never observed that minister to use his credit in the disposal of an employment to a person whom he thought the fittest for it. One of the greatest in this age[1] owned and excused the matter from the violence of parties, and the unreasonableness of friends.

Small causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy when great ones are not in the way: for want of a *block* he will stumble at a *straw*.

Dignity, high station, or great riches are in some sort necessary to old men, in order to keep the younger at a distance, who are otherwise too apt to insult them upon the score of their age.

Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.

Love of flattery in most men proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women from the contrary.

If books and laws continue to increase as they have done for fifty years past, I am in some concern for future ages, how any man will be learned, or any man a lawyer.

Kings are commonly said to have *long hands;* I wish they had as *long ears*.

Silenus, the foster-father of Bacchus, is always carried by an *ass*, and has horns on his head. The moral is, that drunkards are led by fools, and have a great chance to be cuckolds.

Venus, a beautiful, good-natured lady, was the goddess of love; Juno, a terrible shrew, the goddess of marriage: and they were always mortal enemies.

Those who are against religion must needs be fools; and therefore we read that of all animals, God refused the *first-born* of an ass.

A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot.

Apollo was held the god of physic and sender of diseases. Both were originally the same trade, and still continue.

There is a story in Pausanias of a plot for betraying of a city, discovered by the braying of an ass: the cackling of geese saved the Capitol, and Catiline's conspiracy was discovered by a whore. These are the only three animals, as far as I remember, famous in history for evidences and informers.

Most sorts of diversion in men, children, and other animals is an imitation of fighting.

Augustus meeting an ass with a *lucky name* foretold himself good fortune. I meet many asses, but none of them have lucky names.

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time.

Who can deny that all men are violent lovers of truth when we see them so positive in their errors, which they will maintain out of their zeal to truth, although they contradict themselves every day of their lives?

That was *excellently observed*, say I, when I read a passage in an author where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, there I pronounce him to be *mistaken*.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present, but are providing to live another time.

As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.

[1] Harley is referred to here.

## PROMETHEUS.

ON WOOD THE PATENTEE'S IRISH HALF-PENCE.

I.

When first the squire and tinker Wood,
Gravely consulting Ireland's good,
Together mingled in a mass
Smith's dust, and copper, lead, and brass;
The mixture thus by chimick art
United close in every part,
In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
Appear'd like one continu'd species;
And by the forming engine struck,
On all the same impression stuck.

So to confound this hated coin,
All parties and religions join;
Whigs, Tories, Trimmers, Hanoverians,
Quakers, Conformists, Presbyterians,
Scotch, Irish, English, French unite,
With equal int'rest, equal spite;
Together mingled in a lump,
Do all in one opinion jump;
And ev'ry one begins to find
The same impression on his mind.
A strange event! whom gold incites
To blood and quarrels, brass unites:
So goldsmiths say, the coarsest stuff
Will serve for sodder well enough:
So, by the kettle's loud alarm
The bees are gather'd to a swarm:
So, by the brazen trumpet's bluster
Troops of all tongues and nations muster:
And so the harp of Ireland brings
Whole crowds about its brazen strings.

II.

There is a chain let down from Jove,
But fasten'd to his throne above;
So strong, that from the lower end,
They say, all human things depend:
This chain, as ancient poets hold,
When Jove was young, was made of gold,
Prometheus once this chain purloin'd,
Dissolv'd, and into money coin'd;
Then whips me on a chain of brass
(Venus was brib'd to let it pass).
Now while this brazen chain prevail'd,
Jove saw that all devotion fail'd;
No temple to his godship rais'd,
No sacrifice on altars blaz'd;
In short, such dire confusion follow'd,
Earth must have been in chaos swallow'd:
Jove stood amaz'd, but looking round,
With much ado the cheat he found;
'Twas plain he could no longer hold
The world in any chain but gold;
And to the god of wealth, his brother,
Sent Mercury to get another.

III.

Prometheus on a rock is laid,
Ty'd with the chain himself had made,
On icy Caucasus to shiver,
While vultures eat his growing liver.
Ye pow'rs of Grub Street, make me able
Discreetly to apply this fable.
Say, who is to be understood
By that old thief Prometheus?—Wood.
For Jove, it is not hard to guess him,
I mean his majesty, *God bless him!*
This thief and blacksmith was so bold,
He strove to steal that chain of gold
(Which links the subject to the king),
And change it for a brazen string.
But sure, if nothing else must pass
Between the king and us but brass,
Altho' the chain will never crack,
Yet our devotion may grow slack.
But Jove will soon convert, I hope,
This brazen chain into a rope;
With which Prometheus shall be ty'd,
And high in air for ever ride;
Where, if we find his liver grows,
For want of vultures we have crows.

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## WISHES AND REALITIES.

IMITATED FROM HORACE.

I often wished that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store,
But should be perfectly content
Could I but live on this side Trent;
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of use,
Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas;
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found;
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown.
Let my lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round.
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green,
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplext,
And smiling, whispers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud
To jostle here among a crowd."
Another in a surly fit
Tells me I have more zeal than wit.
"So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,

But rudely press before a duke."
I own I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw,
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.

This, humbly offers me his case—
That, begs my int'rest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs
Like bees are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on,
Without your help the cause is gone"—
The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two—
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
Consider 'tis my first request"—
Be satisfied, I'll do my best:—
Then presently he falls to tease,
"You may for certain, if you please;
I doubt not, if his lordship knew"—
And Mr. Dean, one word from you—

'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, "What's a-clock?" and "How's the wind?"
"Whose chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Stains,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing Cross.

Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well:
"How think you of our friend the Dean?
I wonder what some people mean;
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together, *tête-à-tête:*
What, they admire him for his jokes—
See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at court,
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechised in ev'ry street.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
Inform us, will the emp'ror treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret"——I protest
'Tis one to me.——"Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, tho' I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord-mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly toss'd,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country seat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.

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## THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

IN IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

Parson, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the bishop's blessing.
A wife that makes conserves; a steed
That carries double where there's need:
October store, and best Virginia,
Tithe pig, and mortuary guinea:
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd:
A large concordance (bound long since),
Sermons to Charles the First, when prince;
A chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in:
The polyglot—three parts—my text,
Howbeit—likewise—now to my next,
Lo here the Septuagint—and Paul,
To sum the whole—the close of all.

He that has these may pass his life,
Drink with the squire, and kiss his wife:
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on Fridays, if he will;
Toast church and queen, explain the news
Talk with church-wardens about pews,
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at Doctor Swift.

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## STELLA'S BIRTHDAY, 1724.

As when a beauteous nymph decays
We say, she's past her dancing days;
So, poets lose their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather chose

To celebrate your birth in prose;
Yet merry folks who want by chance
A pair to make a country dance,
Call the old housekeeper, and get her
To fill a place, for want of better;
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid disgrace
Once more the Dean supplies their place.
Beauty and wit, too sad a truth,
Have always been confin'd to youth;
The god of wit, and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and she fifteen;
No poet every sweetly sung
Unless he were, like Phœbus, young;
Nor ever nymph inspir'd to rhyme,
Unless, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-six, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or at the age of forty-three,
Are you a subject fit for me?
Adieu bright wit, and radiant eyes;
You must be grave, and I be wise.
Our fate in vain we would oppose,
But I'll be still your friend in prose;
Esteem and friendship to express,
Will not require poetic dress;
And if the Muse deny her aid
To have them sung, they may be said.
But, Stella, say, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young?
That Time sits with his scythe to mow
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow;
That half your locks are turn'd to gray;
I'll ne'er believe a word they say.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown;
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my sight,
And wrinkles undistinguished pass,
For I'm asham'd to use a glass;
And till I see them with these eyes,
Whoever says you have them, lies.
No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, sense and wit.
Thus you may still be young to me
While I can better hear than see:
Oh ne'er may fortune show her spite,
To make me deaf, and mend my sight.

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## IN SICKNESS.[1]

'Tis true, then why should I repine,
To see my life so fast decline?
But, why obscurely here alone,
Where I am neither lov'd nor known?
My state of health none care to learn;
My life is here no soul's concern:
And those with whom I now converse,
Without a tear will tend my hearse.
Remov'd from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art, but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit, or his fee.
Some formal visits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which those who tend the sick for pay,
Can act as decently as they:
But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own.

Ye formal weepers for the sick,
In your last offices be quick:
And spare my absent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expir'd to-day, intomb'd to-morrow,
When known, will save a double sorrow.

[1] Written soon after the author's coming to live in Ireland, upon the queen's death, October, 1714.

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## THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND.

A set of phrases learned by rote,
A passion for a scarlet coat;
When at a play to laugh or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reason why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all she prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for wit;
His learning mounts to read a song,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Hath every repartee in store
She spoke ten thousand times before;
Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parson's gown,
The sight will put her in a swoon;
For conversation well endued,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing;
Nor makes a scruple to expose
Your bandy leg or crooked nose;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The scandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her skill
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.
In choosing lace a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the lowest price;

Can in her female clubs dispute
What lining best the silk will suit;
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.
If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So sweetly screams if it comes near her,
She ravishes all hearts to hear her;
Can dext'rously her husband tease,
By taking fits whene'er she please;
By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper seasons to be sick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
At once creating love and pity;
If Molly happens to be careless,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as sure as death,
And vows she scarce can fetch her breath;
Admires how modest women can
Be so robustious, like a man.
In party furious to her power;
A bitter Whig, or Tory sour;
Her arguments directly tend
Against the side she would defend;
Will prove herself a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain;
And to defend the Whiggish cause,
Her topics from the Tories draws.
O yes! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be sent to Mrs. Harding,
She'll pay the charges to a farthing:
Take notice, she has my commission
To add them in the next edition;
They may outsell a better thing:
So, holla, boys! God save the king!

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### LAWYERS.

I own the curses of mankind
Sit light upon a lawyer's mind;
The clamours of ten thousand tongues
Break not his rest, nor hurt his lungs.
I own his conscience always free,
Provided he has got his fee:
Secure of constant peace within,
He knows no guilt who knows no sin.
Yet well they merit to be pitied,
By clients always overwitted:
And though the gospel seems to say
What heavy burdens lawyers lay
Upon the shoulders of their neighbour,
Nor lend a finger to the labour,
Always for saving their own bacon,
No doubt the text is here mistaken:
The copy's false, and sense is rackt;
To prove it I appeal to fact,
And thus by demonstration show
What burdens lawyers undergo.
With early clients at his door,
Though he was drunk the night before,
And crop-sick with unclubb'd-for wine,
The wretch must be at court by nine;
Half sunk beneath his briefs and bag,
As ridden by a midnight hag;
Then from the bar harangues the bench,
In English vile, and viler French,
And Latin, vilest of the three,
And all for poor ten moidores' fee.
Of paper how is he profuse!
With periods long, in terms abstruse,
What pains he takes to be prolix!
A thousand lines to stand for six;
Of common sense without a word in,
And is not this a grievous burden!
The lawyer is a common drudge,
To fight our cause before the judge!
And, what is yet a greater curse,
Condemn'd to bear his client's purse,
While he, at ease, secure and light,
Walks boldly home at dead of night:
When term is ended leaves the town,
Trots to his country-mansion down,
And, disencumber'd of his load,
No danger dreads upon the road;
Despiseth rapparees, and rides
Safe through the Newry mountains' sides.[1]

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## SAMUEL BOYSE.

Born 1708 — Died 1749.

[Samuel Boyse is a glaring instance of how readily a man of genius may be a fool in conduct, and how the grossest manners and most unpardonable vices may co-exist with the most wonderful talent. He is also a proof, if proof were needed, that Bohemianism is a weakness and not a strength, and that those who follow it because men of genius have been Bohemians, are about as wise as if they desired to be in-

[1] Famous for the exploits of Redmond O'Hanlon, the Irish Robin Hood.

oculated with some foul disease because some great poet or writer had one time suffered from it. Boyse's life is indeed among the saddest in all our long list of many-sided and many-fated authors.

Boyse was born in Dublin in the year 1708. He was the son of a well-known Dissenting minister of that day, one of whose sermons was ordered to be burned by the Irish parliament in 1711. He received the rudiments of his education at a private school, and at eighteen was sent to the University of Glasgow, where, before completing his first year of study, he married a tradesman's daughter. The marriage was an unhappy one; vice and extravagance wedded to vice and extravagance. However, though vexed at his marriage, the foolish father of the foolish poet continued for a while to support him, but this at last ceasing, Boyse moved to Edinburgh, where his genius and talents soon procured him many friends. Among these was the Countess of Eglinton, to whom in 1731 he addressed his first volume of poems. About this time also appeared his elegy on Lady Stormount, entitled *The Tears of the Muses*, which is still spoken of as a graceful poem, and with which Lord Stormount was so much pleased that he presented Boyse with a handsome donation.

The success of these publications, as well as the favour of those able to further him, might well have been used by Boyse as a first step towards fame and greatness. But his nature was low and grovelling, and so soon as he became possessed of a pound or two it was spent in vulgar but costly luxuries and dissipation. He soon fell into such a state of wretchedness and contempt that he determined to leave Edinburgh and try his fortune in the great metropolis. This decision he made known to the Duchess of Gordon, who, still believing in his abilities, gave him a letter of recommendation to Pope, and obtained him another to Lord-chancellor King. However, on coming to London he was too indolent to make use of the recommendations, and in a short time he had fallen so low that he had no clothes to appear in. Cibber says that he had neither shirt nor coat nor any kind of apparel; "the sheets in which he lay were gone to the pawnbroker's; he was obliged to be confined to bed with no other covering than a blanket; and he had little support but what is got by writing letters to his friends in the most abject style. His mode of studying and writing was curious: he sat up in bed, with the blanket wrapped about him, through which he had cut a hole large enough to admit his arm, and, placing the paper on his knee, scribbled in the best manner he could."

In 1742 he got thrown into a sponging-house, but by some means obtained his liberty before long. About this time he wrote several poems, "but these, though excellent of their kind, were lost to the world by being introduced with no advantage." He had also constantly recourse to the meanest tricks to procure donations or so-called loans. Sometimes he would cause his wife to appear in tears and declare that he was on the point of death, and when relieved by some one his benefactor would probably be astonished by meeting the dying man next day in the street. In 1743 he published a successful ode on the Battle of Dettingen, entitled *Albion's Triumph*. In 1745 he was at Reading, engaged on a hack work "An Historical Review of the Transactions of Europe, from the Commencement of the War with Spain in 1739, to the Insurrection in Scotland in 1745." This appeared in 1747, and, according to one of his biographers, "is said not to be destitute of merit."

While at Reading his wife died, and on his return to London Boyse for a time acted a little more decently than usual. Reform, however, was now almost too late: his health was ruined, and he could only drag on a miserable career until, in May, 1749, after a lingering illness, he died in a low lodging in Shoe Lane, and was buried by the parish authorities of St. Bride's.

In the two volumes of Boyse's works which have been published many poems deserve to rank very high. *The Home of Content* is a poem which might have been written by Akenside at his very best; but *The Glory of the Deity* is a noble poem, which Akenside even at his best could never have written. Harvey, no very great critic, by the way, speaks of it as "a beautiful and instructive poem;" and Fielding, a much more weighty authority, gives a quotation from it which he calls "a noble one, and taken from a poem long since buried in oblivion; a proof that good books, no more than good men, do not always survive the bad." However, the poem had not fallen into such oblivion as Fielding imagined, for by 1752 a third edition of it had appeared. The chief beauties of Boyse's poetry are, strange to say, sublimity, elegance, and pathos; their chief defect a certain looseness of construction in places, caused by rapidity of production and utter want of revision. His poems were each flung upon the world to serve some momentary purpose, and when

this was effected he thought and cared no more about them. In addition to the two volumes published, it is said there are enough equally good to fill four more such. Who will look after them and give them to the world?]

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## HOPE'S FAREWELL.

"O Life, vain joy, which mortals court,
The prey of death and fortune's sport,
Tell me, when so unkind to me,
Oh why should I be fond of thee?

"When from the silent womb of space,
Struggling I broke to thy embrace,
My tears prophetic seem'd to tell
You meant not, Life, to use me well.

"The joys you gave my youth to taste
Were but like children's toys at best,
Which passion grasped with eager play,
But reason, frowning, threw away!

"Yet, fond enchantress, still thy wile
Had power my senses to beguile,
Cheated, although the fraud I knew,
And pleased because it still was new.

"In vain I heard, in vain I read,
Of thousands by thy love betray'd!
I listened to thy magic call,
And held thee dear in spite of all.

"Led by thy captivating hand
Through wanton pleasure's fairy land,
I cried, unskill'd in future harms,
O Life, how lovely are thy charms!

"But on the front of riper years
Advanced a train of sullen cares,
While giddy Fortune turned her head,
And Pleasure's golden prospects fled.

"'Twas then, of all recourse bereaved,
Too late I found myself deceived,
And wish'd, fond Life, with vain regret,
That thou and I had never met."

But Life, who treats with high disdain
The worn-out slaves that drag her chain,
Regardless all my griefs survey'd,
And triumphed in the ills she made.

Abandoned thus to Fortune's rage,
Soon I was spied by trembling Age,
Who bid me calm my anxious breast,
For he would lead me soon to rest.

When Hope, a nymph of heav'nly race,
Addressed in smiles her cheerful face,
Soft interposed with friendly air,
To save me from the arms of Care.

"And what, unhappy, tempts thee so?"
She cried, "and whither wouldst thou go?
'Tis but a mark of weakness shown
To fly from life to ills unknown.

"Go ask the wretch in torture this,
Why courts he life if not a bliss?
Nor quits the partner Nature gave
For the cold horrors of the grave."

Short I replied—"False nymph, forbear
With syren tales to soothe my ear;
Forbear thy arts, too often tried,
Nor longer thou shalt be my guide.

"Ten tedious years!—a space too long—
Still hast thou led, and led me wrong;
At least thy vain attendance cease,
And leave me here to die in peace."

To which she answered with a sigh,
"Thou hast thy wish! if I comply
Death soon will ease thee, left alone,
For Life is lost when Hope is gone."

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## THE HOME OF CONTENT.

The tempest ceas'd—and all the sober night
Intent our course aerial we pursued,
Till, as Aurora dawn'd with ruddy light,
An island we perceived that stemm'd the flood.
No hills nor trees adorn'd the level soil
Where bleating flocks a plenteous herbage found;
Low lay the prospect of the bleating isle,
With here and there a spot of tillage ground
By which the humble village stood descry'd,
Where never entered arts, or luxury, or pride!

O'er many a sea-green holm we wafted went,
Where undisturbed the feathered nations lay!
Till, lighting on the plain with soft descent,
We saw a reverend form advance our way.
And now approaching with an easy pace,
The venerable sage before us stands:
White were his hairs, and cheerful was his face,
At once delights his aspect and commands.
I felt all care suspended at his view,
Whom better far than I his kindred goddess knew.

Of homespun russet was the garb he wore,
Girt with a velvet seal's divided skin;
Of woollen yarn the mittens which he wore,

To keep him from the breath of Boreas thin.
An easy path along the verdant ground
Soon to his hospitable cottage led;
Ere yet instructed, I my error found,
Nor knew the cause my first emotion bred
Till, as into his clean abode we went,
Kind Patience whispered me our host was called
Content.

Sweet was his earthen floor with rushes spread,
Sweet was each shell-wrought bowl and wooden
dish,
Sweet was the quilt composed his healthy bed,
Nor wanted he for fowl or sun-dried fish,
And milk of sheep, and turf, a plenteous store,
Which lay beneath his comfortable roof;
No storms, no accidents could make him poor,
He and his house, I ween, were weather-proof.
A bachelor he wonde, devoid of care,
Which made him now appear so healthy and so fair.

Long time with Patience fair discourse he held
(Oft had the goddess been his welcome guest),
Nor she the friendly intercourse repell'd,
But the good sire familiarly address'd.
Thus were we happily conversant set,
When from the neighbouring village rose a cry,
And drew our hasty steps where numbers met,
Like us, appear'd to know the reason—Why?
Nor needed answer: on the seaweed spray—
Too visible reply!—the wave-toss'd body lay.

How stood I shock'd—when in the semblant face
(By death unalter'd, or the cruel flood)
I could of Lycidas each feature trace,
Young Lycidas, the learned and the good.
"O Heaven!" cried I, "what sorrows will he feel,
Debarr'd the promis'd hope of thy return;
Not all his skill the mental wound can heal,
Or cure a loss he must so justly mourn!
How will he weep when in the ocean grave
He hears a brother lost he could have died to save."

Here with observant eye, and look serene,
Thus check'd the good old man my plaintive speech:
"Best in submission piety is seen,
That lesson let thy kind conductress teach:
But lest the youth thy friend bewails should want
The rites departed merit ought to find,
Let these assembled natives kindly grant
The unpolluted grave, by Heaven assign'd;
A corpse that claim'd a due interment more
Yet never wafted wave to Faroe's guiltless shore!"

He said—obedient to his just commands
The zealous youth the breathless body bear;
Some form the sepulchre with careful hands,
While round the virgins drop the artless tear.
Such flowers as nature grants the ruder clime,
Such flowers around with pious care they shed,
And sing the funeral dirge in Runic rhyme,
Allotted to the sage or warrior dead:
While as these fruitless honours are bestow'd,
Content, with sober speech, his purpose thus avow'd:

"What boots thee now, lost youth! that cross the
main
Thou spread the daring sail from pole to pole,
Wealth to acquire, and knowledge to attain,—
Knowledge, the nobler treasure of thy soul.
Beneath the scorching of the medial line,
On Afric's sand, and India's golden coast,
Virtue gave thee with native truth to shine,
Drest in each excellence that youth could boast,
And now she gives thee from the wave to rise,
And reach the safer port prepared thee in the skies.

"Yet take these honours, thy deserv'd reward,
Call this untroubled spot of earth thy own,
Here shall thy ashes find a due regard,
And annual sweets around thy grave be thrown:
Directing Heaven ordain'd thy early end
From fraud and guilt to save thy blameless youth;
To show that death no terrors can attend
Where piety resides and holy truth.
Here take thy rest within this hallow'd ground,
Till the last trump emit the death-awakening
sound."

He ceas'd: attentive to the words he said,
In earth the natives place the honoured clay,
With holy rites they cover up his head,
A spotless grave where never mortal lay.
Charm'd with the simple manners of the isle,
I wish'd some further knowledge to receive;
Here could have dwelt with old Content awhile,
And learn'd of him the happiness to live!
When Patience from my side abruptly broke,
And starting at the loss I suddenly awoke!

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## THE GOLDEN RULE.

Honest friend! say all you can,
In life still holds the golden rule:
That riches make a fool a man,
And poverty a man—a fool!

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## JUSTICE, WHY BLIND?

Says Will to Mat—"What cause can be assign'd
Why sacred Themis still is pictured blind?"
"Because," says Will, "when towering vice prevails
She may excuse the error of her scales;
For most who know this present age agree,
Whate'er she thinks,—she does not care to see!"

# SIR HANS SLOANE.

BORN 1660 — DIED 1752.

[Sir Hans Sloane, ever memorable as the actual founder of the British Museum, was born at Killyleagh in the county of Down, on the 16th of April, 1660. His father was collector of taxes for the county, and as such was able to give his son a good education, in the process of which the bent of his genius towards the study of natural history disclosed itself. At sixteen, owing to intense application, he was attacked with a spitting of blood, and for almost three years his life was despaired of. At the end of this time he recovered, and choosing physic for his profession at once plunged into the study of chemistry and botany. To acquire these thoroughly he removed to London, where for four years he attended all the public lectures on chemistry, anatomy, and botany. During this time also he made the acquaintance of Boyle and Ray, to both of whom he gave help, and from them received advice and assistance.

At the end of his four years in London he went to Paris, where he attended the hospitals, and heard the lectures of Tournefort and Duberney. From Tournefort he received letters of introduction to the chancellor of the University of Montpellier; by him he was introduced to M. Magnol, an eminent botanist, who accompanied him in many botanical excursions. After spending a whole year in making collections around Montpellier he made a journey through Languedoc with the same object in view; and in 1684 returned to London, where he intended to settle and follow his profession of physic. In 1685 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1687 a Fellow of the College of Physicians. From this time his London practice was very lucrative, and a fortunate speculation in a quantity of cinchona which he imported helped to build up his fortune.

Before long, however, the prospects of making new discoveries in natural history induced him to go out to Jamaica as physician to the Duke of Albemarle, then governor of that island. Although he remained only some fifteen months in Jamaica, yet when he returned to England he brought with him a surprising collection of plants as well as a rich collection of animal specimens. In 1693 he was appointed secretary to the Royal Society, and as his first work in his new position revived the publication of the Society's *Transactions*, which had been interrupted. These he continued to edit till 1712, and in the volumes for this period will be found many papers from his pen. In 1694 he was chosen physician to Christ's Hospital, the money from which appointment he devoted entirely to the relief of poor patients in the hospital. In 1695 he married, and in 1697 published his *Catalogue of the Native Plants of Jamaica*. In 1701 his rich collections were made still richer by a bequest from a friend, Mr. William Courten, who had spent the greater part of his fortune and lifetime in getting together the museum which he left to Sloane. At this time his position not only as a scientific man but also as a physician was very high. He was constantly consulted by Queen Anne, and attended her during her last illness. On the accession of George I. he was created a baronet, and made physician-general; and in 1727 he was appointed physician to George II. In the same year also, on the death of Newton, he was appointed president of the Royal Society; and in 1733, owing to growing years and labours, he resigned the presidentship of the Royal College of Physicians, to which he had been elected in 1719. In 1740, at the age of eighty, he resigned the presidentship of the Royal Society and retired to Chelsea, where he had established a botanic garden. Here he continued to receive the visits of learned men, native and foreign, and, says his biographer, "admittance was never refused to the poor, who came to consult him concerning their health." After an illness of only three days, he died on the 11th of January, 1752, in his ninety-second year.

In the will left by Sir Hans Sloane he bequeathed a sum of money to every hospital in London; he gave the Company of the Apothecaries the freehold of the botanical garden at Chelsea, where a marble statue was afterwards erected to his memory; and to the nation he devised his museum, worth at least £80,000, on the condition that £20,000 should be paid to his family. The coins in the collection were worth as bullion some £7000, and indeed "the intrinsic value of the gold and silver medals, the ores and precious stones, that were

found in it" was alone equal to the £20,000. Besides these rich specimens and the natural history collections, the museum also contained a library of more than 50,000 volumes, 3566 of which were manuscripts, and a large number very rare and curious. The government of course accepted the offer contained in the will, and the museum was removed to Montagu House, Bloomsbury. It there formed the nucleus of one of our noblest institutions, the British Museum, which was opened in 1759 to the general public.

In addition to his *Catalogue of Jamaica Plants*, Sir Hans Sloane wrote *The Natural History of Jamaica*, which appeared in two volumes folio in 1707 and 1725. He also wrote a considerable number of papers, many of which, as we have said, appeared in the *Transactions of the Royal Society*. The larger work has been highly commended, not only at the time of its appearance, but frequently since then, notably by Dr. Friend in his *History of Physic*.]

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## THE COCO TREE.

Pyrara de la Val, who lived several years in the Maldive Islands, and by his own experience knew more of this tree than any writer I know of, tells that there it is called Roul, in Malabar Tengua, in Guzaratte Narquilly, by the Portuguese Palermo and fruit Cocos; it grows only in the torrid zone, tho' there not everywhere; more in the Maldives than in any other part; they are forced to cut them down to make room for houses, which they suffer them not near, because the winds sometimes blow them down on their houses and kill the inhabitants in them. Rats eat holes in them when green for meat and drink, whereby they dry and fall, often killing those about them, because of the height, with their weight, so that in the desert isles the ground is covered with them, but not so where the isles are inhabited, because when so dried they make good fuel. Ants make their tracks at their feet, and carry the earth from them, whence they fall. They grow twenty toises high. The under half of the tree is good for building and shipping. The under part, three foot high where 'tis thickest, makes a trough for honey or water. Cocos are sometimes in a bunch; a bunch comes every month; it loves moist and sandy ground, and does not come well within land; if no water be in it and it be too dry it will not grow. The whole fruit must be planted, otherwise it corrupts; when water shakes on striking on it or not it is a sign of its being ripe or not. The middle rib cleaves and makes laths and palisades; the leaves serve for thatch; with stiles they write on them as paper. They are used for sails, mats, hats, panniers, and parasols, and everything usually in Europe made of osier or willow; little baskets, brooms, and coffers are made of the middle ribs of it. Javelins are made of the middle ribs tied together and lacquered. They make pins of them likewise, and steep the bark of the fruit or husk somewhat green peel'd from the nuts to make ropes or oakum. It is to lie three weeks in the sea-water covered with sand, then the inhabitants beat it as hemp or flax with wooden mallets, make match of it when the fruit is ripe, which is not soaked and beat but spun with all its substance, when they boil it with ashes and use it for match all over the Indies, except where cocos are scarce, where they use cotton. Pots, spoons, and cups are made of the shell, and forge coal. The kernel is eat as bread with other victuals, and grated and pressed; it gives milk, as sugared milk or almond milk, and with honey or sugar is drank fasting, and is their only purging medicine. This milk boiled thickens and turns into oil fit for fricasees, &c., for lamps, and for curing ulcers. The author was cured with it; it is also good for the itch. From a yellow oil it grows a white butter, being kept three months to be used as oil. The marc or dry part of the kernel, pressed with honey or sugar, is used to make preserves; when very young husk and all is eat like an apple, but this is only one kind, which is not good when ripe. They make quarts or measures of the spathes and conserves of the flowers. The membrane between the leaves is good to make sacks and also sieves to strain things through. The Indians cut the flowering footstalk a foot high, and get a sort of wine, a quart a day for six months; they boil it with some clear white stones found in the sea, and make it into honey or sugar, and with other stones it is made whiter; they make good arrack and good vinegar of it. The drawing this liquor spoils the fruit of the tree. The tender top, three foot in length, is good to eat. The ripe fruit, left in moist places or in the ground three weeks or a month, the sprout or germen is good meat and very tender. They dry the kernel to send it to Arabia, by dividing the nut in two and exposing it to the sun to dry.

# THOMAS SOUTHERNE.

Born 1660 — Died 1746.

[Thomas Southerne, whom one of his biographers calls "the great founder of our modern school of dramatic production," was born at Oxmanstown near Dublin, in, according to Cibber, the year 1660. He was educated for a short time at the university in that city, and in his eighteenth year quitted Ireland and went to Oxford. From Oxford he removed to Middle Temple, London, where, instead of law, he studied poetry, and devoted himself to the Muses. Soon after this he made the acquaintance of Dryden, and in 1682, when in his twenty-third year, his first play, *The Persian Prince, or Loyal Brothers*, appeared, with a prologue by the mighty John. It was highly successful, and so pleased the Duke of York, that on his accession to the throne he gave Southerne a commission as captain under himself. On James's abdication the poet retired to his studies, and commenced anew a successful career of play-writing. Before this, however, he had in 1684 produced *The Disappointment*, which was, like his first play, a great success. His first work now to appear was *The Rambling Lady, or Sir Anthony Love*, produced in 1690, and favoured by the public like the others. In 1692 appeared *The Wives' Excuse*, generally reckoned a better play than any of the three previous ones, yet it was badly received. On this Southerne immediately printed the play with a copy of commendatory verses by Dryden prefixed to it. In these verses Dryden attributes the failure of the play to the bad taste of the audience and not to any defect in Southerne's work; and Southerne in his remarks stated that Dryden, in speaking of it, had said that "the public had been kind to *Sir Anthony Love* and were only required to be just to this."

However, Southerne was not to be disheartened, but rather learned a lesson by the comparative failure of *The Wives' Excuse*, and in 1693 appeared *The Maid's Last Prayer*. In 1694 he produced his *Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage*, a play which to this day keeps the stage, and which, with his *Oroonoko*, must be ranked among the first-class plays in our language. *Oroonoko* appeared in 1696, and is said by some to be the very best of his plays. The editor of Cumberland's *British Theatre* says that "as a poem it is nearly all that criticism can desire," and he points out several passages in it which he considers "eminently beautiful." In 1700 his *Siege of Capua* was produced, and in 1713 a complete edition of his then works appeared in two volumes, including *The Spartan Dame*, which was not acted till 1719. Finally, in 1726 appeared the last of his plays, *Money is the Mistress*, and an edition of his works, including this last play, was published some time after in three vols. 12mo.

As we have indicated, Southerne's career as a dramatist was a successful one. In his preface to *The Spartan Dame* he acknowledges having received £150 for it from the booksellers, a price then thought very extraordinary. To Dryden he once owned that he had made £700 altogether by one of his plays, but it must be confessed he had a business faculty for pushing his wares that Dryden did not possess, and might have thought it beneath him to exercise. Pope speaks of him in his kindly *Epistle* in 1742 as

> —— "Tom, whom Heaven sent down to raise
> The price of prologues and of plays".

Southerne lived several years after the production of his last play. Oldys says of him that "he lived near Covent Garden and used often to frequent the evening prayers there, always neat and decently dressed, commonly in black, with his silver sword and silver locks; but latterly it seems he resided at Westminster". Indeed, he lived there the last ten years of his life, and "attended the abbey service very constantly; being, as it is said, particularly fond of church music". On the 26th of May, 1746, he died at the patriarchal age of eighty-five.]

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## EXTRACT FROM "OROONOKO".

[The story of this tragedy is, unhappily, true. In the reign of Charles the Second an African prince was stolen from his native kingdom of Angola, and sold into slavery. The celebrated dramatic writer Mrs. Behn, who at that time resided with her family at Surinam, of which her father was lieutenant-general, was intimately

acquainted with Oroonoko and his Imoinda. On her return to England she published their memoirs.]

*Enter* BLANDFORD *and his Party.*

*Bland.* O miserable sight! help,
Assist me to free him from his chains.
[*They help him up, and bring him forward, looking down.*
Most injured prince! how shall we clear ourselves?
We are not guilty of your injuries,
No way consenting to them; but abhor,
Abominate, and loathe this cruelty.
*Oroo.* If you would have me think you are not all
Confederates, all accessary to
The base injustice of your governor;
If you would have me live, as you appear
Concern'd for me; if you would have me live
To thank and bless you, there is yet a way
To tie me ever to your honest love;
Bring my Imoinda to me; give me her,
To charm my sorrows, and, if possible,
I'll sit down with my wrongs, never to rise
Against my fate, or think of vengeance more.
*Bland.* Be satisfied—you may depend upon us;
We'll bring her safe to you, and suddenly.
In the meantime
Endeavour to forget, sir, and forgive;
And hope a better fortune.
[*Exeunt Blandford and his party.*
*Oroo.* Forget! forgive! I must indeed forget,
When I forgive; but, while I am a man,
In flesh, that bears the living marks of shame,
The print of his dishonourable chains,
I never can forgive this governor,
This villain.
What shall I do? If I declare myself,
I know him, he will creep behind his guard
Of followers, and brave me in his fears;
"Else, lion-like, with my devouring rage,
I would rush on him, fasten on his throat,
Tear a wide passage to his treacherous heart,
And that way lay him open to the world."
[*Pausing.*
If I should turn his Christian arts on him,
Promise him, speak him fair, flatter, and creep
With fawning steps to get within his faith,
I could betray him then, as he has me;
But, am I sure by that to right myself?
Lying's a certain mark of cowardice;
And, when the tongue forgets its honesty,
The heart and hand may drop their functions too,
And nothing worthy be resolved or done.
Honour should be concerned in honour's cause.
Let me but find out
An honest remedy, I have the hand,
A ministering hand, that will apply it home.
. . . . . .
To honour bound! and yet a slave to love!
I am distracted by their rival powers,
And both will be obey'd. O, great revenge!
Thou raiser and restorer of fallen fame!
Let me not be unworthy of thy aid,
For stopping in thy course: I still am thine,
But can't forget I am Imoinda's too.
She calls me from my wrongs to rescue her.
No man condemn me who has never felt
A woman's power, or tried the force of love:
Love, love will be
My first ambition, and my fame the next.

*Enter* ABOAN, *bloody.*

. . . . . .
*Aboan.* I have no name
That can distinguish me from the vile earth
To which I'm going: a poor abject worm,
That crawl'd a while upon the bustling world,
And now am trampled to my dust again.
*Oroo.* I see thee gash'd and mangled.
*Aboan.* Spare my shame,
To tell how they have used me: but believe
The hangman's hand would have been merciful.
Do not you scorn me, sir, to think I can
Intend to live under this infamy.
I do not come for pity, but for pardon.
*Oroo.* For pardon! wound me not with keener anguish
Than yet I feel, by thinking thou canst need it:
Thou'st spent an honourable life with me;
The earliest servant of my rising fame.
*Aboan.* And would attend it with my latest care:
My life was yours, and so shall be my death.
You must not live; alas! you must not live:
Bending and sinking, I have dragg'd my steps
Thus far, to tell you that you cannot live;
To warn you of those ignominious wrongs,
Whips, rods, and all the instruments of death,
Which I have felt, and are prepar'd for you.
This was the duty that I had to pay.
'Tis done, and now I beg to be discharg'd.
*Oroo.* What shall I do for thee?
*Aboan.* My body tires,
And wo' not bear me off to liberty:
I shall again be taken, made a slave.
A sword, a dagger, yet would rescue me.
I have not strength to go and find out death,
You must direct him to me.
*Oroo.* Here he is. [*Gives him a dagger.*
The only present I can make thee now:
I would bestow the honest means of death.
*Aboan.* I cannot stay to thank you. If there is
A being after this, I shall be yours
In the next world, your faithful slave again.
This is to try. (*Stabs himself.*) I had a living sense
Of all your royal favours, but this last
Strikes through my heart. I wo' not say farewell,
For you must follow me. [*Dies.*
*Oroo.* In life and death,

The guardian of my honour. Follow thee!
I should have gone before thee; then, perhaps,
Thy fate had been prevented. All his care
Was to preserve me from the barbarous rage
That worry'd him, only for being mine.
Why, why, ye gods! why am I so accurs'd,
That it must be a reason of your wrath,
A guilt, a crime sufficient to the fate
Of any one, but to belong to me?
My friend has found it out, and my wife will soon:
My wife! the very fear's too much for life.
I can't support it. Where's Imoinda? Oh!
[*Going out he meets Imoinda, who runs into his arms.*
Thou bosom softness! Down of all my cares!
I could recline my thoughts upon this breast
To a forgetfulness of all my griefs,
And yet be happy; but it wo' not be.
Thou art disorder'd, pale, and out of breath!
If fate pursues thee, find a shelter here.
What is it thou wouldst tell me?

*Imo.* 'Tis in vain to call him villain.

*Oroo.* Call him governor; is it not so?

*Imo.* There's not another, sure.

*Oroo.* Villain's the common name of mankind here,
But his most properly. What? what of him?
I fear to be resolv'd, and must inquire.

. . . . . .

What could preserve thee? What deliver thee?

*Imo.* That worthy man, you us'd to call your friend—

*Oroo.* Blandford?

*Imo.* Came in, and sav'd me from his rage.

*Oroo.* He was a friend, indeed, to rescue thee!
And, for his sake, I'll think it possible
A Christian may be yet an honest man.

*Imo.* Oh, did you know what I have struggled through,
To save me yours, sure you would promise me
Never to see me forc'd from you again.

*Oroo.* I have run the race with honour, shall I now
Lag, and be overtaken at the goal?

*Imo.* No.

*Oroo.* I must look back to thee. [*Tenderly.*

*Imo.* You sha' not need.
I am always present to your purpose; say,
Which way would you dispose me?
This dagger will instruct you. [*Gives it him.*

*Oroo.* Ha! this dagger!
Like fate, it points me to the horrid deed.

. . . . . .

*Imo.* I'm ready.

*Oroo.* Oh, where shall I strike?
Is there the smallest grain of that lov'd body
That is not dearer to me than my eyes,
My bosom'd heart, and all the life-blood there?
Bid me cut off these limbs, hew off these hands,
Dig out these eyes, though I would keep them last
To gaze upon thee; but to murder thee?
The joy, and charm of ev'ry ravish'd sense,
My wife! forbid it, nature.

*Imo.* 'Tis your wife,
Who on her knees conjures you. Oh! in time
Prevent those mischiefs that are falling on us.
You may be hurry'd to a shameful death,
And I too dragg'd to the vile governor;
Then I may cry aloud. When you are gone,
Where shall I find a friend again to save me?

*Oroo.* It will be so. Thou unexampled virtue!
Thy resolution has recover'd mine:
And now prepare thee.

*Imo.* Thus, with open arms,
I welcome you and death.
[*He drops the dagger as he looks on her, and throws himself on the ground.*

*Oroo.* I cannot bear it.
Oh, let me dash against the rock of fate,
Dig up this earth, and tear her bowels out,
To make a grave, deep as the centre down,
To swallow wide and bury us together!
It wo' not be. Oh! then some pitying god
(If there be one a friend to innocence)
Find yet a way to lay her beauties down
Gently in death, and save me from her blood.

*Imo.* Oh, rise, 'tis more than death to see you thus.
I'll ease your love, and do the deed myself—
[*She takes up the dagger, he rises in haste to take it from her.*

*Oroo.* Oh! hold, I charge thee, hold!

*Imo.* Though I must own
It would be nobler for us both from you.

*Oroo.* Oh! for a whirlwind's wing to hurry us
To yonder cliff, which frowns upon the flood;
That in embraces lock'd we might plunge in,
And perish thus in one another's arms.
[*Shouts heard.*

. . . . . .

*Imo.* Nay, then, I must assist you.
And since it is the common cause of both,
'Tis just that both should be employ'd in it.
Thus, thus 'tis finish'd, and I bless my fate,
[*Stabs herself.*
That, where I liv'd, I die in these lov'd arms.
[*Dies.*

*Oroo.* She's gone. And now all's at an end with me.
Soft, lay her down. Oh, we will part no more.
[*Throws himself by her.*
But let me pay the tribute of my grief,
A few sad tears to thy lov'd memory,
And then I follow—
[*Weeps over her. Shouts heard.*
But I stay too long. [*A noise again.*
The noise comes nearer. Hold! before I go,
There's something would be done. It shall be so,
And then, Imoinda, I'll come all to thee. [*Rises.*

*Enter* BLANDFORD *and his Party, and the* LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR *and his Party. Swords drawn.*

*Gov.* You strive in vain to save him, he shall die.
*Bland.* Not while we can defend him with our lives.
*Gov.* Where is he.
*Oroo.* Here's the wretch whom you would have.
Put up your swords, and let not civil broils
Engage you in the cursed cause of one
Who cannot live, and now entreats to die.
This object will convince you.
*Bland.* 'Tis his wife!
[*They gather about the body.*
Alas! there was no other remedy.
*Gov.* Who did the bloody deed?
*Oroo.* The deed was mine;
Bloody I know it is, and I expect
Your laws shall tell me so. Thus self-condemn'd,
I do resign myself into your hands,
The hands of justice—but I hold the sword—
For you—and for myself.
[*Stabs the governor and himself, then throws himself by Imoinda's body.*
*Oroo.* 'Tis as it should be now; I have sent his ghost
To be a witness of that happiness
In the next world, which he denied us here.
[*Dies.*
*Bland.* I hope there is a place of happiness
In the next world for such exalted virtue.
Pagan or unbeliever, yet he lived
To all he knew; and, if he went astray,
There's mercy still above to set him right.
But Christians, guided by the heavenly ray,
Have no excuse if they mistake their way.

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# MATTHEW CONCANEN.

DIED 1749.

[The date of the birth of Matthew Concanen we have been unable to discover, but certain it is he was born in Ireland and there bred to the law. While a young man he and a friend named Stirling started for London to seek their fortunes. Arrived in London he found that his skill as a writer could best be turned to account by dealing with politics, and he accordingly at once became an advocate and defender of government and its policy. For some time he wrote for the *British Journal*, the *London Journal*, and the *Speculatist*, in which he abused not only Bolingbroke but Pope. The consequence was that Concanen received a place in the *Dunciad*, which is sure to keep his memory green should his works fail to do so. In a pamphlet called *A Supplement to the Profound*, he attacked Pope fiercely, and somewhat unfairly, making imputations of a dishonouring kind, for which his grounds seem to have been the merest rumour and gossip of the poet's enemies. "His wit and literary abilities, however," says one biographer, "recommended him to the Duke of Newcastle, through whose interest he obtained the post of attorney-general of the island of Jamaica, which office he filled with the utmost integrity and honour, and to the perfect satisfaction of the inhabitants, for nearly seventeen years." Having acquired a considerable fortune he longed to return home, and sailing from Jamaica he reached London, where he intended staying a short time before settling permanently in Ireland. "But," says the same biographer, "the difference of climate between that metropolis and the place he had so long been accustomed to, had such an effect on his constitution that he fell into a galloping consumption, of which he died on January 22, 1749, a few weeks after his arrival in London."

Apart from his political writings, Concanen's chief works are a play called *Wexford Wells*, and several fugitive songs and ballads. The songs were at one time in considerable vogue, and many of them are still worthy of preservation. A number of them will be found in *The Musical Miscellany*, 6 vols. 1729. In *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands*, 1724, the greater number are by Concanen, who was also engaged in transferring Broome's *Jovial Crew* into a ballad opera, in which form it kept the stage for a long time.]

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## THE ADVICE.

The lass that would know how to manage a man,
Let her listen and learn it from me:
His courage to quail, or his heart to trepan,
As the time and occasions agree, agree;
As the time and occasions agree.

The girl that has beauty, though small be her wit,
  May wheedle the clown or the beau;
The rake may repel, or may draw in the cit,
  By the use of that pretty word—No!
  By the use of that pretty word—No!

When a dose is contriv'd to lay virtue asleep,
  A present, a treat, or a ball;
She still must refuse, if her empire she'd keep,
  And, No, be her answer to all;
  And, No, be her answer to all.

But when Master Dapperwit offers his hand,
  Her partner in wedlock to go;
A house, and a coach, and a jointure in land—
  She's an idiot if then she says, No!
  She's an idiot if then she says, No!

Whene'er she's attack'd by a youth full of charms,
  Whose courtship proclaims him a man;
When press'd to his bosom, and clasp'd in his arms,
  Then let her say No, if she can;
  Then let her say No, if she can.[1]

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## A LOVE SONG.

I love thee, by Heaven, I cannot say more;
  Then set not my passion a cooling;
If thou yield'st not at once I must e'en give thee o'er;
  For I'm but a novice at fooling.

I know how to love, and to make that love known;
  But I hate all protesting and arguing;
Had a goddess my heart, she should e'en be alone,
  If she made many words to a bargain.

I'm a Quaker in love, and but barely affirm
  Whate'er my fond eyes have been saying;
Prythee be thou so too, seek for no better term,
  But e'en throw thy yea or thy nay in.

I cannot bear love, like a Chancery-suit,
  The age of a patriarch depending;
Then pluck up a spirit, no longer be mute,
  Give it, one way or other, an ending.

Long courtship's the vice of a phlegmatic fool;
  Like the grace of fanatical sinners,
Where the stomachs are lost, and the victuals grow cool,
  Before men sit down to their dinners.

[1] This song will be found set to music in the *Musical Miscellany*, vol. i. 1729.

## OCTOBER ALE.

(A SONG FROM "WEXFORD WELLS.")

How void of ease
  He spends his days
Who wastes his time in thinking?
  How like a beast,
  That ne'er can taste
The pleasures of good drinking?
  May curses light upon the sot
    That ever kennels sober,
  Or rises e'er without a pot
    Of lovely brown OCTOBER.

Let others raise
  Their voice to praise
The Rhenish or the Sherry,
  The sparkling white
  Champaign so bright,
The Claret or Canary.
  'Tis true they'd thaw the freezing blood,
    And hinder our being sober;
  But what for that was e'er so good
    As lovely brown OCTOBER?

What knaves are they
  Who cross the sea
To bring such stuff among us?
  How blind are we,
  Who will not see
How grievously they wrong us?
  They spoil the products of the land,
    And of her coin disrobe her;
  And yet their dregs can never stand
    Against our brave OCTOBER.

My jolly boys,
  Let us rejoice,
And cast away all sorrow;
  Let's never think,
  While thus we drink,
What may fall out to-morrow.
  Let's waste our wealth, enjoy content,
    And never more live sober:
  By Jove, the coin is rightly spent,
    That's melted in OCTOBER.

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## CUPID'S REVENGE.

As through the woods Panthea stray'd,
  And sought in vain her wand'ring sheep,
Beneath a myrtle's verdant shade
  She found the god of love asleep.

His quiver underneath his head,
  His bow unbent beside him lay,

His golden arrows round him spread,
Toss'd by the winds in wanton play.

With terror struck the nymph recedes,
And softly on her tiptoes trod;
Malice at length to fear succeeds,
And she returns and robs the god.

As to purloin his bow she tries,—
Of all his scatter'd shafts possess'd—
The beaming lustre of her eyes
Play'd on his face, and broke his rest.

Cupid awaking, scarce descry'd,
'Twixt slumber and surprise, the maid,
And rubb'd his drowsy lids, and cry'd,
Who thought the sun could pierce this shade?

At length, recovered from his fright,
Thus his mistaken thoughts express'd,
"Art thou return'd, my soft delight?
Approach, my Psyche, to my breast."

The frighted virgin scarcely view'd,
Sprung from his sight with eager haste,
No trembling hare by hounds pursued,
Or fear'd so much, or fled so fast.

Seeking a shaft to stop her flight,
He found himself of all bereft;
His loss soon set his knowledge right,
And show'd the plunderer by the theft.

"Panthea, stop!" aloud he cries,
"Why wouldst thou, fair one, fly from me?
Restore my arrows, thy own eyes
Have darts, as sharp, enough for thee."

Unmov'd by this, her pace she mends,
Regardless of his pain or care,
Th' entreating god no more attends
Than it had been some lover's prayer.

Cupid, provok'd, for vengeance tries—
"My leaden shafts these are not lost;
Within my pow'r the method lies,
And thou shalt find it to thy cost.

"Enjoy thy plunder, use my darts,
Thy crime shall be thy punishment;
At random wound despairing hearts,
Nor, for the pangs you give, relent.

"Beauty was made to be enjoy'd,
I'll mar the end for which 'twas giv'n,
Fill up with pride thy reasons void,
And useless make that gift of Heav'n.

"Still cruelty shall taint thy breast,
And all thy smiling hopes destroy;
In all my mother's beauty drest,
Be thou a stranger to her joy.

"Since all the shafts thy glances throw
Shall still be poison'd with disdain,
Nor shalt thou e'er the pleasure know
Of loving and being lov'd again.

"Secure in scorn thy charms shall lie,
Bloom unenjoyed, untasted, fade,
Till thou at last repenting die,
An old, ill-natur'd, envious maid."

He said.—And from his quiver drew
A leaden, hate-procuring dart,
And brac'd his bow, from whence it flew
Unerring to the fair one's heart.

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## THE FOOTBALL MATCH.

MOCK-HEROIC.

The warlike leaders now their stations change,
And round the field their gallant forces range,
Big with their hopes, and fearless of the prize,
Lusk's champions their dishearten'd foe despise.
Unhappy mortals! whose unthinking mind
Swells with the present, to the future blind;
Pleas'd without reason, vain without success;
Small joys exalt you, and small griefs depress.
Sudden these hopes shall be for ever crost,
And all your honours with the prize be lost.
First Paddy struck the ball, John stopt its course,
And sent it backward with redoubl'd force;
Dick met, and meeting smote the light machine,
Reptile it ran, and skimm'd along the green,
'Till Terence stopp'd—with gentle strokes he trolls
(Th' obedient ball in short excursions rolls),
Then swiftly runs and drives it o'er the plain;
Follow the rest, and chase the flying swain.
So have I seen upon a frosty day
(By fowlers frighted, or in quest of prey),
Skim through the air, whole coveys of curlew,
One only leading, and the rest pursue.
Paddy, whose fleeter pace outstript the rest,
Came up, and caught the champion by the vest;
Between his legs, an artful crook he twin'd,
And almost fell'd him ere he look'd behind.
Norah with horror saw the destin'd wile,
Grew pale, and blush'd, and trembled for a while;
But when she saw him grasp the warrior's hand,
And face to face the grappling rivals stand,
What diff'ring pangs her anxious bosom tear,
Now flush'd with hope, now chill'd with sudden fear?
Paddy, to see the champion disengaged,

For so well-form'd a trip, with fury rag'd,
Bounds to pursue the ball; but Terence stopt,
Athwart him flung his leg, and down he dropt.

So some tall pine which many years has stood
The pride of trees, and mistress of the wood;
Braves for a while the strokes, and seems to foil
The piercing axe, and mock the peasant's toil;
'Till lopp'd at length by one fell dexterous wound,
It falls and spreads its ruins all around.

. . . . . .

While others claim their well-contended prize,
Terence alone to his dear Norah flies,
Clasps the lov'd fair one in his eager arms,
And thus with softest elocution warms:—
"Joy of my life, and pleasure of my youth,
Behold this mark, this witness of my truth!
No prize but you was worth such hard pursuit,
And for no other would your swain dispute;
For you all hardships I could learn to bear,
For you, with joy, I'll leap the stools next year.
Then quickly yield, nor kill me with delay,
For love and life are fleeter than the day."

Silent she stood. The pressing, lovely swain
Gaz'd on her eyes, and read her meaning plain;
He saw the passion which she could not speak
Pant on her breast, and flush upon her cheek.
Thence takes the hint, pursues his first intent,
And from her silence argues her consent;
Leads to the nuptial bow'r the willing maid,
No jointure settled, and no portion paid;
No glowing jewels from her bosom glare,
Shine on her hands, or glitter in her hair;
No robes of white her native charms adorn,
Nor gaudy silks are by the virgin worn;
But sweetly artless, innocently gay,
Her sparkling eyes a cheerful light display;
The crimson blushes on her cheeks outvie
The golden streaks that paint the western sky.

What monarch's envy might not Terence move,
So crown'd with conquest, and so blest with love?

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# BISHOP BERKELEY.

Born 1684—Died 1753.

[George Berkeley, D.D., Bishop of Cloyne, was born at Desert Castle, Kilcrin, near Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenny, on the 12th of March, 1684. His family is said to have been originally a branch of that of which the earls of Berkeley were heads; but at any rate it had been settled in Ireland for at least a couple of generations before the birth of the great philosopher. At an early age he went to school at Kilkenny, where he obtained the rudiments of his education. At fifteen he was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Dublin, under Dr. Histon. Afterwards he was placed under Dr. Hall, and in 1707 he was chosen a fellow of the university. In that year appeared his first work, *Arithmetic absque Algebra aut Euclid demonstrata*, in which he attempted to demonstrate arithmetic without the help of either Euclid or algebra. The work had been written some years before, and is chiefly interesting as showing how early in life he had begun to free himself from the shackles of generally-received opinions.

In 1709 appeared his *Theory of Vision*, a work that at once placed him among the philosophers. Of course objectors to it were found, and in 1733 the author published a vindication.

In 1710, while philosophers were yet busy over the *Theory of Vision*, appeared *The Principles of Human Knowledge*, a work that startled them all as if out of a sleep. In 1713 he went over to London, and published a defence and extension of his theory under the title of *Dialogues of Hylas and Philonous*, which drew upon him the attention of Steele and Swift. Both the original work and its defence were written in opposition to scepticism and atheism, yet Hume says of them that they "form the best lessons of scepticism which are to be found either among the ancient or modern philosophers, Bayle not excepted".

In a short time Berkeley became well known, not only to Steele and Swift, but to Pope and others of the same company. By Swift he was introduced to the Earl of Peterborough, by whom he was carried into Italy as secretary and chaplain when that nobleman became ambassador to Sicily and the Italian states. In 1714 he returned to England in company with Lord Peterborough, and, seeing no prospect of preferment, consented to accompany the son of the Bishop of Clogher on a tour through Europe. For over four years he continued his travels, arriving again in London in the year 1721, in the midst of the miseries caused by the South Sea Scheme. Turning his mind to a study of the events immediately before him, he wrote and pub-

lished in the same year *An Essay towards preventing the Ruin of Great Britain*, which may be found among his *Miscellaneous Tracts*. Soon after his return to England he was introduced by Pope to Lord Burlington, who recommended him to the Duke of Grafton. The duke, being Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, appointed him one of his chaplains, and took him over to Ireland before the end of the year. About this time also he had the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity conferred on him, and in the following year he received an unexpected increase of fortune by the death of Miss Vanhomrigh, to whom he had been introduced by Swift. In May, 1724, he at last received the promotion he deserved by being appointed to the deanery of Derry, worth £1100 per annum.

In 1725 Berkeley published his *Proposal for Converting the Savage Americans to Christianity*, the scheme of which seems to have occupied his thoughts for several years. He was so persuaded of the wisdom of his plan, and so enthusiastic in seeing it carried out, that he offered to resign his preferment and devote the remainder of his life to teaching the American youth on a payment of £100 a year. In this he was overruled, but he proceeded so far as to obtain a charter for a college in Bermuda, and the promise of £10,000 from the ministry for the purchase of lands, &c. Furthermore, in September, 1728, a month after his marriage with the daughter of John Forster, speaker of the Irish House of Commons, he actually set sail for Rhode Island. After residing at Newport for a couple of years he saw that his scheme had failed, chiefly through the coolness and hollow-heartedness of the ministry, and, sick at his failure, he returned again to Ireland.

In 1732 appeared one of the most masterly of Berkeley's works, *The Minute Philosopher*. In the following year, 1733, he was made Bishop of Cloyne, from which post he was afterwards offered preferment at Clogher, but declined it.

In 1735 appeared his discourse called *The Analyst*, addressed as to an infidel mathematician, and his defence of it under the title of *A Defence of Freethinking in Mathematics*. In the same year also appeared *The Querist*, to most modern readers a quaint production; and in 1744 the celebrated and curious work, "*Siris*, a Chain of Philosophical Enquiries and Reflections concerning the Virtues of Tar Water". His motive for producing this work was a benevolent one. Finding great benefit himself from the use of tar water in an attack of nervous colic, by the publication of its virtues he desired to benefit others, and he declared that the work cost him more time and pains than any other he had ever been engaged in. A second edition of it, with additions and corrections, appeared in 1747, and this was followed in 1752 by *Further Thoughts on Tar Water*.

In July of this year Berkeley, with his wife and family, moved to Oxford, drawn thither by the facilities it possessed for study. Before leaving Cloyne he provided that out of the £1000, which was all his see produced him, £200 per annum should during his life be distributed among the poor householders of Cloyne, Youghal, and Aghadoe. He would readily have given up the bishopric for a canonry at Oxford, but this was not permitted. Soon after his arrival at Oxford he collected together and published, in one volume 8vo, all his smaller pieces. This was his last work as an author, for on Sunday evening, January 14, 1753, while in the midst of his family, listening to a sermon being read to him by his wife, he was seized with palsy of the heart and expired almost instantly. He was buried at Christ Church, Oxford.]

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### ON AMERICA.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
  Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time
  Producing subjects worthy fame:

In happy climes, wherefrom the genial sun
  And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
  And fancied beauties by the true.

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
  Where nature guides and virtue rules;
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
  The pedantry of courts and schools;

There shall be sung another golden age,
  The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
  The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay—
  Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
  By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way,
  The four first acts already past;
A fifth shall close the drama with the day—
  Time's noblest offspring is the last.

# LAETITIA PILKINGTON.

BORN 1712—DIED 1750.

[Laetitia Pilkington, daughter of Dr. Van Lewen of Dublin, was born there in the year 1712. Very early in life she displayed a taste for poetry and reading generally, and while yet very young showed her precocity by the production of verses anything but contemptible. After rejecting many admirers she married the Rev. Matthew Pilkington, a person who had some claim to the title of author, having published a volume of miscellanies under the care of Dean Swift. There is no doubt the reverend gentleman was rather a miserable sort of a fellow, for before they were long married, and before he had any cause, he began to be jealous of his wife. This, it seems, was not only a jealousy of her person, which perhaps might be excused, but chiefly an envious jealousy of her poetry, which he could not equal. While one of these fits was on him, in 1732, he went into England as chaplain to Mr. Barber, Lord-mayor of London, leaving behind him a young, and lovely, and disenchanted wife who had scarcely completed her twentieth year. In his case absence made his heart grow fonder, and after a time he wrote her a letter full of kindness, in which he praised her verses as marked by elegance and beauty. He informed her that he had shown some of them to Pope, who was very anxious to see her, and that he himself heartily wished her in London. Obedient to his wish she went to London, and was so well received that the jealousy returned upon him strongly, finally leading to a complete rupture between them.

In London, by the help of Colley Cibber, she made known her story, and many friends and great people came to her assistance. However, before long she was thrown into the Marshalsea; but Cibber, again acting as a friend, solicited subscriptions for her and had her released. Once free and finding herself possessed of five guineas, she determined to be no longer a beggar, but to employ her little capital in some business. Accordingly she took a small shop in St. James's Street, and stocked it with pamphlets and such things. Here she continued some time, and here she produced some of her best work, until, by the "liberality of her friends and the bounty of her subscribers, she was set above want, and the autumn of her days was like to be spent in peace".[1] In this better state of affairs she moved to Dublin; but the quiet autumn which she fondly looked forward to she was not destined to see. She died on the 29th of August, 1750, in the thirty-ninth year of her age.

Mrs. Pilkington's principal works are *The Roman Father*, a tragedy of considerable power; *The Turkish Court: or, London Apprentice*, a comedy; and her *Memoirs*, which are written with great sprightliness and wit, and through which are scattered many beautiful little pieces written in the true spirit of poetry. "Considered as a writer," says the work from which we have already quoted, "she holds no mean rank."]

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## MRS. PILKINGTON'S PATRONS.

(FROM "MEMOIRS".)

[Mrs. Pilkington was advised to apply to a Mr. Meade, who had sixty thousand pounds left him to distribute in charity, and as she was in great poverty she wrote him asking assistance. He promised to assist her, but apparently forgot his promise. She wrote him a poem, and the result was Dr. Meade asked her to call upon him at his house. Her visit there she thus describes.]

Now were my hopes high raised, high as the spring-tide, to which the ebb quickly succeeds, as it did with me; I fancied, vainly fancied, at least ten guineas in my pocket, and had, like the man with his basket of glasses, turned them into trade, and purchased in my mind an easy subsistence for life; but I was a little mistaken in the matter, as the sequel will show. I dressed myself very neatly, and waited on the doctor; when I knocked at his door a footman with his mouth very full and a bone in his hand opened it, and in an Irish accent demanded my business. I told him I wanted to speak to the doctor.

"By my shoul," said he, "my masther will not be spoke to by nobody."

"Well then, friend, if you please to let him

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[1] *New and General Biographical Dictionary*, 15 vols. London, 1798.

know Mrs. Meade[1] is here, I believe he will speak to me."

"Mishtress Maide," replied he, "arrah, are you wantin charity, an' takes up my masther's name to claim kin with him; well, stay there, I'll tell him."

So he went into a back parlour, but was quite confounded when the doctor instantly came out and gave him a severe reprimand for letting me stand in the hall; and I am very certain had I thought it worth my while to acquaint the doctor with his insolence he would have been discharged. A proper caution to livery-wearing fellows to speak with civility to everybody.

The doctor showed me into a handsome street parlour, adorned with several curiosities, of which here needs no account. He asked me for Sir John Meade, whom, because he remembered, he expected I should, though he died two years before I was born. When I told him so he seemed displeased. And really I remember that good Mr. Cibber, in his pleasant way, scolded me once for not remembering King Charles the Second, though my father was born in the reign of King William.

As my answers to the doctor with relation to the whole family of the Meades were sufficient to convince him I was not an impostor, he asked me how he could serve me. I told him I had some poems to publish, but for want of a little money to pay for the printing of them I could not proceed."

"Poems," returned he; "why, did you ever know any person get money by poetry?"

"Yes, sir, several; Mr. Pope in particular."

"Oh Lud, Lud," said he, grinning horribly, and squinting hideously, "what vanity thou hast! Can you write like him?"

I was quite abashed, and really knew not what to say for some moments, for my reader may easily perceive I could not but be sensible I had made a foolish speech, unaware to myself; however, upon recollection I assured him I did not presume to put myself in any degree of comparison with so justly an admired writer, but that perhaps on account of my sex I might find a little favour.

"Well," said he, "there are a couple of guineas for you."

This, though far short of my expectations, was a little present relief, and as the gentleman was under no obligation to reward or encourage me, I very gratefully accepted them, and yet

> "Proud was the Muse I served, unbred to wait
> A willing stranger at a great man's gate!"

And here, gentle reader, give me leave to trespass a moment on your patience to make one remark, which is, that, amongst all the persons who are celebrated for being charitable, I never met one really so; and the most humane and beneficent are those whose characters have been attacked for their humanity, so that at last they have even been ashamed of well-doing.

I remember Dr. Swift told me he saw a beggar attack a bishop, who charitably, from his abundance, spared him a halfpenny, and said, God bless you; presently after he attacked Brigadier Groves, who threw half-a-crown to him with an oath. "Which," said he, "do you think the beggar prayed for at night?"

But as I have mentioned Dr. Meade, who was so much in love with Mr. Pope for saying,

> "And books for Meade, and rarities for Sloane,"

I think I must give them also a sketch of Sir Hans, to whom the doctor advised me to apply as an encourager of arts. I travelled down to Chelsea to wait upon him; it snowed violently, insomuch that I, who had only a chintz gown on, was wet to the skin. The porter, memorandum, better bred than his master, to whom I had sent up a compliment, which as he did not deserve I shall not do him the honour to insert, invited me into his lodge, where, after about two hours' attendance, I was at length permitted to enter to his supreme majesty; but sure the Holy Father himself in all his pontifical robes never was half so proud. I was conducted by an escort through six or seven rooms, one of which was entirely wainscotted, if I may so term it, with china; but like the idol to whom a stately temple was consecrated, in which a traveller, attracted by its outward magnificence, thought to find an adorably deity, and on search found a ridiculous monkey; so I saw an old fellow, whom I am very well convinced never saw me, for he did not even vouchsafe to turn his eyes off a paper he was writing to see who came in, till at last a beggar-woman entered with a sore-eyed child, the inside of whose eyelids he very charitably tore out with a beard of corn, under which cruel operation the girl fainted, but he said that was good for her. It may be so, for by two-headed Janus nature has framed strange doctors in her time. . . .

[1] This was Mrs. Pilkington's *nom de plume*.

Of this latter sort was Sir Hans. Though I had sent him up a letter, which lay before him, he asked me what I wanted! If I had bad eyes he said he would brush them up for charity; but as they happened to be tolerably good, I excused myself by telling him I had brought him that letter; and indeed I was quick-sighted enough to find out that his honour (as the beggar-woman called him) was a conceited, ridiculous, imperious old fool. He then considered my letter over, and finding by the contents Dr. Meade had recommended me to him, said, "Poor creature! I suppose you want charity. There is half-a-crown for you."

I could hardly resist a strong inclination I had to quoit it, as Falstaff says, into his face like a threepenny shovel-groat; and was only constrained by the consideration that I had never a shilling in my pocket, and that, little as it was, I could eat for it.

I have here done with the great Sir Hans Sloane. . . .

However, as I was obliged to live by my wits, which indeed were almost at an end, I formed a scheme to write a panegyric on P——p Lord H——k, then newly created Lord High-chancellor of England. I did not address him in the manner I had done a great many of the nobility, that is with my own poem, which I sent all round, like the bishop's pastoral letter; it was as Swift says—

> In another reign
> Change but the name 'twill do again.

I wrote a fine new one for himself, which was really paying him a higher compliment than he deserved, as my readers may perceive hereafter. I had completed the poem, and sent it to him; he desired me to come to him on Sunday, that being his only leisure time.

Accordingly, I waited on him at eight o'clock on Sunday morning; the house had rather the appearance of desolation and poverty than that of the lord-chancellor of Britain. He had complaisance enough to send his mace-bearer to keep me company till such time as a pair of folding doors flew open, and my lord appeared in his robes ready to go to church; he bowed down to the ground to me, and asked me if I would drink a dish of chocolate with him? which you may not doubt I accepted of; and was surprised to find myself, though sunk in the most abject poverty, sitting with so great a man.

So, for my labour I got a dish of chocolate, which I now return with the utmost humility to his lordship again.[1]

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### EXPOSTULATION.

O God, since all thy ways are just,
Why does thy heavy hand
So sore afflict the wretched dust
Thou didst to life command?

Thou speak'st the word, the senseless clay
Was quickened with thy breath,
Cheerless to view the beams of day,
And seek the shades of death.

Through every scene of life distressed,
As daughter, mother, wife,
When wilt thou close my eyes in rest,
And take my weary life?

To thee past, present, and to come
Are evermore the same;
Thou knew'st of all my woes the sum
E'er I my thoughts could frame.

'Twas thou gav'st passion to my soul,
And reason also gave:
Why didst thou not make reason rule,
And passion be its slave?

O pardon me, thou Pow'r Divine,
That thus I dare presume
At thy correction to repine,
Or murmur at my doom.

Lord, give me penitence sincere
For ev'ry error past,
And though my trials are severe,
O give me peace at last!

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### CONTENTMENT.

I envy not the proud their wealth,
Their equipage and state;
Give me but innocence and health,
I ask not to be great.

I in this sweet retirement find
A joy unknown to kings,
For sceptres to a virtuous mind
Seem vain and empty things.

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[1] The word chocolate was used by Mr. Foote, the comedian, for satire.

Great Cincinnatus at his plough
With brighter lustre shone
Than guilty Cæsar e'er could show,
Though seated on a throne.

Tumultuous days and restless nights
Ambition ever knows,
A stranger to the calm delights
Of study and repose.

Then free from envy, care, and strife,
Keep me, ye powers divine,
And pleased when ye demand my life,
May I that life resign.

### WRITTEN ON HER DEATH-BED.

My Lord, my Saviour, and my God,
I bow to thy correcting rod;
Nor will I murmur or complain
Though ev'ry limb be fill'd with pain,
Though my weak tongue its aid denies,
And daylight wounds my wretched eyes.

## JOHN BOYLE, EARL OF CORK.

Born 1707 — Died 1762.

[John Boyle, Earl of Cork and Orrery, was the only son of Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, and was born on the 2d of January, 1707. At the age of seven he was placed in the charge of Fenton the poet, with whom he remained until he was thirteen years of age. Then he was sent to Westminster School, after passing through which he entered Christ Church, Oxford. At the age of twenty-one he married Lady Harriet Hamilton, a daughter of the Earl of Orkney. Soon afterwards the two earls fell out, and Boyle, siding with his wife's father, exasperated his own parent so much, that he made a will in which he bequeathed his valuable library to the university. A reconciliation, however, took place later on, and the old earl was about to alter his will when he was stopped by death.

In 1732 Boyle took his seat in the House of Peers, where he distinguished himself by his opposition to Walpole. In the same year he went to live in Ireland, and there became acquainted with Swift. There also his wife died, and in 1733 he returned to England and took up his abode at an old family seat near Marston in Somersetshire. Here he amused himself in building, gardening, planting, and getting into shape his edition of the dramatic works of his grandfather Roger Boyle, and collecting and arranging his *State Letters*.

In 1738 he went to live in a house in Duke Street, Westminster, and in June of the same year he married Margaret Hamilton, an Irish lady, "in whom the loss of his former countess was repaired." In 1739 he produced his edition of Roger Boyle's dramatic works in two vols. 8vo, and in 1742 his *State Letters*. In 1746 he went to reside with his father-in-law at Caledon in Ireland, and there passed four happy years. In 1751 appeared his translation of Pliny's *Letters*, with observations on each letter, and an essay on Pliny's life. This ran through several editions in a few years. Its success, no doubt, caused him to hurry the preparation of his *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift*, which was also very successful. In December, 1753, he succeeded to the title of Earl of Cork, and in September, 1754, he and his family entered upon a tour to Italy. In Florence he resided nearly a year, during which he busied himself in collecting materials for a history of Tuscany. This he intended to write in the form of a series of letters, but he lived to write only twelve, which appeared after his death. In 1758 he lost his second wife, and in 1759 his eldest son. These events affected him deeply and hurried him towards his end, which happened on the 16th November, 1762, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

In addition to the works already mentioned Boyle wrote *Letters from Italy*, which were published in 1774, and *Memoirs of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth*, 1759. He also contributed several papers to *The World* and *Connoisseur*. The work by which he is best known, *Remarks on the Life of Swift*, is his worst from a literary point of view. It is weak, loose, and blundering in point of style, full of errors of taste and of fact, and marked all through by proofs that the author was "willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike." His translation of Pliny is not without merit, and his history of Tuscany,

had he lived to finish it as begun, would have given him legitimate claims to a fair position among successful historians. His contributions to *The World* and *The Connoisseur* are read by those who still cling to that class of literature, and some of them are not without humour of a kind which no doubt was approved of in their time.]

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## MRS. MUZZY ON DUELLING.[1]

As my grandfather, Sir Josiah Pumpkin, had made a considerable figure in King Charles's court, his only son Ralph, my honoured father, was no less conspicuous for his valour towards the latter end of King William's reign. Although the race of kings was changed, the laws of honour still remained the same. But my grandfather had retired with his family to Pumpkin Hall about a year and a half before the Revolution, much discontented with the times, and often wishing that Judge Somebody, I forget his name, had been a militia colonel, that he might have run him through the body, or have cut off one of his cheeks with a broadsword. In the same strain he often wished Father Peters a Life-guard-man, that he might have caned him before the court-gate of Whitehall. . . . My grandmother, Lady Pumpkin, was a prudent woman, and, not without some difficulty, persuaded Sir Josiah to content himself with drinking constant bumpers to "prosperity to the church and state", without fighting duels or breaking heads in defence of the British constitution. Indeed, he might well be content with the glory he had obtained, having been once shot through the leg, and carrying the marks of seven-and-twenty wounds in different parts of his body, all boldly acquired by single combats, in defence of nominal liberty and real loyalty during King Charles the Second's reign.

My father was returned for a borough in Wales in the second parliament of King William. This drew him every winter to London, and he never took his leave of Sir Josiah without receiving a strict command to do some brave act becoming a man of honour and a Pumpkin. As he was remarkably an obedient son, and indeed as we were all, not only as Pumpkins, but as old Britons, very choleric and fiery, my father scarce ever returned home without some glorious achievement, the heroism of which generally reached Pumpkin Hall before the hero. Of his several exploits give me leave only to mention three; not so much in regard to his honour, as that they carry in them some particular and remarkable circumstances.

There was an intimacy between my father and Major John Davis of the Foot-guards. Their first acquaintance and friendship had begun when the major was quartered at a market-town near Pumpkin Hall. Their regards had continued towards each other with the greatest strictness for several years; when one day at dinner with a large company at a tavern my father jocularly in discourse said, "Ah, Major! Major! you still love to ride the fore-horse," alluding to his desire of being foremost in all parties of pleasure. Major Davis immediately changed colour, and took the earliest opportunity of calling Mr. Pumpkin aside and demanding satisfaction. My father asked for what? The major made no reply but by drawing his sword. They fought, and the major was soon disarmed. "Now, Jack," says my father, "pray tell me what we fought for?" "Ah! Ralph," replied the major, "why did you reproach me with having been a postilion? It is true I was one, but by what means did you know it? why would you hint it to the company by saying that I still loved to ride the fore-horse?" My father protested his ignorance of the fact, and consequently his innocence of intending any affront. The two friends were immediately reunited as strongly as before; and the major ever afterwards was particularly cautious how he discovered his origin, or blindly followed the folly of his own suspicions.

One of my father's tavern companions, Captain Shadow, who was very young, very giddy, and almost as weak in body as in mind, challenged him on a supposed affront, in not receiving the return of a bow which he had made to my father in the playhouse. They were to fight in Hyde Park; but as the captain was drawing his sword with the fiercest indignation, it luckily occurred to his thoughts that the provocation might possibly be undesigned, or if otherwise, that the revenge he had meditated was of too cruel and bloody a nature; he therefore begged pardon of his adversary and made up the affair.

I wish this had been the last of my father's combats, but he was unhappily engaged in a duel with a French officer who had taken the wall of him; and in that duel he received a wound, which after throwing him several

[1] From Number 47 of *The World*, November 22, 1753.

months into a languishing miserable condition, at last proved fatal by ending in a mortification. He bore his long illness with amazing fortitude; but often expressed an abhorrence of these polite and honourable murders and wished that he might have lived some years longer only to have shown that he durst not fight.

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# JOHN MACDONNELL.

Born 1691 — Died 1754.

[John MacDonnell, one of the most eminent of our later Irish bards, was born near Charleville, in the county of Cork, in the year 1691. He has generally been called MacDonnell Claragh, from Claragh the name of the residence of his family. O'Halloran in his *History of Ireland* speaks of him as "a man of great erudition, and a profound Irish antiquarian and poet," and says that he "had made valuable collections, and was writing in his native tongue a *History of Ireland*," which failing health, however, prevented him completing. He also proposed translating Homer's *Iliad* into Irish, and had at least proceeded so far as to produce several highly praised specimens of what his work would be. But this, as well as the *History of Ireland*, was put a stop to by his illness and death, and MacDonnell's fame must now rest on his poems alone. He died in the year 1754, and was interred in the churchyard of Ballyslough, near Charleville.

Hardiman, in speaking of MacDonnell, gives him a very high place as a genius and a poet. Indeed, he ranks him in Irish as equal to Pope in English, and believes that had he lived to complete his translation of the *Iliad* it would have been as successful in a literary sense as was that of Pope. "If," he continues, "the latter had been an Irishman, and had written in the language of the country, it would be a matter of difficulty to determine which would be entitled to the prize. But fortunately for his genius and fame Pope was born on the right side of the Channel." Furthermore, he tells us that the following description of a hero is in the original Irish no way inferior to any passage in the *Iliad:*—

To crush the strong—the resolute to quell—
Daun sweeps the battlefield, a deadly spell
Begirt with hosts, a terrible array,
Blood paints his track, and havock strews his way—
The lion's courage and the lightning's speed
His might combines: from each adventurous deed
With haughtier swell dilates the conqueror's soul,
Like volum'd thunders deep'ning as they roll:
Bards from his prowess learn a loftier song,
And glory lights him through the ranks along.

MacDonnell was, it seems, a "rank Jacobite" in politics, and poet and genius though he was, had often by hasty flights to save his life from the hands of the "hunters of the bards."]

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## GRANU WAIL AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.[1]

Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe,
Tho' gems all bright its bloom enwreathe;
Undeck'd by gold or diamond rare,
Near Albion's throne stood Grana fair.

The vestal queen in wonder view'd
The hand that grasp'd the falchion rude—
The azure eye, whose light could prove
The equal power in war or love.

"Some boon," she cried, "thou lady brave,
From Albion's queen in pity crave:
E'en name the rank of countess high,
Nor fear the suit I'll e'er deny."

"Nay, sister-queen," the fair replied,
"A sov'reign, and an hero's bride;
No fate shall e'er of pride bereave—
I'll honours give, but none receive.

"But grant to him—whose infant sleep
Is lull'd by rocking o'er the deep—

[1] This ballad celebrates a real historical scene, the visit of the famous Grace O'Malley to Queen Elizabeth. In the *Anthologia Hibernica* the visit is thus described:—"The queen, surrounded by her ladies, received her in great state. Grana was introduced in the dress of her country: a long uncouth mantle covered her head and body; her hair was gathered on her crown, and fastened with a bodkin; her breast was bare, and she had a yellow bodice and petticoat. The court stared with surprise at so strange a figure."—"Granu Wail" or "Grana Uile" was one of the typical names of Ireland, and, as Lover remarks, the mere playing of the air with that name has still a political significance.

Those gifts, which now for Erin's sake
Thro' pride of soul I dare not take."

The queen on Grana gazed and smil'd,
And honour'd soon the stranger child
With titles brave, to grace a name
Of Erin's isle in herald fame.

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## CLARAGH'S LAMENT.

(FROM HARDIMAN'S "IRISH MINSTRELSY.")

The tears are ever in my wasted eye,
My heart is crushed, and my thoughts are sad;
For the son of chivalry was forced to fly,
And no tidings come from the soldier lad.

*Chorus.*—My heart it danced when he was near,
My hero! my Cæsar! my Chevalier!
But while he wanders o'er the sea
Joy can never be joy to me.

Silent and sad pines the lone cuckoo,
Our chieftains hang o'er the grave of joy;
Their tears fall heavy as the summer's dew
For the lord of their hearts—the banished boy.

Mute are the minstrels that sang of him,
The harp forgets its thrilling tone;
The brightest eyes of the land are dim,
For the pride of their aching sight is gone.

The sun refused to lend his light,
And clouds obscured the face of day;
The tiger's whelps preyed day and night,
For the lion of the forest was far away.

The gallant, graceful, young Chevalier,
Whose look is bonny as his heart is gay;
His sword in battle flashes death and fear,
While he hews through falling foes his way.

O'er his blushing cheeks his blue eyes shine
Like dewdrops glitt'ring on the rose's leaf;
Mars and Cupid all in him combine,
The blooming lover and the godlike chief.

His curling locks in wavy grace,
Like beams on youthful Phœbus' brow,
Flit wild and golden o'er his speaking face,
And down his ivory shoulders flow.

Like Engus is he in his youthful days,
Or Mac Cein, whose deeds all Erin knows,
Mac Dary's chiefs, of deathless praise,
Who hung like fate on their routed foes.

Like Connall the besieger, pride of his race,
Or Fergus, son of a glorious sire,
Or blameless Connor, son of courteous Nais,
The chief of the Red Branch—Lord of the Lyre.

The cuckoo's voice is not heard on the gale,
Nor the cry of the hounds in the nutty grove,
Nor the hunter's cheering through the dewy vale,
Since far—far away is the youth of our love.

The name of my darling none must declare,
Though his fame be like sunshine from shore to shore;
But, oh, may Heaven—Heaven hear my prayer!
And waft the hero to my arms once more.

*Chorus.*—My heart—it danced when he was near,
Ah! now my woe is the young Chevalier;
'Tis a pang that solace ne'er can know,
That he should be banish'd by a rightless foe.

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## OLD ERIN IN THE SEA.

(TRANSLATED BY W. B. GUINEE, OF BUTTEVANT.)

Who sitteth cold, a beggar old
Before the prosperous lands,
With outstretched palms that asketh alms
From charitable hands?
Feeble and lone she maketh moan—
A stricken one is she,
That deep and long hath suffered wrong,
Old Erin in the sea!

How art thou lost, how hardly crost,
Land of the reverend head!
And, dismal Fate, how harsh thy hate
That gives her lack of bread!
Though broad her fields, and rich their yields,
From Liffey to the Lee,
Her grain but grows to flesh the foes
Of Erin in the sea!

'Tis but the ban of ruthless man
That works thy wretchedness;
What Nature bears with thee she shares,
And genial seasons bless.
The very waves that kiss the caves
Clap their huge hands for glee,
That they should guard so fair a sward
As Erin by the sea!

Her vales are green, her gales serene,
Hard granite ribs her coast,
God's fairest smile is on the isle,
Alas! and bootless boast;
No land more curst hath Ocean nurst
Since first a wave had he;
No land whose grief had less relief
Than Erin in the sea!

Can this be she whose history
Is in the mist of years,
Whose kings of old wore crowns of gold,
And led ten thousand spears?
Not so I wis; no land like this
Could know such bravery,
Or change is wrought, or lore is nought
For Erin in the sea!

Ah! truly change most sad and strange—
Her kings have passed away;
Her sons, the same in outward frame,
Full false and tame are they—
Each hating each, alone they teach,
And but in this agree:
To work thy pains, and bind thy chains,
Old Erin in the sea!

Where are the men, by tower and glen,
Who held thee safe of yore?
Full oft that gave their foes a grave
On thine insulted shore.
Galglach and Kerne, full sure and stern,
They did good fight for thee;
Alas! they sleep, and thou must weep,
Old Erin in the sea!

Soft may they rest within her breast,
That for their country died;
And where they lie may peace be nigh,
And lasting love abide!
Ye grace them well; for them that fell
And her that nourished ye,
For them ye bled, she holds ye dead—
Old Erin of the sea!

And in your place a wretched race
Upon the soil have grown,
Unfearing shame, and in the name
Like to their sires alone.
They shun the claim of patriot fame,
And cringe the servile knee
To kiss the yoke their fathers broke
In Erin in the sea!

Would they unite in valorous fight
For her that gave them breath,
As they for her—the conqueror,
Whose direful touch is death,
No more the blight of traitorous might
On sacred right should be,
But peace, delight, and strength bedight
Old Erin in the sea!

Pillage and pest her vales infest,
Strange tongues her name revile;
Where prayed her saints, false doctrine taints,
And godless rites defile.
Be they reviled, be they defiled,
More dear are they to me—
The verdant plains, the holy fanes,
Of Erin in the sea!

Thine is the page, all rimed with age,
In mighty deeds sublime—
The proud records of willing swords,
And storied lays of time;
An empire thou, while she that now,
By Heaven's harsh decree,
Holds thee disgraced, was wild and waste,
Old Erin in the sea!

Would this were all! Not thine the fall
By force and battle rush,
Not men more brave hold thee for slave,
Nor stouter hearts that crush;
But vengeful ire of son with sire,
Thy children's perfidy—
Theirs is the strife that slays thy life,
Old Erin in the sea!

Ye bards of song, ye warriors strong!
Of high heroic deeds,—
All dust are ye, by mount and lea,
While she, your mother, bleeds.
And cold the blood, by fort and flood,
That ran in veins as free
As she was then, when ye were men,
Old Erin in the sea!

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## CLARAGH'S DREAM.

(TRANSLATED BY J. C. MANGAN.)

I lay in unrest—old thoughts of pain,
That I struggled in vain to smother,
Like midnight spectres haunted my brain—
Dark fantasies chased each other,
When lo! a figure—who might it be?
A tall, fair figure stood near me!
Who might it be? An unreal Banshee?
Or an angel sent to cheer me?

Though years have rolled since then, yet now
My memory thrillingly lingers
On her awful charms, her waxen brow,
Her pale translucent fingers;—
Her eyes, that mirrored a wonder world,
Her mien, of unearthly wildness;
And her waving raven tresses that curled
To the ground in beautiful wildness.

"Whence comest thou, Spirit?" I asked me-thought;
"Thou art not one of the banished?"
Alas, for me! she answered nought,
But rose aloft and vanished;
And a radiance, like to a glory, beamed
In the light she left behind her;
Long time I wept, and at last me-dreamed
I left my shieling to find her.

And first I turned to the thund'rous north,
To Gruagach's mansion kingly;
Untouching the earth, I then sped forth
To Inver-lough, and the shingly
And shining strand of the fishful Erne,
And thence to Croghan the golden,
Of whose resplendent palace ye learn
So many a marvel olden!

I saw the Mourna's billows flow—
I passed the walls of Shenady,
And stood in the hero-thronged Ardroe,
Embossed amid greenwoods shady;
And visited that proud pile that stands
Above the Boyne's broad waters,
Where Ængus dwells with his warrior bands
And the fairest of Ulster's daughters;

To the halls of Mac-Lir, to Creevroe's height,
To Tara, the glory of Erin,
To the fairy palace that glances bright
On the peak of the blue Cnocfeerin,
I vainly hied. I went west and east—
I travelled seaward and shoreward—
But thus was I greeted in field and at feast—
"Thy way lies onward and forward!"

At last I reached, I wist not how,
The royal towers of Ival,
Which under the cliff's gigantic brow
Still rise without a rival.

And here were Thomond's chieftains all,
With armour, and swords, and lances,
And here sweet music filled the hall,
And damsels charmed with dances.

And here, at length, on a silvery throne
Half seated, half reclining,
With forehead white as the marble stone,
And garments so starrily shining,
And features beyond the poet's pen—
The sweetest, saddest features—
Appeared before me once again
That fairest of living creatures!

"Draw near, O mortal!" she said with a sigh,
"And hear my mournful story;
The guardian spirit of Erin am I,
But dimmed is mine ancient glory.
My priests are banished, my warriors wear
No longer victory's garland;
And my child, my son, my beloved heir.
Is an exile in a far land!"

I heard no more—I saw no more—
The bands of slumber were broken,
And palace, and hero, and river, and shore,
Had vanished and left no token.
Dissolved was the spell that had bound my will
And my fancy thus for a season;
But a sorrow, therefore, hangs over me still,
Despite of the teachings of reason!

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## CHARLES MOLLOY.

Born 1706 — Died 1767.

[Charles Molloy was born in Dublin in the year 1706, his father and mother being both descendants of good families. He was educated at Trinity College, of which he ultimately became a fellow. Soon after passing out of his teens he moved to England and entered himself at the Middle Temple. There, before long, he began to mix in literary matters, and contributed largely to a periodical paper entitled *Fog's Journal*. He also became a play-writer, and in 1715 produced *The Perplexed Couple*, which, as a first attempt, was fairly successful. This was followed in 1718 by *The Coquet*, and this again in 1720 by *Half-pay Officers*.

After this he became sole editor, and almost sole author, of the well-known periodical paper called *Common Sense*, the only other writers of importance being Dr. King, Lord Chesterfield, and Lord Lyttleton. His papers "give testimony of strong abilities, great depth of understanding, and clearness of reasoning." About this time large offers were made to him to write in defence of Sir Robert Walpole, which he refused; but when Walpole's opponents came into office in 1742, he was entirely neglected and overlooked, and were it not that he had married a rich wife, he might have starved so far as those whom he had benefited were concerned. As it was, however, he could afford to laugh at their ingratitude and treat their patriotic mouthings with contempt. For many years after this he lived without taking any active part in either literary or political matters. His death took place on the 16th July, 1767.

This author must not be confounded with his namesake Charles Molloy, who was also born in Ireland, and was a lawyer of the Inner Temple. He wrote a standard Latin work, *De Jure Maritimo et Navali*, or a Treatise on

Maritime Law. He was born in 1640, and died in 1690, sixteen years before our author and dramatist was born.]

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## MISER AND MAID.

(FROM "THE PERPLEXED COUPLE.")

[Leonora, advised by her maid Isabella, manages to disgust by her apparent affectation the miser her father wishes her to marry.]

*Leon.* My father on a sudden grew cold in his behaviour towards Octavio, and at length forbid me to see him more; in the meantime a business of importance calls Octavio into the country, and now I find my father has been upon a treaty with this usurer, and 'tis that has induced him to forfeit his word and honour.

*Isab.* A very Jewish reason truly.

*Leon.* What shall I do to kindle compassion in a breast possessed by avarice, a stranger to all social virtues? I've nothing to oppose to his cruelty but tears, the defenceless arms of innocence oppress'd.

*Isab.* Defenceless, indeed! besides, madam, they spoil the complexion—but you'll find 'twill do more service to cross the old fellow that he mayn't fall in love too fast.

*Leon.* I shall think myself happy if I can but create in him an aversion to my person, for I resolve to give myself as many airs to make him hate me, as ever vain coquet did to gain a lover.

*Isab.* Here they come.

*Morecraft* (*her father, aside to Leonora*).—Here's my friend, I met him just at the door; now stand upon your guard and gild your face with a smile.

*Isab.* What have we here? A mummy wrapt up in flannel?

*Morec.* Come, old boy, this is your wife that is to be; here's flesh and blood for ye, the blood of the Morecrafts. Here's vermilion and roses enough to raise desire in fourscore and ten, a better receipt to restore youth than Medea's kettle.

*Sterling.* Neighbour, you need not take such pains to set off your ware, I see what the young woman is.

*Morec.* Attack her briskly, impudently, man. Impudence never fails of success with women; it passes for wit, humour, nay and courage too, in young fellows, and why not in old?

*Sterl.* What I shall do—I shall do without your help.

*Morec.* Ha! ha!—Say'st thou so, old Frugality; od, I'm glad to hear you can do without help. I believe you're grown young again; well, since you're so stout upon't, I shall leave you to make the most of your time, for fathers do but spoil company among young lovers.

[*Exit* MORECRAFT *and* ISABELLA.

*Sterl.* You see, young lady, I come by the encouragement of a father, which I take to be the honestest pretence a man can make to a lady's affections.

*Leon.* O hideous! what a strange opinion that is, I think it the worst pretence. 'Tis beginning where one should end; 'tis the last thing to be considered.

*Sterl.* Assuredly, according to all laws, a parent has a right to dispose of his child.

*Leon.* What, would you confine love to laws? He that comes upon that presumption, and brings no pretensions of his own, is to me no better than a ravisher.

*Sterl.* Assuredly, a man of good sense and good estate can't want pretensions.

*Leon.* O abominable! what a mechanic notion is that! What woman of any taste could endure an odious creature that had not one good quality to recommend him but good sense and a good estate!

*Sterl.* Pray, lady, what qualifications would you expect in a husband?

*Leon.* A thousand, a thousand, sir. I'll give you a short detail of 'em. Now for the first broadside. (*Aside.*) Why, there's the delicatess d'esprit, the belle air, and a certain jene sais quoi of mien and motion. There's something in it so elegantly genteel, so amorously inspiring, that may be better understood than expressed.

*Sterl.* I don't understand you, I never heard of such strange things before.

*Leon.* Then you must give me leave to instruct you.

*Sterl.* Really, young woman, I'm too old to be taught, and too wise to stoop to such follies.

*Leon.* I see then how it is, your purpose is to engage my innocent, unwary heart, on purpose to betray it. Unhappy as I am, what has love brought me to! [*Seems to weep.*

*Sterl.* Poor innocent creature, I see she's fond of me, therefore I'll humour her a little. (*Aside.*) Well, dry your eyes, dry your pretty eyes, and I will hear what you have to say.

*Leon.* Then you must not speak to me of love or marriage for at least six months, unless it be in the language of your eyes; but when the happy time of declaration comes, do it

with such a dying softness in your eyes and voice as may charm my enamoured senses into a belief of all you say. With dear delight I'll catch the flying accents from those withered lips, and in a kind confusion own the soft anguish of my soul which virgin modesty had hitherto forbid me to declare——. I need not tell you what scenes of happiness must consequently ensue.

*Sterl.* I thought it had been fairer to be downright and sincere.

*Leon.* Sincere! O hideous! (*cries out*).—What a thing have you named; no, no, sir, well-bred people are never sincere; 'tis modish to flatter, lie, and deceive. I hate your out-of-fashioned good qualities——. Sincerity's altogether of vulgar extraction.

*Sterl.* Look ye, young woman, all this is wide of the purpose. I come here to talk of the time and place of our intended marriage, which your father desires may be soon.

*Leon.* There you're out again; 'tis time enough to talk of that after a hundred adventures in time of courtship. A lover must make his approaches to his mistress as regularly as a general does against a fortified town; for you are to suppose that we women are fortified with pride, dissimulation, artifice, cunning, and so forth. In a word, we should never think of marrying till we begin to hate one another.

*Sterl.* How's that? Hate one another, say you?

*Leon.* And another thing, I never will surrender unless I'm taken in form.

*Sterl.* Then I must tell you once for all that the things you've been speaking of are not for a man of my gravity.

*Leon.* You may see I like your person by the pains I take to instruct you to win my heart. So, sir, I think we've been long enough together for the first visit. I take my leave, and am your humble servant. [*Exit Leonora.*

*Sterl.* I, fakins, I don't know what to think; she seems very wild, and that I don't like. I doubt she'll prove an extravagant wife, and that I don't like; I'll go home and consider better on't before I proceed.

*Enter* MORECRAFT.

*Morec.* Well, my old Nestor, what and how? Od, you look devilish young to-day and devilish handsome. Od, you've stole the girl's heart, I'm sure—ay, ay, ha, ha! I laugh at your young blockheads; we old fellows are the men for business at last. Now, a young coxcomb would have been sighing and dying and making mouths at his mistress for a month before he'd venture to tell her what he would be at, but an old cock jumps over all ceremony and comes to the point at once;—but tell me what's the result of this visit?

*Sterl.* The result of this visit your daughter can inform you as well as I.—I'm going away about business.

*Morec.* Stay, man, tell me what she said; how did she receive your addresses?

*Sterl.* I did not understand a word she said. First let me ask you what religion your daughter is of?

*Morec.* Religion! why, the religion of all women, I think; she loves money, liberty, and fine clothes, and goes to church to be admired; but she shall be of any religion to please you; you know the standing argument that makes female converts.

*Sterl.* You're imposed upon; she talked in an unknown tongue. We'll confer upon this matter the next time we meet.

[*Exit Sterling.*

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## A CANDID BEAUTY.

(FROM "THE COQUETTE.")

*Enter* BELLAMY *and* JULIA *to* MADEMOISELLE FANTAST *the coquette, with* LA JUPE *her maid.*

*Fan.* Have you been paying your levy, sir, to my cousin's toilet, and offering your weighty advice in point of dress?

*Bel.* I do pretend, madam, to understand something of the art of dress.

*Fan.* It requires much study and a vast genius. Pray, sir, how do you like my coiffeur? Is it modell'd to your taste?

*Bel.* The air is gallant and free, but methinks it stands too forward; too much of your face cannot be seen.

*Fan.* How does the air of my cousin's please you?

*Bel.* Infinitely! 'Tis the exact model of a beautiful well-dressed head.

*Fan.* Foolish enough! How dull this creature is! Pray, sir, give me leave to ask you one question: Were you ever in love?

*Bel.* Yes, madam.

*Fan.* Impossible! Who would believe it! Was it in your own country, sir?

*Bel.* In my travels, madam.

*Fan.* Pray, sir, describe the nymph that made so great a conquest.

*Bel.* If you would have a description of her person, I must recollect my ideas and summon all my fancy to my aid. I ought to be inspired to find out images to represent her matchless form. [*Looking at Julia.*

*Fan.* First as to her complexion.

*Bel.* A little darker than yours, madam.

*Fan.* O hideous! then she was too dark.

*Bel.* Pardon my mistake, I mean a little fairer.

*Fan.* O hideous! then she was too fair. You might as well have had a passion for a piece of chalk.

*Bel.* O glorious Vanity! How happy dost thou make thy votaries!

*Fan.* Your English ladies have good faces.

*Bel.* So all travellers are pleased to say.

*Fan.* But though my dress, sir, had the misfortune to fall under your displeasure, I hope you'll have a more extensive complaisance for my face. How do you like my colour? Does this red I wear please you?

*Bel.* This side appears with a beautiful vermilion; it puts nature out of countenance. But here methinks your pencil has but lazily performed its office.

*Fan.* Pray let me see. (*Pulls out a glass.*) O frightful! Why, I ha'n't put on half my face to-day. How could you be so barbarous not to tell me on't sooner? La Jupe, fly and bring me my things; I must mend it immediately. [*Exit La Jupe.*

*Julia.* I think your English ladies use no helps to beauty.

*Bel.* The better bred do, madam, but 'tis secretly.

*Fan.* I find they're very apt to be modest where they should not. 'Tis something odd that a woman should be industrious to conceal her own ingenuity. For my part I may say without vanity that I've a change of fine features for every day in the week.

*Enter* La Jupe *with paint.*

Oh, come! Now, sir, I'll see what you're good for. Exercise your gallantry a little. Here, hold the glass for me, sir, your servant. I'll begin with a touch here—a little there won't be amiss. (*Paints.*) I must move this patch or I shall look like my lady What-do-you-call her, that always charges her magnificent nose with three large patches. Pray, sir, take a patch out of that box and put it me upon this dimple.—There, very well, sir, your servant. Now, I think my face is uniform. But pray, sir, do you handle the pencil and give an additional touch where you think it may want. Let's see, have you any fancy?

*Bel.* Nothing can mend what you have so well performed. You have a very fine hand, madam.

*Fan.* Yes, I think I need not blush for what I've done to-day.

*Julia.* No, and if she should she has taken care it should not be seen.

*Fan.* If a bashful Englishwoman were to do this, she'd hide herself in her closet, and bar the door as if it were to keep out the enemy, and nobody is in the secret but some chere confidente, though as soon as ever she shows her face 'tis visible by the clumsiness on't that 'tis all of her own making.

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# MRS. BARBER.

Born 1712—Died 1757.

[Mrs. Barber was well known in her own day as a member of the female coterie that gathered round and made an idol of Dean Swift. She was a woman of pleasant manners and considerable talents, but these were wasted to a great extent, as was then the fashion, in unfruitful wit combats, and in the production of ephemeral pettinesses in verse. Her birth took place in 1712, and early in life she married a person in business, a quiet and estimable man, who gave her very much her own way in everything. In 1734 she published a volume of poems under the patronage of Dean Swift and Lord Orrery, which was well received; and in 1755, when she was a widow, produced another volume of *Poems by Eminent Ladies*, the greater part of which is from her own pen. It was the age of the blue-stocking, and learned ladies were plentiful in that circle, to which wit was the key for even the wife of a plain business man.

Mrs. Barber's poems are not of a very high order of merit, but they were, like herself,

pleasant and not inelegant. She seems to have rhymed with great ease, and for this very reason no doubt she took little if any trouble to revise her work. Consequently commonplace expressions at times may be found in the midst of her best passages. On the whole, however, her verses possess the merit of naturalness,—a merit often vainly sought in the too refined productions of more pretentious poets. For this reason, and because of the reputation which yet clings to her name, she deserves to be remembered here.

Her death occurred in 1757 in the forty-sixth year of her age.]

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### APOLOGY FOR THE RICH.

All-bounteous Heav'n, Castalio cries,
With bended knees and lifted eyes,
When shall I have the power to bless,
And raise up merit in distress?
How do our hearts deceive us here!
He gets ten thousand pounds a year.
With this the pious youth is able
To build and plant, and keep a table;
But then the poor he must not treat:
Who asks the wretch, that wants to eat?
Alas! to ease their woes he wishes,
But cannot live without ten dishes:
Tho' six would serve as well, 'tis true;
But one must live as others do.
He now feels wants unknown before,
Wants still increasing with his store.
The good Castalio must provide
Brocade and jewels for his bride;
Her toilet shines with plate embossed,
What sums her lace and linen cost!
The clothes that must his person grace
Shine with embroidery and lace.
The costly pride of Persian looms,
And Guido's paintings, grace his rooms;
His wealth Castalio will not waste,
But must have everything in taste:
He's an economist confest,
But what he buys must be the best;
For common use a set of plate,
Old china when he dines in state;
A coach and six to take the air,
Besides a chariot and a chair.
All these important calls supplied—
Calls of necessity, not pride—
His income's regularly spent,
He scarcely saves to pay his rent.
No man alive would do more good,
Or give more freely if he could.
He grieves whene'er the wretched sue,
But what can poor Castalio do?
Would Heav'n but send ten thousand more,
He'd give—just as he did before.

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### THE OAK AND THE IVY.

An oak with spreading branches crowned
Beheld an ivy on the ground,
Exposed to every trampling beast
That roam'd around the dreary waste.
The tree of Jove in all his state
With pity viewed the ivy's fate,
And kindly told her she should find
Security around his rind:
Nor was that only his intent,
But to bestow some nourishment.
The branches saw, and grieved to see,
Some juices taken from the tree.
"Parent," say they in angry tone,
"Your sap should nourish us alone;
Why should you nurse this stranger plant
With what your sons in time may want?—
May want to raise us high in air,
And make us more distinguished there."
"'Tis well," the parent tree replied;
"Must I, to gratify your pride,
Act only with a narrow view
Of doing good to none but you?
Know, sons, though Jove hath made me great,
I am not safe from storms of fate;
Is it not prudent then, I pray,
To guard against another day?
Whilst I'm alive you crown my head,
This graces me alive and dead."

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### STELLA AND FLAVIA.

Stella and Flavia every hour
Unnumbered hearts surprise;
In Stella's soul lies all her power,
And Flavia's in her eyes.

More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
And Stella's more confined;
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like Britain's monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like Eastern tyrants Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast, fair Flavia, boast your face,
Your beauty's only store;
Your charms will every day decrease,
Each day gives Stella more.

# LAURENCE STERNE.

BORN 1713 — DIED 1768.

[Although a branch of the family of Sterne had been for several generations settled in Ireland, Laurence Sterne was an Irishman by accident more than anything else. His father was an officer in the English army, and was stationed at Clonmel in Ireland for a short time. There his wife joined him, and a few days after her arrival gave birth to Laurence. About the same time the regiment in which his father served was disbanded, and so soon as the infant was able for the journey his parents took him with them to the family seat at Elvington in Yorkshire. In about ten months time the regiment was re-formed, and, as Sterne himself says, the "household decamped with bag and baggage for Dublin." After some years' knocking about, chiefly in Ireland, he was in 1722 sent to a school at Halifax in Yorkshire. Here he continued till 1731, in which year his father died. While he was there an incident occurred which he himself describes thus—"He (the schoolmaster) had the ceiling of the schoolroom new whitewashed; the ladder remained there; I one unlucky day mounted it, and wrote with a brush in large capital letters, LAU. STERNE, for which the usher severely whipped me. My master was very much hurt at this, and said before me that never should that name be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was sure that I should come to preferment. This expression made me forget the stripes I had received."

In the year 1732 a cousin took him in charge and sent him to the University of Cambridge, where he was admitted to Jesus College on the 6th July, 1733. In March, 1735, he matriculated, and in January, 1736, he received the degree of B.A. After this he went to York, where his uncle Dr. Jaques Sterne resided, and by the interest of this relative he was presented with the living of Sutton. At York he made the acquaintance of the lady whom he married in 1741. After his marriage his uncle also procured him the prebendary of York, "but," says Sterne, "he quarrelled with me afterwards, because I would not write paragraphs in the newspapers; though he was a party man, I was not, and detested such dirty work, thinking it beneath me. From that period he became my bitterest enemy." However, Sterne soon also acquired by his wife's means the living of Stillington, and "remained near twenty years at Sutton, doing duty at both places." "I had then very good health," he says. "Books, painting, fiddling, and shooting were my amusements."

In 1760 he took a house at York, in which he placed his family, while he himself went up to London to publish the first two volumes of *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent.* The success of these was almost enough to turn his head; and fortune still favouring him he was the same year presented with the curacy of Coxwold, "a sweet retirement in comparison of Sutton." Here he resided for some years at Shandy Hall in the village, and here also he finished his *Tristram Shandy* and other works. In 1762 he went to France, the outcome of his journey thither being the *Sentimental Journey*. In 1764 we find him at Montpellier, where his physicians almost poisoned him with "what they call *bouillons refraichissants;* it is a cock flayed alive and boiled with poppy seeds, then pounded in a mortar, afterwards passed through a sieve. There is to be one crawfish in it, and I was gravely told it must be a male one; a female would do me more hurt than good." In the summer of 1767 the *Sentimental Journey* was written at Coxwold, and about the end of the year he went up to London to have it published. By this time the disease with which he had been afflicted for some time, consumption of the lungs, took a firmer hold of him. However, he still kept up his spirits and visited his friends as usual, being no way frightened at the approach of death. He also wrote several letters to his beloved daughter, in a vein which shows the weightier side of his character, and proves him to have been, not a mere jester, but a true philosopher, who frequently, like Figaro, made haste to laugh lest he should be forced to cry. These letters she published in three volumes, with a short autobiography of her father, in 1775. On the 18th March, 1768, after a short struggle his spirit parted from his worn-out body at his lodgings in Bond Street.

Sterne's works were published in the following order:—*The Case of Elijah and the Widow of Zarephath Considered*, a sermon, 1747; *The Abuses of Conscience*, a sermon,

1750; *Tristram Shandy*, vols. i. ii. 1759; iii. iv. 1761; v. vi. 1762; vii. viii. 1765; ix. 1767; *Sermons*, vols. i. ii. 1760; iii. iv. v. vi. 1766; and *A Sentimental Journey*, 1768. His other and lesser works appeared after his death. In 1808 his complete works, with life and plates, by Stothard and Thurston, were published.

Sterne's great work *Tristram Shandy* has drawn forth very opposite opinions from good authorities. "If I were requested to name the book of all others which combined wit and humour under their highest appearance of levity with the profoundest wisdom, it would be *Tristram Shandy*," says Leigh Hunt. "At present nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but what I cannot help calling a very insipid and tedious performance," says Horace Walpole: "it is a kind of novel called *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*, the great humour in which consists in the whole narration going backward. It makes one smile two or three times at the beginning, but in recompense makes one yawn for two hours. The characters are tolerably kept up, but the humour is for ever attempted and missed." This extraordinary work begins with a relation of the birth of Tristram Shandy and the circumstances connected with it. His father and his uncle Toby are characters in whom "he has managed to oppose with equal felicity and originality," says Hazlitt, "pure intellect and pure good nature." Uncle Toby is a simple-minded Christian gentleman, and his servant Corporal Trim a man both good and honest, but with one fault —he must give advice. The baptism of Tristram is signalized by a blunder of the maid Susannah, by which the child is so named instead of Trismegistus, as his father had intended. Dr. Slop and Yorick are both inimitable creations, and "the story of Le Fevre," says Hazlitt, "is perhaps the finest in the English language;" and for Uncle Toby he says, "of his bowling-green, his sieges, and his amours, who would think anything amiss?" The Widow Wadman, in her determined siege of Uncle Toby, at length overreaching herself by her curiosity, shows that Sterne had rather a low estimate of human nature in women of the Wadman type.

As to Sterne's position as a writer there have been many acrimonious debates, but even his greatest enemies acknowledge him possessed of both wit and humour, a wonderfully vivid style, and a power of reading and depicting character far beyond that of any writer of his day. As to his satirical powers all are not so well agreed, and the sentimental portions of his works have been frequently spoken of as affectations and hypocrisies. There can be no doubt that his position as a minister has been the cause of much hurt to his fame as an author, many people not liking the combination of preacher with wit and humourist. We are firmly persuaded that had he been a layman his fame would stand much higher to-day than it does, and that many pieces of bitter biography written concerning him would never have appeared. Garrick, who knew him well, wrote the following epitaph for him:—

"Shall pride a heap of sculptured marble raise,
Some worthless, unmourn'd, titled fool to praise;
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn
Where genius, wit, and humour sleep with Sterne?"

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## WIDOW WADMAN'S EYE.

(FROM "TRISTRAM SHANDY.")

I am half distracted, Captain Shandy, said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my uncle Toby's sentry-box; a mote, —or sand,—or something,—I know not what, has got into this eye of mine;—do look into it:—it is not in the white.

In saying which Mrs. Wadman edged herself close in beside my uncle Toby, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up.—Do look into it, said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocency of heart as ever child looked into a raree-show-box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature, I've nothing to say to it.

My uncle Toby never did: and I will answer for him that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from June to January (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian Rhodope's beside him, without being able to tell whether it was a black or a blue one.

The difficulty was to get my uncle Toby to look at one at all.

'Tis surmounted. And

I see him yonder, with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it,—looking,—and looking,—then rubbing his eyes, —and looking again, with twice the good-

nature that ever Galileo looked for a spot in the sun.

In vain! for, by all the powers which animate the organ—Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right;—there is neither mote, nor sand, nor dust, nor chaff, nor speck, nor particle of opaque matter floating in it.—There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions into thine.

If thou lookest, uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer, thou art undone.

. . . . . .

I protest, madam, said my uncle Toby, I can see nothing whatever in your eye.

—It is not in the white, said Mrs. Wadman. —My uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil.

Now, of all the eyes which ever were created, from your own, madam, up to those of Venus herself, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head, there never was an eye of them all so fitted to rob my uncle Toby of his repose as the very eye at which he was looking. It was not, madam, a rolling eye,—a romping, or a wanton one;—nor was it an eye sparkling, petulant, or imperious—of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature of which my uncle Toby was made up; —but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations,—and soft responses,—speaking,—not like the trumpet-stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to, holds coarse converse, but whispering soft,—like the last low accents of an expiring saint,—"How can you live comfortless, Captain Shandy, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on,—or trust your cares to?"

It was an eye—

But I shall be in love with it myself, if I say another word about it.

It did my uncle Toby's business.

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## THE BASTILE *v.* LIBERTY.

(FROM "A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.")

—And here, I know, Eugenius, thou wilt smile at the remembrance of a short dialogue which passed betwixt us, the moment I was going to set out.—I must tell it here.

Eugenius, knowing that I was as little subject to be overburthened with money as thought, had drawn me aside to interrogate me how much I had taken care for? Upon telling him the exact sum, Eugenius shook his head and said it would not do; so pulled out his purse, in order to empty it into mine. I've enough, in conscience, Eugenius, said I. Indeed Yorick, you have not, replied Eugenius; I know France and Italy better than you. But you don't consider, Eugenius, said I, refusing his offer, that before I have been three days in Paris, I shall take care to say or do something or other for which I shall get clapped up into the Bastile, and that I shall live there a couple of months entirely at the King of France's expense. I beg pardon, said Eugenius, drily; really, I had forgot that resource.

Now the event I had treated gaily came seriously to my door.

Is it folly, or *nonchalance*, or philosophy, or pertinacity;—or what is it in me, that, after all, when La Fleur had gone down stairs, and I was quite alone, I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwise than I had then spoken of it to Eugenius?

—And as for the Bastile—the terror is in the word.—Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower;—and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of.—Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year.—But with nine livres a day, and pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within,—at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard, as I settled this account; and remember I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning.—Beshrew the *sombre* pencil! said I, vauntingly—for I envy not its power, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened; reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them. 'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the Bastile is not an evil to be despised. But strip it of its towers—fill up the foss—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper—and not of a man, which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out."—I looked up and down the passage, and, seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and, looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage. "I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity,—"I can't get out," said the starling. God help thee! said I,—but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get the door: it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces.—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and, thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient. I fear, poor creature, said I, I cannot set thee at liberty. "No," said the starling; "I can't get out—I can't get out."

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, said I, still thou art a bitter draught! and, though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all, in public or in private, worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change. No *tint* of words can spot thy snowy mantle, nor chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron;—with thee, to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled.—Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion,—and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy Divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them!

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## THE STORY OF YORICK.

(FROM "TRISTRAM SHANDY.")

Yorick was this parson's name, and, what is very remarkable in it (as appears from a most ancient account of the family, wrote upon strong vellum, and now in perfect preservation), it had been exactly so spelt for near—I was within an ace of saying nine hundred years;—but I would not shake my credit in telling an improbable truth—however indisputable in itself;—and, therefore, I shall content myself with only saying—It had been exactly so spelt, without the least variation or transposition of a single letter, for I do not know how long; which is more than I would venture to say of one half of the best surnames in the kingdom; which, in a course of years, have generally undergone as many chops and changes as their owners.—Has this been owing to the pride, or to the shame, of the respective proprietors?—In honest truth, I think sometimes to the one and sometimes to the other, just as the temptation has wrought. But a villainous affair it is, and will one day so blend and confound us altogether that no one shall be able to stand up and swear "That his own great-grandfather was the man who did either this or that."

This evil has been sufficiently fenced against by the prudent care of the Yorick family, and their religious preservation of these records I quote; which do farther inform us that the family was originally of Danish extraction, and had been transplanted into England as early as in the reign of Horwendilus, king of Denmark, in whose court, it seems, an ancestor of this Mr. Yorick, and from whom he was lineally descended, held a considerable post to the day of his death. Of what nature this considerable post was this record saith not—it only adds that, for near two centuries, it had been totally abolished as altogether unnecessary, not only in that court, but in every other court of the Christian world.

It has often come into my head that this post could be no other than that of the king's chief jester;—and that Hamlet's Yorick, in our Shakspere, many of whose plays, you know,

are founded upon authenticated facts, was certainly the very man.

I have not the time to look into Saxo-Grammaticus's Danish history to know the certainty of this;—but, if you have leisure, and can easily get at the book, you may do it full as well yourself.

I had just time, in my travels through Denmark with Mr. Noddy's eldest son, whom, in the year 1741, I accompanied as governor, riding along with him at a prodigious rate through most parts of Europe, and of which original journey, performed by us two, a most delectable narrative will be given in the progress of this work; I had just time, I say, and that was all, to prove the truth of an observation made by a long sojourner in that country —namely, "That nature was neither very lavish, nor was she was very stingy, in her gifts of genius and capacity to its inhabitants; —but, like a discreet parent, was moderately kind to them all; observing such an equal tenour in the distribution of her favours as to bring them, in those points, pretty near to a level with each other; so that you will meet with few instances in that kingdom of refined parts, but a great deal of good plain household understanding, amongst all ranks of people, of which everybody has a share;"—which is, I think, very right.

With us, you see, the case is quite different: —we are all ups and downs in this matter;— you are a great genius;—or, 'tis fifty to one, sir, you are a great dunce and a blockhead;— not that there is a total want of intermediate steps;—no,—we are not so irregular as that comes to;—but the two extremes are more common, and in a greater degree, in this unsettled island, where Nature, in her gifts and dispositions of this kind, is most whimsical and capricious; Fortune herself not being more so in the bequest of her goods and chattels than she.

This is all that ever staggered my faith in regard to Yorick's extraction, who, by what I can remember of him, and by all the accounts I could ever get of him, seemed not to have had one single drop of Danish blood in his whole crasis—in nine hundred years it might possibly have all run out:—I will not philosophize one moment with you about it; for, happen how it would, the fact was this,—that, instead of that cold phlegm and exact regularity of sense and humours you would have looked for in one so extracted—he was, on the contrary, as mercurial and sublimated a composition—as heteroclite a creature in all his declensions—with as much life and whim, and *gaite de cœur* about him, as the kindliest climate could have engendered and put together. With all this sail poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballast; he was utterly unpractised in the world; and, at the age of twenty-six, knew just about as well how to steer his course in it as a romping, unsuspicious girl of thirteen: so that upon his first setting out, the brisk gale of his spirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times in a day of somebody's tackling; and as the grave and more slow-paced were oftenest in his way, you may likewise imagine it was with such he had generally the ill-luck to get the most entangled. For aught I know, there might be some mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of such *fracas:*—for, to speak the truth, Yorick had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity;—not to gravity as such:— for, where gravity was wanted, he would be the most grave or serious of mortal men for days and weeks together;—but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war against it only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance or for folly: and then, whenever it fell in his way, however sheltered and protected, he seldom gave it much quarter.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would say that gravity was an arrant scoundrel, and he would add—of the most dangerous kind too,—because a sly one; and that, he verily believed, more honest, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say there was no danger— but to itself:—whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit: —it was a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth; and that, with all its pretensions, it was no better, but often worse, than what a French wit had long ago defined it, *viz. A mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind;*—which definition of gravity Yorick, with great imprudence, would say deserved to be written in letters of gold.

But, in plain truth, he was a man unhackneyed and unpractised in the world, and was altogether as indiscreet and foolish on every other subject of discourse where policy is wont to impress restraint. Yorick had no impression but one, and that was what arose from the nature of the deed spoken of; which impression he would usually translate into plain

English, without any periphrasis; and too oft without much distinction of either person, time, or place; so that when mention was made of a pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding —he never gave himself a moment's time to reflect who was the hero of the piece, what his station, or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter;—but if it was a dirty action, —without more ado, The man was a dirty fellow,—and so on. And as his comments had usually the ill fate to be terminated either in a *bon mot*, or to be enlivened throughout with some drollery or humour of expression, it gave wings to Yorick's indiscretion. In a word, though he never sought, yet, at the same time, as he seldom shunned, occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much ceremony—he had but too many temptations in life of scattering his wit and his humour, his gibes and his jests, about him.—They were not lost for want of gathering.

What were the consequences, and what was Yorick's catastrophe thereupon, you will read in the next chapter.

. . . . . .

The mortgager and mortgagee differ, the one from the other, not more in length of purse than the jester and jestee do in that of memory. But in this the comparison between them runs, as the scholiasts call it, upon all-four;—which, by the by, is upon one or two legs more than some of the best of Homer's can pretend to;—namely, That the one raises a sum, and the other a laugh, at your expense, and thinks no more about it. Interest, however, still runs on in both cases;—the periodical or accidental payments of it just serving to keep the memory of the affair alive; till, at length, in some evil hour, pop comes the creditor upon each, and by demanding principal upon the spot, together with full interest to the very day, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations.

As the reader (for I hate your *ifs*) has a thorough knowledge of human nature, I need not say more to satisfy him that my hero could not go on at this rate without some slight experience of these incidental mementos. To speak the truth, he had wantonly involved himself in a multitude of small book-debts of this stamp, which, notwithstanding Eugenius's frequent advice, he too much disregarded; thinking that, as not one of them was contracted through any malignancy—but, on the contrary, from an honesty of mind, and a mere jocundity of humour, they would all of them be crossed out in course.

Eugenius would never admit this; and would often tell him that, one day or other, he would certainly be reckoned with;—and he would often add—in an accent of sorrowful apprehension — to the uttermost mite. To which Yorick, with his usual carelessness of heart, would as often answer with a pshaw!—and if the subject was started in the fields,—with a hop, skip, and a jump at the end of it; but, if close pent-up in the social chimney-corner, where the culprit was barricadoed in, with a table and a couple of arm-chairs, and could not so readily fly off in a tangent, Eugenius would then go on with his lecture upon discretion in words to this purpose, though somewhat better put together:

"Trust me, dear Yorick, this unwary pleasantry of thine will sooner or later bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out of.—In these sallies, too oft, I see it happens that a person laughed at considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him; and when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckonest up his friends, his family, his kindred and allies—and dost muster up, with them, the many recruits which will list under him from a sense of common danger—'tis no extravagant arithmetic to say that, for every ten jokes, thou hast got a hundred enemies; and till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so.

"I cannot suspect it, in the man whom I esteem, that there is the least spur from spleen or malevolence in these sallies.—I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive—but consider, my dear lad, that fools cannot distinguish this, and that knaves will not; and that thou knowest not what it is either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other; —whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily sick of it, and of thy life too.

"Revenge, from some baneful corner, shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart, nor integrity of conduct, shall set right.—The fortunes of thy house shall totter,—thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it,—thy faith questioned,—thy words belied,—thy wit forgotten,—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, Cruelty and

Cowardice, twin-ruffians, hired and set on by Malice in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes:—the best of us, my dear lad, lie open there;—and trust me—trust me, Yorick, when, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon that an innocent and a helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed to make a fire to offer it up with."

Yorick scarce ever heard this sad vaticination of his destiny read over to him but with a tear stealing from his eye, and a promissory look attending it that he was resolved, for the time to come, to ride his tit with more sobriety. —But, alas, too late!—a grand confederacy, with * * * and * * * at the head of it, was formed before the first prediction of it.—The whole plan of attack, just as Eugenius had foreboded, was put in execution all at once,—with so little mercy on the side of the allies,—and so little suspicion on Yorick of what was carrying on against him—that, when he thought, good easy man!—full surely, preferment was o'ripening,—they had smote his root,—and then he fell, as many a worthy man had fallen before him.

Yorick, however, fought it out, with all imaginable gallantry, for some time; till overpowered by numbers, and worn out at length by the calamities of the war—but more so by the ungenerous manner in which it was carried on,—he threw down the sword; and, though he kept up his spirits in appearance to the last—he died, nevertheless, as was generally thought, quite broken-hearted.

What inclined Eugenius to the same opinion was as follows:—

A few hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stept in with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand—and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again,—he told him he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever. I hope not, answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke,—I hope not, Yorick, said he. Yorick replied, with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand, and that was all;—but it cut Eugenius to his heart. Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him, my dear lad, be comforted,—let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis, when thou most wantest them;—who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee? Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head. For my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee,—and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop, and that I may live to see it. I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand,—his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius,—I beseech thee to take a view of my head. I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you that it is so bruised and misshapened with the blows which * * * and * * *, and some others, have so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say, with Sancho Panza, that should I recover, and "mitres thereupon be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it." Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart, as he uttered this;—yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone;—and, as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes—faint picture of those flashes of his spirit which (as Shakspere said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this that the heart of his friend was broken; he squeezed his hand—and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door;—he then closed them,—and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his churchyard, in the parish of ——, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy:

Alas, poor Yorick!

Ten times in a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over, with such a variety of plaintive tones as denote a general pity and esteem for him—a footway crossing the churchyard close

by the side of his grave,—not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it,—and sighing, as he walks on,

ALAS, POOR YORICK!

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## THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

(FROM "TRISTRAM SHANDY.")

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:—

—I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick Lieutenant.—Is he in the army, then? said my uncle Toby.—I'll tell your honour, replied the Corporal, everything straight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again.—The Corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it, *Your honour is good:*—and having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the Lieutenant and his son;—for, when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked,—[That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby]—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, we can hire horses thence.—But alas! the poor gentleman will never go hence, said the landlady to me, for I heard the death-watch all night long; and, when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him, for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the Corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of:—But I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby; he has been bred up from an infant in the army; and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend!—I wish I had him here.

—I never, in the longest march, said the Corporal, had so great a mind for my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour?—Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

—When I gave him the toast, continued the Corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father; and that if there was anything in your house or cellar—[And thou might'st have added my purse, too, said my uncle Toby]—he was heartily welcome to it.—He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour) but no answer;—for his heart was full;—so he went up stairs with the toast.—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again. Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire; but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth.—I thought it wrong, added the Corporal.—I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

—When the Lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that, in about ten minutes, he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers; for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and, as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.

—I thought, said the Curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the Curate.—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life,

and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world. —'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harassing others to-morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night out upon his arms;—beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;—he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.—I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the Corporal, for the reputation of the army—I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray—he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.—Thou shouldest not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, Corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then) it will be seen who have done their duties in this world, and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.—It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will show it thee to-morrow. In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a Governor of the world that, if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.—I hope not, said the Corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.—

When I went up, continued the Corporal, into the Lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling;—the book was laid upon the bed;—and, as he arose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—Let it remain there, my dear, said the Lieutenant.—

He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bed-side.—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me. If he was of Leven's said the Lieutenant.—I told him your honour was. —Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a Lieutenant in Angus's;—but he knows me not, said he, a second time, musing; possibly he may my story, added he.—Pray tell the Captain I was the ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an' please your honour, said I, very well.—Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black riband about his neck, and kissed it twice.—Here, Billy, said he; the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too, then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh, I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the Corporal, is too much concerned—Shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?—Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment; —but finish the story thou art upon.—'Tis finished already, said the Corporal,—for I could stay no longer; so wished his honour good night. Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and, as we went down together, told me that they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders.—But alas! said the Corporal, the Lieutenant's last day's march is over!—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

. . . . . .

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour, —though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not, for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves,—that,

notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the Allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner:—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp;—and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itself—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor Lieutenant and his son.

—That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this—

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the Corporal, I had no orders.—True, quoth my uncle Toby, thou didst very right, as a soldier—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house—thou shouldst have offered him my house too. A sick brother-officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.

In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling, he might march.—He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world, said the Corporal.—He *will* march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off.—An' please your honour, said the Corporal, he will never march but to his grave.—He *shall* march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch, he *shall* march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the Corporal.—He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.—He'll drop at last, said the Corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He *shall not* drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly.—A well-a-day! do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die.—*He shall not die, by G—*, cried my uncle Toby.

—The *accusing spirit*, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in;—and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

. . . . . .

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle—when my uncle Toby, who had risen up an hour before his wonted time, entered the Lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it; and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him;—and, without giving him time to answer any one of these enquiries, went on, and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal the night before for him.

—You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house,—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter;—and we'll have an apothecary; and the Corporal shall be your nurse; and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.—

. . . . . .

Before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to his father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back,—the film forsook his eyes for a moment;—he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face;—then cast a look upon his boy;—and that *ligament*, fine as it was—was never broken!—

Nature instantly ebb'd again;—the film returned to its place;—the pulse fluttered;—stopped;—went on,—throbbed,—stopped.

MY UNCLE TOBY SAT HIMSELF DOWN UPON THE CHAIR
BY THE BEDSIDE

# PHILIP FRANCIS.

BORN 1719 — DIED 1773.

[Philip Francis, so well known as a translator of Horace, was born in Dublin in 1719. His father, the Rev. John Francis, D.D., a man of some ability, was for a time rector of St. Mary's, Dublin, and afterwards Dean of Lismore. In due course young Philip entered and graduated at Trinity College. After this he took holy orders; and in 1750 removed to England, where he set up an academy at Esher in Surrey, in which, among other pupils, he had his son, afterwards Sir Philip, and Gibbon the celebrated historian. After a time, by the influence of Lord Holland, he obtained the rectory of Barrow in Suffolk, and, as a reward for some literary support he had rendered the government, he was appointed to the chaplaincy of Chelsea Hospital. Two years after his arrival in England appeared his first work of any importance, *Eugenia*, a tragedy; and in 1754 this was followed by *Constantine*, a tragedy. Both plays are carefully and correctly written, but are wanting somewhat in the fire of genius. About this time he was a constant visitor at Holland House, and was appointed chaplain to Lady Holland.

In 1743 appeared his great work, which still stands first among translations of Horace. It was received not only with favour but enthusiasm by the whole learned and reading world, and Dr. Johnson in speaking of it said, "The lyrical part of Horace can never be properly translated; so much of the excellence is in the numbers and the expression. Francis has done it the best. I'll take his, five out of six, against them all." Soon after this appeared his translation of Demosthenes, which was also successful, but not to the same extent as Horace. This was his last extant work, for the rest of his life produced nothing except political ephemera in the interest of Henry Fox and his party, which of course are not now recognizable, and we fear not of much value if recognized. He was also one of the editors of the daily *Gazette* in the pay of the government, and in 1761 he was appointed rector of Chilham in Kent. He suffered severely from palsy for several years before his death, which took place at Bath, in March, 1773.

The most available edition of Francis's *Horace* is that issued by A. & J. Valpy, in two volumes, in the *Family Classical Library*.]

## HORACE'S EPISTLE TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS IN PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

To Fuscus, who in city sports delights,
A country bard with gentle greetings writes:
In this we differ, but in all beside,
Like twin-born brothers, are our souls allied,
And as a pair of fondly constant doves,
What one dislikes the other disapproves.
You keep the nest, I love the rural mead,
The brook, the mossy rock, and woody glade,
In short, I live and reign whene'er I fly
The joys you vaunt with rapture to the sky,
And like a slave from the priest's service fled,
I nauseate honey'd cakes, and long for bread.
Would you to nature's laws obedience yield;
Would you a house for health or pleasure build,
Where is there such a situation found
As where the country spreads its blessings round?
Where is the intemperate winter less severe?
Or, when the sun ascending fires the year,
Where breathes a milder zephyr to assuage
The Dog-star's fury or the Lion's rage?
Where do less envious cares disturb our rest?
Or are the fields, in nature's colours dress'd,
Less grateful to the smell, or to the sight,
Than the rich floor with inlaid marble bright?
Is water purer from the bursting lead,
Than gently murmuring down its native bed?
Among your columns, rich with various dyes,
Unnatural woods with awkward art arise:
You praise the house whose situation yields
An open prospect to the distant fields;
For Nature, driven out with proud disdain,
All-powerful goddess, will return again,
Return in silent triumph to deride
The weak attempts of luxury and pride.
The man who cannot, with judicious eye,
Discern the fleece that drinks the Tyrian dye
From the pale Latian; yet shall ne'er sustain
A loss so touching, of such heartfelt pain,
As he who can't, with sense of happier kind,
Distinguish truth from falsehood in the mind.
They who in fortune's smiles too much delight,
Shall tremble when the goddess takes her flight;
For if her gifts our fonder passions gain,
The frail possession we resign with pain.
Then fly from grandeur and the haughty great,
The cottage offers a secure retreat,
Where you may make that heartfelt bliss your own,
To kings and favourites of kings unknown.
A lordly stag, arm'd with superior force,

Drove from their common field a vanquished horse,
Who for revenge to man his strength enslaved,
Took up his rider, and the bit received;
But though he conquer'd in the martial strife,
He felt his rider's weight, and champed the bit for life.

So he who poverty with horror views,
Nor frugal Nature's bounty knows to use,
Who sells his freedom in exchange for gold
(Freedom for mines of wealth too cheaply sold),
Shall make eternal servitude his fate,
And feel a haughty master's galling weight.

Our fortunes and our shoes are near allied,
Pinched in the strait, we stumble in the wide.
Cheerful and wise, your present lot enjoy,
And on my head your just rebukes employ,
If e'er, forgetful of my former self,
I toil to raise unnecessary pelf.
Gold is the slave or tyrant of the soul,
Unworthy to command, it better brooks control.

These lines behind Vacuna's fane I penn'd,
Sincerely blessed, but that I want my friend.

---

# JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Born 1729 — Died 1773.

[John Cunningham was the son of a well-known wine merchant of Dublin, and was born in that city in 1729. At a very early age, indeed before he completed his twelfth year, his poetical genius began to be apparent, and he wrote several pieces which appeared in the Dublin papers. These displayed such ability that he was soon a hero in at least his own circle, and they are yet occasionally sung by the lower classes of Dublin and its neighbourhood, though the name of the author is unknown to the singer. At the age of seventeen he produced a farce entitled *Love in a Mist*, which was successful so far as Dublin was concerned, and which Garrick is said to have plagiarized to produce his *Lying Valet*. Before twenty Cunningham became an itinerant player, in which occupation he passed many years of his life. In his wanderings he became closely attached to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he had always been well received, and which he learned to speak of as his "Home." Thither he retired after leaving the stage in 1763, and there he issued his volume of poems, "chiefly pastoral," a style of composition in which he excelled, and which he was encouraged to cultivate by Shenstone. The pastorals have the delicate artificiality which belongs to their species, and withal a true and pure note of poetry. The book was successful, and highly praised by competent judges. Johnson says of it, "His poems have peculiar sweetness and elegance; his sentiments are generally natural, and his language simple and appropriate to his subject." After protracted suffering the poet died, September 18th, 1773, in the forty-fourth year of his age.]

## MORNING.

In the barn the tenant cock,
Close to Partlet perched on high,
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock),
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire:
And the peeping sunbeam, now,
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night,
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge
See the chatt'ring swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arched bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale:
Kidlings, now, begin to crop
Daisies in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd
(Restless till her task be done),
Now the busy bee's employ'd
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the creviced rock
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin, for the promis'd corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe),
Anxious hears the huntsman's horn
Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

Sweet,—O sweet the warbling throng
On the white emblossom'd spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.

---

## NOON.

Fervid on the glitt'ring flood,
Now the noontide radiance glows:
Dropping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dewdrop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines;
From the fierce meridian heat
Sheltered by the branching pines,
Pendent o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
Where, uncheck'd, the sunbeams fall,
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivy'd abbey wall.

Echo, in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool,
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs,
Fearful lest the noontide beam
Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
Nature's lull'd—serene—and still;
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,
Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises every fainting flower.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warbler's throat's in tune!
Blithsome is the verdant scene,
Brightened by the beams of noon!

---

## EVENING.

O'er the heath the heifer strays
Free;—the furrow'd task is done,
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnished by the setting sun.

Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky.
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the plowmen go
(To the smoking hamlet bound),
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthened o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads,
Shelter for the lordly dome,
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home!

As the lark, with varied tune,
Carols to the evening loud,
Mark the mild resplendent moon
Breaking through a parted cloud!

Now the hermit howlet peeps
From the barn or twisted brake;
And the blue mist swiftly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout in speckled pride
Playful from its bosom springs,
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass,
With her well-poised milking-pail.

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu.

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## THE ANT AND THE CATERPILLAR.

A FABLE.

As an Ant, of his talents superiorly vain,
Was trotting with consequence over the plain,
A Worm, in his progress remarkably slow,
Cry'd—"Bless your good worship wherever you go;
I hope your great mightiness won't take it ill,
I pay my respects with a hearty good-will."
With a look of contempt and impertinent pride,
"Begone, you vile reptile!" his antship replied:
"Go—go and lament your contemptible state,
But first—look at me—see my limbs how complete!
I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,
Run backward and forward, and turn when I please:

Of Nature (grown weary) you shocking essay!
I spurn you thus from me—crawl out of my way."

The reptile, insulted and vexed to the soul,
Crept onwards and hid himself close in his hole;
But Nature, determined to end his distress,
Soon sent him abroad in a Butterfly's dress.

Ere long the proud Ant, as repassing the road
(Fatigued from the harvest, and tugging his load),
The beau on a violet bank he beheld,
Whose vesture in glory a monarch's excell'd;
His plumage expanded—'twas rare to behold
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.

The Ant, quite amazed at a figure so gay,
Bow'd low with respect, and was trudging away.
"Stop, friend," says the Butterfly—"don't be surprised,
I once was the reptile you spurn'd and despis'd;
But now I can mount, in the sunbeams I play,
While you must for ever drudge on in your way."

*Moral.*

A wretch, though to-day he's o'erloaded with sorrow,
May soar above those that oppress'd him—to-morrow.

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## THE HOLIDAY GOWN.

In holiday gown, and my new-fangled hat,
Last Monday I tript to the fair,
I held up my head, and I'll tell you for what,
Brisk Roger I guess'd would be there.

He woos me to marry whenever we meet,
There's honey sure dwells on his tongue:
He hugs me so close, and he kisses so sweet,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

Fond Sue, I'll assure you, laid hold on the boy
(The vixen would vain be his bride),
Some token she claim'd, either ribbon or toy,
And swore that she'd not be deny'd:

A top-knot he bought her, and garters of green;
Pert Susan was cruelly stung:
I hate her so much, that, to kill her with spleen,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

He whispered such soft, pretty things in mine ear!
He flattered, he promised, and swore!
Such trinkets he gave me, such laces and gear,
That, trust me,—my pockets ran o'er:

Some ballads he bought me, the best he could find,
And sweetly their burthen he sung;
Good faith, he's so handsome, so witty, and kind,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

The sun was just setting, 'twas time to retire
(Our cottage was distant a mile),
I rose to begone—Roger bow'd like a squire,
And handed me over the stile:

His arm he threw round me—love laughed in his eye,
He led me the meadows among,
There prest me so close, I agreed, with a sigh,
To wed—for I was not too young.

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## A PASTORAL.

Her sheep had in clusters crept close by the grove,
To hide from the rigours of day;
And Phillis herself, in a woodbine alcove,
Among the fresh violets lay:
A youngling, it seems, had been stole from its dam
('Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot),
That Corydon might, as he searched for his lamb,
Arrive at this critical spot.

As through the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
He saw the sweet maid with surprise;
"Ye gods, if so killing," he cried, "when she sleeps,
I'm lost when she opens her eyes!
To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
I'll onwards my lambkin to trace:"
In vain honest Corydon strove to depart,
For love had him nail'd to the place.

"Hush, hush'd be these birds, what a bawling they keep,"
He cried, "you're too loud on the spray.
Don't you see, foolish lark, that the charmer's asleep;
You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day:
How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid!
Her cheek he mistakes for the rose;
I'd put him to death, if I was not afraid
My boldness would break her repose."

Young Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile,
"Kind shepherd," she said, "you mistake;
I laid myself down just to rest me awhile,
But, trust me, have still been awake."
The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,
He placed himself close by her side,
And managed the matter, I cannot tell how,
But yesterday made her his bride.

# PATRICK DELANY.

BORN 1686 — DIED 1768.

[Patrick Delany, D.D., celebrated as a wit and man of learning, fit to sit side by side with Swift and Gay, Pope and Steele, was born of humble parents in the year 1686. His father was at first a domestic in the house of Sir John Rennel, an Irish judge, but afterwards becoming a tenant farmer in a small way, used every effort to have his son educated. In this he succeeded, and had the satisfaction of seeing his beloved Patrick at the proper age enter as a sizar in Trinity College. In due course young Delany took the usual degrees, and was after a time chosen a fellow of the college. Before this he had become acquainted with Swift, who, with a strong recommendation, introduced him to Lord Carteret on that nobleman's arrival in Ireland as lord-lieutenant. Lord Carteret soon became so pleased with the charm of Delany's manner and conversation that he had him almost constantly at the castle. At this time his fellowship and the fees of his pupils brought him in about £1000 a year, but, being of a hot temper, he got into a dispute in which he took the weaker side, and was forced to apologize to the provost of the college. This made his position irksome, and he would gladly have accepted a place with less emolument. In 1725 he was presented to the parish of St. John, and a royal dispensation became necessary to enable him to hold the benefice along with his fellowship. Here the Archbishop of Dublin and Primate Boulter, worked on by his enemies, interfered, and the dispensation was refused. However, in 1727 he resigned his fellowship, and the university presented him with a living in the north. Lord Carteret promoted him to the chancellorship of Christ Church, and in 1730 gave him a prebend in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

In 1729, a year before this last event, Delany began a paper called *The Tribune*, which was continued for some twenty numbers. In 1731 he visited London to arrange for the publication of his most important work, *Revelation Examined with Candour*, the first volume of which appeared in 1732. While in London he married Mrs. Tenison, a widow lady of his own country with a large fortune. On his return to Dublin he showed his love for the university by presenting its authorities with a sum of money sufficient to enable them to distribute £20 a year among the needier students. In 1734 appeared the second volume of his *Revelation Examined*, which was so well received that a third edition had to be issued before the end of 1735. In 1738 appeared his most curious work, "*Reflections on Polygamy*, and the Encouragement given to that Practice in the Scriptures of the Old Testament." His next work was *An Historical Account of the Life and Reign of David, King of Israel*, the first volume of which appeared in 1740, and the second and third in 1742.

In 1741 Delany's first wife died, and in 1743 he married Mrs. Pendarves, the charming and never-to-be-forgotten Mrs. Delany of the *Memoirs*. In 1744 he was preferred to the Deanery of Down, and the same year published sermons on the *Social Duties of Life*. A second edition was called for in 1747, when he added to the original fifteen sermons five more on the *Vices*. In 1748 appeared his pamphlet on the *Divine Original of Tythes*, after the production of which he seems to have rested for a time, as if its dialectic subtleties had been rather much for him. He was drawn from his retirement by the publication of the Earl of Orrery's *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift*, a work contemptible in point of style, and in which the great dean was assailed all through as if by one who wished yet feared to strike. He immediately issued a pamphlet, *Critiques on Orrery's Life of Swift*, in defence of his friend, which was highly successful, and in which a better idea of the dean and his works can be obtained than in any work previous to the capital life by Sir Walter Scott. In this year (1754) he published another volume of sermons, chiefly practical. These were considered highly valuable, two of them on the folly, guilt, and absurdity of duelling being frequently quoted and reprinted. In 1757 he began a periodical called *The Humanist*, which ended with the fifteenth number, and in 1761 he published several additional sermons and a tract entitled *An Humble Apology for Christian Orthodoxy*. In 1763, after the long interval of nearly thirty years from the appearance of the first volume of *Revelation Examined with Candour*, he completed and published the third and

final volume of that work.] In 1766 he published his last work, *Eighteen Discourses*, many of which were republished in 1791 in a popular work, entitled *Family Lectures*. In 1768 Dr. Delany was at Bath for the benefit of his health, and there, in May of that year, he died, in the eighty-third year of his age.

In private life Dr. Delany was remarkable for the wit, simplicity, hospitality, and generosity of his character. Of his works one critic says that they are "too fanciful and speculative to be useful to the cause of religion. His style also," continues this critic, "was too florid and declamatory, more likely to dazzle than to convince." Another critic says that the third volume of his great work exhibits "numerous instances of the prevalence of imagination over judgment." The same critic, however, in speaking of his *Life of David*, says that "it is an ingenious and learned performance. It is written with spirit; there are some curious and valuable criticisms in it, and many of the remarks in answer to Boyle are well founded." The work on revelation is, however, still studied and esteemed; and even if it were not, Delany deserves to be remembered for Swift's saying that "he was one of the very few within my knowledge on whom an access of fortune hath made no change." His wife, whom he regarded with adoration, survived him twenty years.]

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## THE DUTIES OF A WIFE.[1]

First, she is to love her husband, and that upon the same principles, and for the very same reason, that he is to love her. First, because they are one flesh; for this cause shall a man leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh. And in truth, they are joined together upon terms of as entire and thorough a communion as if they were one soul and one body. And, secondly, because their interests are in all respects perfectly the same, which is the truest foundation of friendship. The husband's happiness naturally tends to make the wife happy at the same time, and his misery to make her miserable; his riches make her rich; and his poverty makes her poor. It is always their interest to wish and avoid, to desire and to detest the same things; and surely to have the very same interest, the same desires and aversions, to be happy in each other's happiness, and miserable in each other's misery, are the strongest engagements, and the surest foundations of entire friendship and perfect affection, that can possibly be imagined.

Secondly, she is to be faithful to him; and as the reasons of fidelity are the same both in the husband and in the wife, the crime of infidelity is more shameful and scandalous in the woman; because it is committed against the rules of a more reserved and virtuous education, and against the natural decency and modesty of the sex, and, at the same time, is of far worse consequence to the honour of families, because it brings a lasting stain of infamy along with it; and what is worse than all this, it often robs the right heir of his inheritance, and substitutes a spurious offspring into his place—an injury that is the more to be dreaded and avoided, because when once it is committed it is impossible to be repaired.

Thus much, however, may be said in honour of that sex, that this crime is less frequent among them, and rarely committed till the husband's infidelity or ill conduct hath first provoked to it. And this is the true reason why the infidelity of the wife reflects so much scandal and dishonour upon the husband, because (generally speaking) his own vices and ill conduct have brought the evil upon him. And, therefore, the only true way of securing your own reputation in this point, as well as your wife's virtue and the honour of your family, is to behave yourself with so much fidelity and tenderness towards her as may entirely engage her affections, as well as her conscience, to you and you only.

And, indeed, let any man reflect seriously upon the treatment the generality of wives meet with from their husbands, and then think impartially whether they have not too much reason to be provoked at their rudeness and neglect. Before marriage they are adored and preferred before all the world; but soon, very soon after, they are slighted and disregarded, as if they were unworthy of common esteem; and they are slighted for the very same reasons for which they should be respectfully and tenderly treated. They observe at the same time that their husbands can still treat other women with respect and complaisance, and that other men still continue to use them with respect and complaisance, and none but the husband slights and despises them, as if marriage, which is the strongest

[1] This and the following extract are from *Family Lectures*, containing his latest sermons, republished in 1791.

engagement to tenderness and affection, were but a privilege for contempt and rudeness. This is in truth provoking; and I am satisfied the generality of those women who have been so unhappy, and so wicked, as to violate the marriage vow, have been provoked to it by the rudeness and neglect of their husbands, or urged to it in revenge of their prior falsehood.

It is not, indeed, to be imagined that men should treat their wives with the same reserve and formal complaisance after marriage; that the freedom and ease of friendship forbids; but why friendship and freedom should be a reason for ill treatment, I must own I cannot conceive. I am sure they should be reasons of a very different conduct, and I believe there is not a righter rule in life, or of more importance for the preservation of friendship, never to let familiarity exclude respect.

But after all, wives that are so unhappy as to be too much provoked by the ill treatment of their husbands, should always remember that their husbands' guilt doth not justify theirs, and much less will neglect or rudeness in the husband justify infidelity in the wife. There are arts of decency and good behaviour which have inexpressible charms; and if a woman can but have constancy enough to practise these, and to continue in well-doing, they are almost irresistible, and it is scarcely possible to imagine any husband so brutal as not to be at last reclaimed by them. And women would be more solicitous to reclaim their husbands in this manner, by a course of good behaviour, if they considered that in so doing they consulted their own real interest, and the interest of their children, and greatly recommended themselves and their concerns to the favour and protection of Almighty God, and at the same time saved a soul alive. Whereas the contrary behaviour can tend to nothing but the utter ruin of their children, and their own mutual destruction, both of body and soul.

. . . . . .

And here I cannot but reflect with concern upon the unhappy methods which have obtained in the world in relation to the education of women. One of the first things that takes possession of their minds is the hopes of a husband; but how to become a faithful friend, and an agreeable amiable companion in the married state, are lessons rarely taught, and more rarely learned. Superficial and showy accomplishments are indeed inculcated with sufficient care; but how to acquire solid worth and useful knowledge makes for the most part but a small part of parental solicitude. By this means a woman becomes everything to a husband but what she should be—a social friend and a useful assistant. Forgetting that the interest of all men makes that one essential part of the character of a good wife, laid down by Solomon, that she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. That is, as she hath acquired habits of prudence and discretion from study and observation, so she hath made it a fixed rule to herself, not to be imperious or presuming upon her knowledge, but rather to make it a reason of constant cheerfulness and good humour, together with a ready, a rational, and an affectionate assistance in every exigency, and on every occasion; in her tongue is the law of kindness. And surely wisdom so seasoned and sweetened is amiable and delightful beyond expression. And therefore this character is crowned by Solomon with that noble encomium, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." That is, many other women may be as virtuous; but virtue thus recommended, virtue that is adorned with all the graces of prudence and good humour, is virtue in its highest and loveliest perfection; thou excellest them all. And again, "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." That is, the regard that ariseth from colour and complexion is transient and unsteady; beauty is deceitful; a fair face may cover a deformed mind, and is at best a short and uncertain recommendation; but piety and virtue are sure and lasting perfections, which will always entitle the woman that is blessed with them to eternal veneration and esteem.

But further, a good wife is in many instances to do yet more than this; she is not only to relieve her husband under his household cares by the goodness of her humour and sprightliness of her conversation, but she is likewise to lighten those cares, by dividing them with him and bearing her part in the burden. And therefore the least that is to be expected from a wife is, that whilst the husband is busied abroad, or in affairs that call off his attention from the care of his family, that care be supplied by her, and this constitutes the true character of a good wife, at least that part of it which is of principal and most universal use in life. . . .

The care and good economy of a family is a business of a very distinct nature from that of making a provision for the support of it.

The care of providing for a family for the most part resteth upon the husband, because that is a business of more labour and fatigue than women are ordinarily able to undergo; but then the administration of what is so provided is the woman's province. Thus is the labour of life divided; and if either fail in their proper business, the affairs of the family are in a ruinous way, and upon this is founded that known observation, That a man must ask his wife whether he shall be rich, forasmuch as few men are able to take sufficient care both abroad and at home, and foreign care will be of small use if the domestic be neglected. And therefore it is that Solomon, in the character of a good wife, tells us that the heart of her husband shall safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. That is, she will manage his household affairs with so much prudence and fidelity, that her husband shall need no indirect methods of fraud or oppression to support her luxury or extravagance. Again he tells us that she looketh well to the ways of her own household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Indeed he adds many other circumstances of great industry, such as her rising up by night and plying the spindle and distaff, and providing clothes for her husband and family; but these being circumstances of industry peculiar to a country life, and better adapted to the simpler ages of the world, when trades were not sufficiently settled and distributed into their distinct classes, I think them not necessary to be insisted on in this place.

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## THE DUTY OF PAYING DEBTS.

In a former discourse upon these words I laid down the duty of paying debts, together with the evils which attend the neglect of it, both as they regard the debtor and as they regard the creditor:—The evils to the debtor of being imposed upon either in the quantity or value of what they take up upon trust, and the great evil of making expense easy, and in consequence of that, ruin insensible and inevitable:—to the creditor the delay of payment in due time draws endless inconveniences and evils after it; loss of time, and trade, and credit, and in consequence of these, it may be, inevitable, and, it may be, extensive and complicated ruin. I now proceed to make some application of what has been said, to all orders and degrees of men that allow themselves in the violation or neglect of this duty. And first, let me ask the thoughtless spendthrift once again, what can be the consequence of his running in debt with all the world but utter ruin, both to himself and others? If the persons you deal with are honest and indigent, how can you answer it to your humanity to bring misery and destruction upon the most pitiable and the most deserving part of the creation? to destroy those by your extravagance which even cruelty and tyranny would be tender of? What is most provoking, and indeed insufferable upon this head, is, that those who allow themselves in this conduct often pass upon the world under the character of good-natured men, and you shall often hear it said of such a one, that he is nobody's enemy but his own. But the real truth is, that every vicious man, whatever he may be in his intentions, is in effect an enemy to the society he lives in, and more particularly a vicious good-nature is one of the cruelest characters in life. It is kind only where it ought not; it is kind to every vice and every villany; it is indulgent to everything but honesty and innocence, and those it is sure to sacrifice wherever it comes.

A good-natured villain will surfeit a sot and gorge a glutton, nay, will glut his horses and his hounds with that food for which the vendors are one day to starve to death in a dungeon; a good-natured monster will be gay in the spoils of widows and orphans.

Good-nature separated from virtue is absolutely the worst quality and character in life; at least, if this be good-nature, to feed a dog, and to murder a man. And, therefore, if you have any pretence to good-nature, pay your debts, and in so doing clothe those poor families that are now in rags for your finery, feed him that is starving for the bread you eat, and redeem him from misery that rots in gaol for the dainties on which you fared deliciously every day. And besides the good you will do to others by those acts of honesty, you will do infinite good to yourselves by them. Paying of debts is, next to the grace of God, the best means in the world to deliver you from a thousand temptations to sin and vanity. Pay your debts, and you will not have wherewithal to purchase a costly toy or a pernicious pleasure. Pay your debts, and you will not have wherewithal to feed a number of useless horses or infectious harlots. In one word, pay your debts, and you will of necessity abstain from many fleshly lusts that war against the

spirit and bring you into captivity to sin, and cannot fail to end in your utter destruction both of soul and body.

On the other hand, if the men you deal with and are indebted to are rich and wily, consider they supply your extravagance with no other view but to undo you, as men pour water into a pump to draw more from it. Consider they could not afford to trust you if they did not propose to make excessive gain by you; and if you think at all, think what it is to lose a fortune by folly, to purchase superfluous and pernicious vanities for a short season, at the hazard of wanting necessaries for the tedious remainder of a misspent life. Time, which sweetens all other afflictions, will perpetually sharpen and inflame this; as the gaiety and giddiness of youth go off the wants of age will become more sharp and more inconsolable to the last day of our lives, and severe reflection will double every calamity that befalls you. And therefore the son of Sirach well advises, "Be not made a beggar by banqueting upon borrowing, for thou shalt lie in wait for thy own life." And again the same wise man most excellently observes, "That he that buildeth his house with other men's money is like one that gathereth himself stones for the tomb of his burial;" he erects a sure monument not only of his folly but of his ruin; and the consequence is the same from extravagance of every kind, but with this difference, that the ruin derived from wine and women is the most dreadful of all others, as it involves you at once in the double distress of disease and want. Who amongst you can at once bear the united racks of hunger, and infection, and an evil conscience? And yet this is what you must feel, although it be what you cannot bear; the torments of hell anticipated; to be deprived of every blessing and to be immersed in misery.

Thus much for the youthful extravagant. In the next place, let me apply myself to the man of quality that is guilty of this vice, although these are too often the same persons. If ye will not consider what ye owe your creditors and how to pay them, I beseech you calmly to reflect and consider what ye owe to yourselves, to your family, to your country, to your king. Was it for this that ye were distinguished above others of the same rank, only to be more eminent in infamy? Was nobility bestowed upon your ancestors as a reward of virtue, and do ye use it only as a privilege for vice? Is superior worth degenerated into superior villany? If ye had any remains of modesty ye would renounce the titles and the fortunes of your ancestors with the virtues that attained them. Ye would blush to take place of a beggar that had virtue. Will ye yet pretend to be better men than others, when ye have renounced your humanity, when ye are no longer men but monsters? It is not expected of you that you should perform acts of heroism and generosity, that you should reward virtue, and support merit in distress. Alas! these expectations are long since vanished, and seem only the boasts of fabulous antiquity. But methinks it might still be expected of you that you should do common justice, that you should not be worse than the rest of mankind, because you think yourselves better—at least, expect to be called so and treated as such. Surely it might still be expected of you that you should pay your debts and keep your promises; and, in truth, ye would not be void either of dignity or of dependants if ye did even this. Mankind are already too much prejudiced in your favour, and would not fail to pay you sufficient regard and reverence, even if you did them no good, provided you did them no mischief. But if ye expect to be esteemed, not only without generosity but even without justice, ye are indeed unreasonable, and will be sure to be disappointed.

In the next place, let me apply myself to the wealthy and covetous; these are of all others the most inexcusable in not paying their debts; men that have made or improved their own fortune by industry are utterly unpardonable in oppressing the industry of others; the least that might be expected from increase of wealth is to do justice with our abundance. This was the express direction of the prophet Elisha, when he had miraculously increased the widow's oil; he commanded her first to pay her debts out of her abundance. "Go," saith he, "sell the oil, and pay thy debt, and live thou and thy children of the rest." And the reason of this is evident: the money we owe is not ours; it is the property of other men in our keeping, and we have no more right to it than we have to the money in their pockets; and although we should make no return to God for his blessings upon our industry, in alms and acts of goodness, surely the least we can do is to do justice to men. What a dreadful reflection is it to turn the blessings of Providence into a curse to ourselves, and all we have to deal with! Men of this character are in the condition of those malignant insects who fret and make sores wherever they come, and then

feed upon them; they thrive upon the miseries of mankind, which is absolutely the most detestable character upon earth! and is, next to that of a fiend, the very worst and vilest that can be imagined. "Woe unto him," saith the prophet Jeremiah, "that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong!" "Woe unto them," saith Isaiah, "that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth!" living in that character of cruelty which is best suited to a beast of prey that scatters ruin and desolation all around him. One would think the apostle's precepts were reversed to these men, and that they thought themselves bound in conscience to owe every man everything in the world but love and good-will. And after all, to what purpose is all this oppression and iniquity of avarice? to heap up ill-got riches for a curse upon themselves and their posterity, and leave a memory and a carcass equally odious and offensive behind them. "They are exalted for a little while," as it is finely expressed in the twenty-fourth chapter of Job. "They are exalted for a little while, but are gone and brought low; they are taken out of the way as all other, and cut off as the tops of the ears of corn." They are permitted by the divine providence to fill up at once the measure of their wealth and their iniquity, and as soon as ever they are ripe for ruin, they are cut off in the fulness of their pride and fortune; and the wealth they have hoarded is like the full ear of corn, which, instead of being gathered into the barn, is trampled under foot and scattered over the face of the earth, and so becomes a prey to rocks and swine and vermin.

In the last place, let me apply myself to traders themselves, and desire them to reflect how they pay their own debts; I am afraid some of them very badly. I have heard of a most wicked practice amongst them of paying their journeymen and underlings in goods; I call this wicked, because, if those goods are rated at the shop price, the journeyman is plainly defrauded, since he hath no allowance for the time and trouble he must take, and the hazard he must run in vending those goods. And whereas he had a right to ready money for his labour, his necessities now oblige him to sell those goods at any price he can get, to the discredit of trade in general, and the real injury of that very person who laid him under a necessity of so doing, who must of necessity suffer by having his goods sold at an under rate. So that this practice is as ill-judged in the shopkeeper, and as weak with regard to his own interest, as it is wicked with regard to his poor underling; and indeed all bad payment to those they have to deal with, especially the poorer sort, is manifestly injurious to men in business; for the clamour of bad pay, and the discredit that necessarily attends it, generally speaking, begins there, and therefore Solomon's precepts ought always to be strictly observed by them of all mankind—"Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it. Say not unto thy neighbour, Go and come again, and to-morrow I will give, when thou hast it by thee." Although the men you deal with do not know your wants, nor consider your labour and loss of time in seeking your due, and are consequently regardless of you and your necessities, yet you well know the wants of the poor people you deal with, and the injury you do them in making them lose their time in attending upon you; and therefore you are utterly inexcusable in not relieving them from those hardships, when you can do so barely by doing justice. How can you expect a blessing from God upon your own endeavours when you are guilty of so much cruelty and injustice to others? when you are guilty of so much injustice to the very men by whose labour ye are supported? "A poor man that oppresseth the poor (saith Solomon) is like a sweeping rain, which leaveth no food." Nature hath formed us to compassionate the calamities we endure, and therefore a poor man should as naturally expect aid and consolation from his brethren in the same condition, as the parched and impoverished earth expects relief from the showers of heaven. Consequently, when, instead of being aided, he is oppressed by his brethren, and the little remains of his substance are torn from him; he is then in the condition of the earth, ravaged and ruined by the very means appointed by providence to refresh and make it fruitful, and all its seed, all the means and hopes of a future harvest, swept away with its best mould. A poor man that oppresseth the poor is the cruelest monster in nature; and it is the just judgment of Almighty God, that with what measure you mete it should be measured unto you again. "He that doth wrong," saith the apostle, "shall receive for the wrong which he hath done;" as he hath done it shall be done unto him; his reward shall return upon his own head.

# FRANCES SHERIDAN.

BORN 1724 — DIED 1766.

[Frances Sheridan, originally Frances Chamberlayne, was born in the year 1724. Her father was Dr. Philip Chamberlayne, a celebrated and eccentric wit and dignitary of the Irish Church. Among his many rules for the good conduct of life was one which forbade his daughters to learn to write, as such a knowledge could only lead, he declared, to "the multiplication of love-letters." However, the result was as might be expected, for his daughter Frances not only learned that accomplishment, but also became a good Latin and Greek scholar.

Soon after passing out of her teens she produced her first work, a novel entitled *Eugenia and Adelaide*, said to be afterwards adapted to the stage by her daughter, and acted with success. She next tried her hand at sermon-writing, and published a couple out of the many that she produced in MS. This, however, was too slow-going work for her sharp intellect and vivid imagination, and when Thomas Sheridan, manager of the Theatre Royal, was in one of his troubles, she boldly adopted his cause and wrote a pamphlet in his defence. The work was not only clever but well-timed, and necessarily attracted the attention of Mr. Sheridan, who tried to discover the author. This after a time he accomplished only by accident, and a friendship springing up between them, a marriage ensued.

After her marriage Mrs. Sheridan devoted herself chiefly to her pen; but, on account of ill health, the results of her labours were fewer than the world would wish. After lingering for years in a weak state, she died at Blois in the south of France, in the year 1766–7.

Mrs. Sheridan's principal works are *Memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph, extracted from her own Journal*, which "may be ranked with the first productions of that class in ours, or in any other language;" *Nourjahad*, a romance full of imaginative and picturesque writing; *The Discovery*, a comedy considered by Garrick, who played in it, to be one of the best plays he had ever read; *The Dupe*, another clever comedy; and *The Trip to Bath*, a play never acted nor published, but supposed to have been utilized by her son in his comedy *The Rivals*. In addition she wrote a considerable amount of verse, some of which is yet to be found in Dyce's *Specimens of British Poetesses*. A memoir of her life and writings has been written by her grand-daughter Mrs. Lefanu. There can be little doubt that her son Richard Brinsley Sheridan inherited from her a large portion of his wonderful genius.]

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## ODE TO PATIENCE.

Unaw'd by threats, unmov'd by force,
My steady soul pursues her course,
  Collected, calm, resign'd;
Say, you who search with curious eyes
The source whence human actions rise,
  Say whence this turn of mind?—

'Tis Patience—lenient goddess, hail!
Oh! let thy votary's vows prevail,
  Thy threatened flight to stay;
Long hast thou been a welcome guest,
Long reign'd an inmate in this breast,
  And rul'd with gentle sway.

Through all the various turns of fate,
Ordained me in each several state
  My wayward lot has known,
What taught me silently to bear,
To curb the sigh, to check the tear,
  When sorrow weigh'd me down?—

'Twas Patience—Temperate goddess, stay!
For still thy dictates I obey,
  Nor yield to passion's power;
Tho', by injurious foes borne down,
My fame, my toil, my hopes o'erthrown
  In one ill-fated hour;

When, robb'd of what I held most dear,
My hands adorned the mournful bier
  Of her I loved so well;
What, when mute sorrow chained my tongue
As o'er the sable hearse I hung,
  Forbade the tide to swell?—

'Twas Patience—goddess ever calm!
Oh! pour into my breast thy balm,
  That antidote to pain:
Which, flowing from the nectar'd urn,
By chemistry divine can turn
  Our losses into gain.

When, sick and languishing in bed,
Sleep from my restless couch had fled

(Sleep which even pain beguiles),
What taught me calmly to sustain
A feverish being rack'd with pain,
And dress'd my looks in smiles?—

'Twas Patience—Heaven-descended maid!
Implor'd, flew swiftly to my aid,
And lent her fostering breast,
Watched my sad hours with parent care,
Repell'd the approaches of despair,
And sooth'd my soul to rest.

Say, when dissever'd from his side,
My friend, protector, and my guide,
When my prophetic soul,
Anticipating all the storm,
Saw danger in its direst form,
What could my fears control?—

'Twas Patience—gentle goddess, hear!
Be ever to thy suppliant near,
Nor let one murmur rise;
Since still some mighty joys are given,
Dear to her soul, the gifts of Heaven,
The sweet domestic ties.

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## A WONDERFUL LOVER.

(FROM "THE DISCOVERY.")

*Scene*, LORD MEDWAY'S *Study*. *Enter* SIR ANTHONY BRANVILLE *and* LORD MEDWAY, *meeting*.

*Lord Med.* Sir Anthony, I am glad to see you; I was really in great pain for you yesterday, when I was obliged to leave you in the magic circle of Mrs. Knightly's charms: I wish you joy of your escape.

*Sir A. Bran.* My lord, I humbly thank you; 'tis a felicity to me, I acknowledge; for, my lord, there never was such a Syren, such a Circe!—Sylla and Charybdis (of whom we read in fable) were harmless innocents to her!—but Heaven be praised, I am my own man again.—And now, my lord, I am come, agreeably to the intimation I gave you before, to make a most respectful offering of my heart to the truly deserving and fair lady Louisa.

*Lord Med.* Sir Anthony, I have already told you I shall be proud of your alliance, and my daughter, I make no doubt, is sensible of your worth!—Therefore, Sir Anthony, the shorter we make the wooing—women are slippery things—you understand me.

*Sir A. Bran.* Your lordship's insinuation, though derogatory to the honour of the fair sex (which I very greatly reverence), has, I am apprehensive, a little too much veracity in it. I have found it so to my cost—for, would you believe it, my lord, this cruel woman (Mrs. Knightly, I mean, begging her pardon for the epithet) is the eighth lady to whom I have made sincere, humble, and passionate love, within the space of these last thirteen years.

*Lord Med.* You surprise me, Sir Anthony; is it possible that a gentleman of your figure and accomplishments could be rejected by so many?

*Sir A. Bran.* I do not positively affirm, my lord, that I was rejected by them all; no, my lord, that would have been a severity not to be survived.

*Lord Med.* How was it then?

*Sir A. Bran.* Blemishes, my lord, foibles, imperfections in the fair ones, which obliged me (though reluctantly) to withdraw my heart.

*Lord Med.* Ho, ho! why then the fault was yours, Sir Anthony, not theirs.

*Sir A. Bran.* I deny that, my lord, with due submission to your better judgment, it was their fault; for the truth is, I never could get any of them to be serious. There is a levity, my lord, a kind of (if I may so call it) instability which runs through the gentler sex (whom, nevertheless, I admire) which I assure you has thus long deterred me from wedlock.

*Lord Med.* Then, Sir Anthony, I find you have been peculiarly unfortunate in the ladies whom you have addressed.

*Sir A. Bran.* Supremely so, my lord; for, notwithstanding that they all received my devoirs most indulgently, yet I do not know how it was, in the long run they either absolutely refused making me happy, or else were so extremely unguarded in their conduct, even before my face, that I thought I could not, consistently with honour, confer the title of Lady Branville on any one of them.

*Lord Med.* Your lot has been a little hard, I must confess. I hope, however, that honour has been reserved by fate for my daughter. She is your ninth mistress, Sir Anthony, and that, you know, is a propitious number.

*Sir A. Bran.* My lord, I take the liberty of hoping so too; and that she is destined to recompense me for the disappointments and indignities I have received from the rest of womankind.

*Lord Med.* Why then, Sir Anthony, I suppose I may now present you to her in the character of a lover.

*Sir A. Bran.* My lord, I pant for that happiness.

*Lord Med.* I'll call her, Sir Anthony—

*Sir A. Bran.* As your lordship pleases—but, my lord, this widow Knightly—

*Lord Med.* Was there ever such a phlegmatic blockhead! (*Aside.*) What of her, Sir Anthony?

*Sir A. Bran.* I own I loved her better than any of her predecessors in my heart.—Matters indeed had gone farther between us, for, my lord (not to injure a lady's reputation), I must tell you a secret—I have more than once pressed her hand with these lips.

*Lord Med.* Really!

*Sir A. Bran.* Fact, upon my veracity; I hope your lordship don't think me vain: and as she had indulged me such lengths, could I be censured for raising my wishes to the possession of this beauty?

*Lord Med.* By no means, Sir Anthony; but then her ill behaviour to you—

*Sir A. Bran.* Oh, my lord, it has blotted, and, as I may say, totally erased her image from my breast—

*Lord Med.* Well, sir, I'll bring my daughter to you, whose image, I hope, will supply hers in your breast. [*Exit.*

*Sir A. Bran.* I hope this tender fair one will not be too easily won—that would debase the dignity of the passion, and deprive me of many delightful hours of languishment.—There was a time when a lover was allowed the pleasure of importuning his mistress, but our modern beauties will scarce permit a man that satisfaction. Pray Heaven, my intended bride may not be one of those.—If it should prove so, I tremble for the consequences;—but here she comes—the condescending nymph approaches.

*Enter* Louisa, *led in by* Lord Medway.

*Lord Med.* Louisa, you are no stranger to Sir Anthony Branville's merit.

*Sir A. Bran.* Oh, my lord! [*Bowing low.*

*Lord Med.* That he is a gentleman of family and fortune, of most unblemished honour, and very uncommon endowments.

*Sir A. Bran.* Oh, my good lord, ordinary, slight accomplishments.

*Lord Med.* You are therefore to think yourself happy in being his choice preferably to any other lady. And now, Sir Anthony, I'll leave you to pursue your good fortune.

[*Exit Lord Medway.*

*Lou.* Sir, won't you please to sit?

*Sir A. Bran.* Miss Medway, madam—having obtained my lord your father's permission, I humbly presume to approach you in the delightful hope, that after having convinced you of the excess of my love—

*Lou.* I hope, Sir Anthony, you will allow me a reasonable time for this conviction!

*Sir A. Bran.* Madam, I should hold myself utterly abandoned if I were capable at the first onset (notwithstanding what passes here) of urging a lady on so nice a point.

*Lou.* I thank you, sir; but I could expect no less from a gentleman whom all the world allows to be the very pattern of decorum.

*Sir A. Bran.* 'Tis a character that I have always been ambitious of supporting, whatever struggles it may cost me from my natural fervour; for let me tell you, madam, a beautiful object is a dangerous enemy to decorum.

*Lou.* But your great prudence, Sir Anthony, leaves me no room to suspect—

*Sir A. Bran.* I am obliged to call it to my aid, I do assure you, madam; for, spite of the suggestions of passion, I by no means approve of those rash and impetuous lovers, who, without regard to the delicacy of the lady, would (having obtained consent), as it were, rush at once into her arms. You'll pardon me, madam, for so grossly expressing my idea.

*Lou.* Oh, Sir Anthony, I am charmed with your notions, so refined! so generous! and, I must add (though it may appear vain), so correspondent with my own.

*Sir A. Bran.* Madam, I am transported to hear you say so! I am at this minute in an absolute ecstasy! Will you permit me, dear madam, the ravishing satisfaction of throwing myself at your feet?

*Lou.* By no means, Sir Anthony; I could not bear to see a gentleman of your dignity in so humble a posture; I will suppose it done, if you please.

*Sir A. Bran.* I prostrate myself in imagination, I assure you, madam.

*Lou.* Now, Sir Anthony, as you see my papa is impatient for the honour of being related to you, and that I am bound to an implicit obedience, I am afraid, unless your prudence interposes, that we shall both be hurried into wedlock with a precipitancy very inconsistent with propriety.

*Sir A. Bran.* I declare, madam, I am of your ladyship's opinion, and am almost apprehensive of the same thing—

*Lou.* How is this to be avoided, sir?

*Sir A. Bran.* Be assured, madam, I too well know what is due to virgin modesty, to proceed with that rapidity which my lord (with whom I have not the honour of agreeing in this particular) seemeth to recommend.

*Lou.* You are very kind, Sir Anthony.

*Sir A. Bran.* Oh, madam, I should pay but an ill compliment to your transcending merit if I did not think it worth sighing for a considerable time longer, I assure you.

*Lou.* That's very noble in you, Sir Anthony —So passionate! and yet so nice—if all lovers were but like you!

*Sir A. Bran.* The world, I will presume to say, would be the better, madam—but then I hope your rigours will not extend too far, my dear lady—a few months or so—longer than that I should be very near tempted to call cruel, I can tell you.

*Lou.* As my passionate lover seems so well disposed to wait, I may chance to escape him. (*Aside.*) Your extraordinary merit, Sir Anthony, will undoubtedly shorten your time of probation—Meanwhile, as I hinted to you before, that my papa is rather in haste to call you son, I would not have him imagine that I gave any delay to this union. He may call my duty in question, which he expects should keep pace with his own wishes—you apprehend me, sir?

*Sir A. Bran.* Perfectly, my dear madam, and if I may presume to interpret what you have so charmingly insinuated to my apprehension, you would have me just hint to my lord that you are not quite averse to honouring me with your fair hand.

*Lou.* That I am ready to do so, if you please, Sir Anthony.

*Sir A. Bran.* Very good, but at the same time I shall give him to understand that I am not as yet entitled to receive that very great happiness.

*Lou.* To that purpose, sir, for I would not have this necessary delay appear to be of my choosing.

*Sir A. Bran.* You little know, madam, the violence I do myself to repress the ardour of my flames; but patience is a prime virtue in a lover, and Scipio himself never practised self-denial with more success than I have done.

*Lou.* I rely entirely on your discretion, Sir Anthony, to manage this affair with my papa.

*Sir A. Bran.* Oh, madam, I shall convince my lord that it is from very sublime motives I submit to postpone my felicity.

*Lou.* I am much obliged to you, Sir Anthony, for this generous proof of your passionate regard to me.

*Sir A. Bran.* You'll find, madam, I do not love at the ordinary rate—but I must not indulge myself too long on the tender subject. I doubt it is not safe.

*Lou.* (*Rising.*) Sir, I won't detain you.

*Sir A. Bran.* I must absolutely tear myself from you, madam, for gazing on so many charms I may grow unmindful of the danger.

*Lou.* Sir, I will no longer trespass on your time.

*Sir A. Bran.* I must fly, madam, lest I should be tempted to transgress those rigid bounds I have prescribed to myself.

*Lou.* Sir, you have my consent to retire.

*Sir A. Bran.* I am so overpowered with transport, madam, that I hold it necessary to withdraw.—

*Lou.* 'Tis the best way, sir.

*Sir A. Bran.* Dear madam, vouchsafe one gracious smile to your adorer.

*Lou.* Sir Anthony, your humble servant. [*Smiles and curtsies.*

*Sir A. Bran.* Madam, your most devoted—oh dawning of ecstatic bliss! [*Exit.*

*Lou.* Ha, ha, ha! I think I may now go, and very safely assure my papa that I am ready to take my adorer whenever he pleases —this is fortunate beyond hopes. [*Exit.*

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## A ROMANTIC LOVE-MATCH.

(FROM "SIDNEY BIDDULPH.")

We have had a wedding to-day in our neighbourhood. It seems this pair had been fond of each other from their childhood, but the girl's fortune put her above her lover's hopes.

However, as he has for a good while been in a very great business, and has the reputation of being better skilled than any one in the country in his profession, he was in hopes that his character, his mistress's affection for him, and his own constancy would have some little weight with her family. Accordingly he ventured to make his application to the young woman's brother, at whose disposal she was, her father having been dead for some years; but he was rejected with scorn, and forbid the house.

The girl's father, it seems, had been a humorist, and left her the fortune under a severe restriction, for if ever she married without her brother's consent she was to lose it, so that, in that particular instance of disposing of her person, she was never to be her own mistress. In the disposal of her fortune, however, he did not so tie her up, for after the age of one-and-twenty she had the power of bequeathing her fortune by will to whom she pleased.

The brother, who is a very honest man, had no motive but a regard to his sister's interest in refusing poor Mr. Main; a man of a good fortune had proposed for her, whom the brother importuned her to accept of; but she was firm to her first attachment.

The young lover found means to convey a letter to his mistress, in which he told her that as he was in circumstances to support her genteelly, if she would venture to accept of his hand he would never more bestow a thought on her fortune. This proposal the prudent young woman declined on her own part, but advised him to make it to her brother, as she was not then without suspicions that he wished to retain her fortune in the family, and that it was only to save appearances he had proposed a match to her, of which he was sure she would not accept. But in this opinion she injured him. She thought, however, the experiment might be of use, in giving the better colour to her marrying afterwards the man whom she loved.

But it was an ill-judged attempt, and succeeded accordingly; for if the brother should have given his consent he could have no pretence for withholding her portion; or, if he did so by mutual agreement, his motive for denying his consent before must appear too obviously to be a bad one.

The young people not considering this sufficiently, resolved to make the trial; accordingly Mr. Main wrote to the brother a very submissive letter, telling him he would in the most solemn manner relinquish all claim to his sister's fortune, if he would make him happy by consenting to their marriage; without which, he said, the young lady's regard for her brother would not suffer her to take such a step.

This letter had no other effect than that of making the brother extremely angry. He sent a severe message to the young man to acquaint him that he looked upon his proposal as a most injurious affront to his character; but that he was ready to convince him, and everybody else, that he had no designs upon his sister's fortune, as he would not refuse his consent to her marriage with any other man in the country but himself. This was a thunderclap to the poor lover; he comforted himself, however, with the hopes that his mistress's heart would determine her in his favour, notwithstanding the severity of the brother.

There had been, it seems, besides this gentleman not thinking Main a suitable match for his sister, some old family pique between him and Mr. Main's father.

These transactions happened sometime before I came to the country. Just about that juncture the poor girl had the misfortune to receive a hurt in her breast by falling against the sharp corner of a desk from a stool on which she had stood in order to reach down a book that was in a little case over it. This accident threw her into a fit of illness, which put a stop to all correspondence between her and her lover.

In this illness a fever, which was her apparent complaint, was the only thing to which the physician paid attention, and the hurt in her breast was not inquired after; so that by the time she was tolerably recovered from the former, the latter was discovered to be in a very dangerous way, and required the immediate assistance of a surgeon. You may be sure poor Main was not the person pitched upon to attend her, another was called in of less skill, but not so obnoxious to the family.

By this bungler she was tortured for near three months; at the end of which time, through improper treatment, the malady was so far increased that the operator declared the breast must be taken off, as the only possible means of saving the life.

The young gentlewoman's family were all in the greatest affliction, she herself seemed the only composed person amongst them. She appointed the day when she was to undergo this severe trial of her fortitude: it was at the distance of about a week. The surgeon objected to the having it put off so long, but she was peremptory and at last prevailed.

On the evening preceding the appointed day she conjured her brother in the most earnest manner to permit Mr. Main to be present at the operation. The brother was unwilling to comply, as he thought it might very much discompose her, but she was so extremely pressing that he was constrained to yield.

The attending surgeon was consulted on the occasion, who having declared that he had no objection to Mr. Main's being present, that young man was sent to. He had been quite inconsolable at the accounts he received of the dangerous state in which his mistress was, and went with an aching heart to her brother's house in the morning.

He was introduced into her chamber, where he found the whole chirurgical apparatus ready. The young woman herself was in her closet, but came out in a few minutes with a countenance perfectly serene. She seated herself in an elbow-chair, and desired she might be indulged for a quarter of an hour to speak

a few words to her brother before they proceeded to their work. Her brother was immediately called to her, when, taking him by the hand, she requested him to sit down by her.

"You have," said she, "been a father to me since I lost my own; I acknowledge your tenderness and your care of me with gratitude. I believe your refusal of me to Mr. Main was from no other motive but your desire of seeing me matched to a richer man. I therefore freely forgive you that only act in which you ever exercised the authority my father gave you over me. My life, I now apprehend, is in imminent danger, the hazard nearly equal whether I do or do not undergo the operation; but as they tell me there is a chance in my favour on one side, I am determined to submit to it.

"I put it off to this day on account of its being my birthday. I am now one-and-twenty, and as the consequence of what I have to go through may deprive me of the power of doing what I intended, I have spent this morning in making my will. You, brother, have an ample fortune; I have no poor relations; I hope, therefore, I shall stand justified to the world for having made Mr. Main my heir." Saying this she pulled a paper from under her gown, which she put into her brother's hand that he might read it. It was her will, wrote by herself, and regularly signed and witnessed by two servants of the family.

"Sir," said she, turning to the other surgeon, "I am ready for you as soon as my brother is withdrawn."

You may imagine this had various effects on the different persons concerned. The brother, however displeased he might have been at this act of his sister's, had too much humanity to make any animadversions on it at that time. He returned the paper to his sister without speaking, and retired.

Poor Main, who had stood at the back of her chair from his first coming in, had been endeavouring to suppress his tears all the time, but at this proof of his mistress's tenderness and generosity it was no longer in his power to do so, and they burst from him with the utmost violence of passion.

The other surgeon desired him to compose himself, for that they were losing time, and the lady would be too much ruffled.

The heroic young woman, with a smiling countenance, begged of him to dry his eyes. "Perhaps," said she, "I may recover." Then fixing herself firmly in the chair, she pronounced with much composure, "I am ready." Two maid-servants stood, one on each side of her, and the surgeon drew near to do his painful work. He had uncovered her bosom and taken off the dressing when Mr. Main, casting his eyes at her breast, begged he might have leave to examine it before they proceeded. The other surgeon, with some indignation, said his doing so was only an unnecessary delay, and had already laid hold of his knife when Mr. Main, having looked at it, said he was of opinion it might be saved without endangering the lady's life. The other, with a contemptuous smile, told him he was sorry he thought him so ignorant of his profession, and without much ceremony, putting him aside, was about to proceed to the operation, when Mr. Main, laying hold of him, said that he never should do it in his presence, adding with some warmth that he would engage to make a perfect cure of it in a month without the pain or hazard of amputation.

The young lady, who had been an eye-witness of what passed, for she would not suffer her face to be covered, now thought it proper to interpose. She told the unfeeling operator that he might be sure she would embrace any distant hope of saving herself from the pain, the danger, and the loss she must sustain if he pursued the method he intended. She was not, however, so irresolute, she said, as to desire either to avoid or postpone the operation if it should be found necessary; but as there was hope given her of a cure without it, she thought it but reasonable to make the experiment, and should, therefore, refer the decision of her case to a third person of skill in the profession, by whose opinion she would be determined.

The two women-servants, who are always professed enemies to chirurgical operations, readily joined in her sentiments, and saying it was a mortal sin to cut and hack any Christian, they made haste to cover up their young lady again.

The disappointed surgeon hardly forbore rude language to the women, and telling Mr. Main he would make him know what it was to traduce the skill of a practitioner of his standing, marched off in a violent passion, saying to his patient, if she had a mind to kill herself, it was nothing to him.

The modest young man, delighted to find the case of his beloved not so desperate as he had supposed it to be, begged she would permit him to apply some proper dressings to the afflicted part, and conjuring her to call in the aid of the ablest surgeon that could be procured, took his leave.

The brother of the lady being apprised of what had passed, lost no time in sending an express to Bath, and by a very handsome gratuity induced a surgeon of great eminence to set out immediately for his house, who arrived early the next morning. But in the meantime poor Main had like to have paid dear for his superior skill in his profession. The other surgeon had no sooner got home than he sent him a challenge to meet him that evening, in a field at some distance from the town.

They met: Main had the good fortune after wounding to disarm his antagonist, but first received himself a dangerous wound.

This accident was kept from the knowledge of his mistress; but on the arrival of the surgeon from Bath, as he would not take off the dressings but in the presence of the person who put them on, it was thought proper that both Mr. Main and the other man should be sent for.

The latter was not by any means in a condition to attend, but the former, though very ill and feverish, desired that he might be carried to the house. The Bath surgeon having in his and the brother's presence examined the case, declared it as his opinion that the complaint might be removed without amputation, adding that it was owing to wrong management that the grievance had gone so far. He consulted with Main in the presence of the family as to his intended method of treating it for the future; he agreed with him entirely with regard to the propriety of it, and having assured the friends of the girl that he thought him a skilful and ingenious young man, took his leave, being obliged to return directly home.

The testimony of this gentleman, whose skill was undoubted and whose impartiality must be so too, having never seen any of the parties concerned in his life before, wrought so much on the brother of the lady that he did not hesitate to put his sister under the care of her lover.

Poor Main, though scarce able to leave his bed for some time, was nevertheless carried to his patient every day, at the hazard of his life. His skill, his tenderness, and his assiduity, were all exerted in a particular manner on the present occasion, and in less than five weeks he had the pleasure to see his mistress restored to perfect health.

The consequence of this incident was very happy for them both. The brother, exceedingly pleased at his whole behaviour, told him he was an honest generous fellow, and since he was convinced it was his sister's person and not her fortune he was attached to, he would with all his heart bestow both on him; and accordingly Mr. Arnold and I had this day the satisfaction of seeing this worthy young pair united in marriage.

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# OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Born 1728 — Died 1774.

[Oliver Goldsmith—the poet, dramatist, historian, essayist, and novelist, who has left us models of style in everything he attempted—the author who above all others creeps into the hearts of his readers as a friend—was born on the 10th of November, 1728, at Pallas or Pallasmore, in the county of Longford. His father, with the amiable improvidence which seems to have belonged to the family, married very young, and, as Irving puts it, "starved along for several years on a small country curacy and the assistance of his wife's friends." Two years after Oliver's birth, however, a change for the better occurred. The uncle of Mrs. Goldsmith dying, her husband succeeded to the rectory of Kilkenny West, and the family removed to Lissoy, in the county of Westmeath. There also a farm of about seventy acres was rented, which afterwards brought in about forty pounds a year.

In Lissoy Goldsmith's youth was passed, and from it he drew most of his pictures of rural and domestic life. There is little doubt that it also furnished the original of "Auburn" in *The Deserted Village*. At six years of age he became pupil to the village schoolmaster, Thomas Byrne, an old veteran who had fought in the Spanish wars, and one likely to prove a capital tutor for a poet. From him Goldsmith acquired an extensive knowledge of fairy lore, fable, romance, and adventure, and by him was encouraged in scribbling verses, which he had generally the sense to commit to the flames. Some of them, however, reached Oliver's mother, who,

good easy woman, at once concluded that her son was a genius and a poet. In his eighth year an attack of smallpox nearly cost him his life, and left his face cruelly pitted. On his recovery he was sent to the Rev. Mr. Griffin of Elphin, a master the very opposite of poor Byrne, and the worst that could be chosen for wayward, warm-hearted, romantic Goldsmith. At this school his disfigured face and rather ungainly figure soon made him the victim of sneering and depreciation—a fate which to a certain extent followed him all his days. From Elphin Goldsmith was in a short time moved to another school at Athlone, and thence after two years to one at Edgeworthstown, kept by the Rev. Patrick Hughes. In none of these did he display any great ability except in spurts, and, great master of style as he afterwards became, it was at this early period marked by confusion and awkwardness.

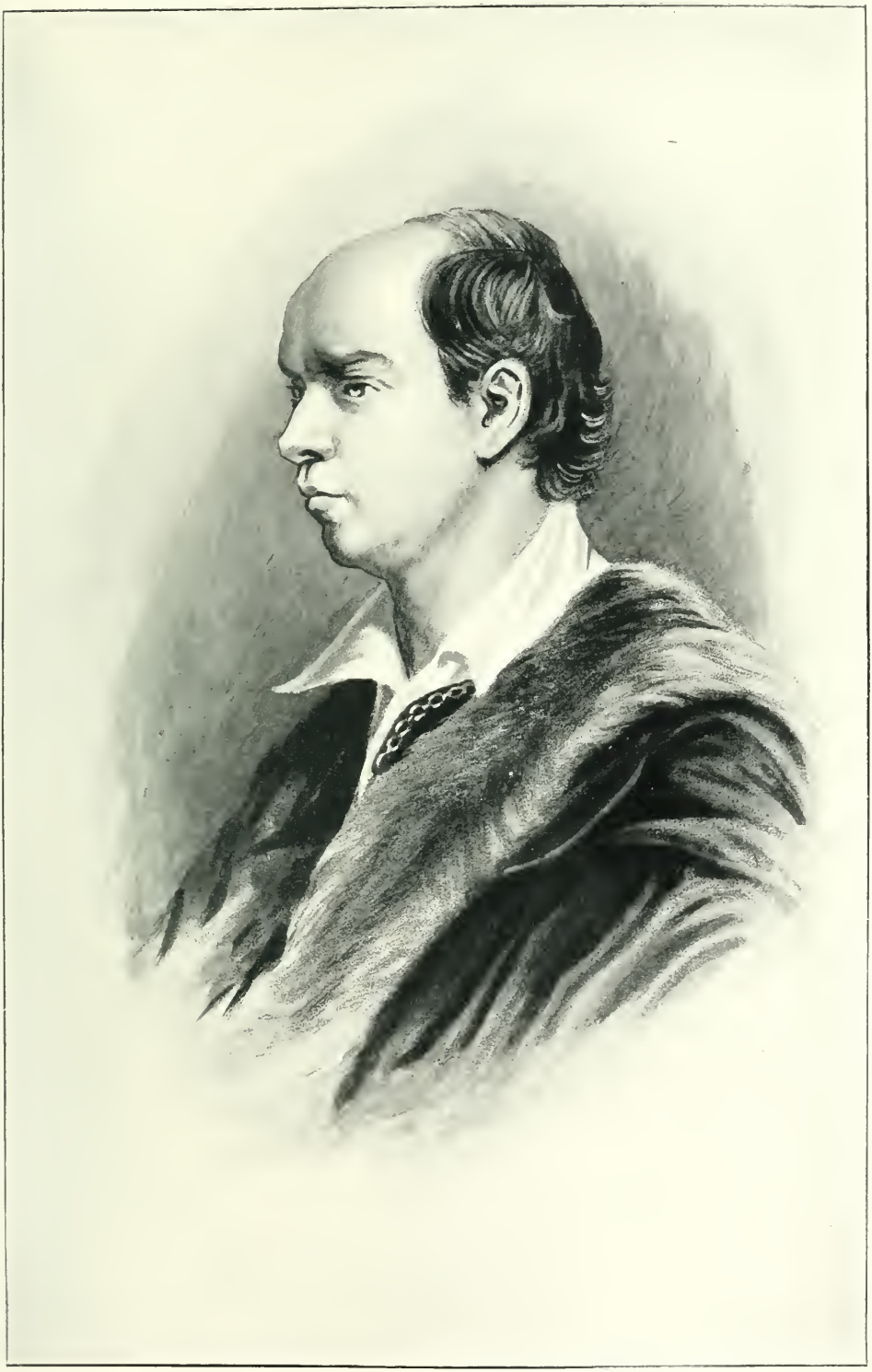
On the 11th June, 1745, Goldsmith, then not quite seventeen years of age, entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar, his father's means not allowing him any higher position. In 1747 his father died, and he was reduced to the very lowest state of poverty. The gifts which he had from his kind-hearted uncle Contarine were utterly insufficient for his wants, and an exhibition which he won only brought him thirty shillings. To supplement these sums he pawned his books, borrowed small sums from his fellow-students, and wrote street ballads at five shillings apiece. Poor Goldsmith, in addition to his poverty, had to suffer from the caprice, violence, and vulgar brutality of his tutor, one Wilder, who even in class made him, his face and his ways, the constant object of contempt and vituperation. But the spring of 1749 terminated his college life, for on the 27th February of that year he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and was released from Wilder's tyranny and scoffs. "As he passed out for the last time through the wicket in that massive gate," says Dr. Waller, "beside which he so often loitered, how little did he think that the time would come when he should stand there, in the mimic bronze, for ever,—no loiterer now, friendless, nameless, neglected—but honoured and admired: one of the great names that fill all lands, and ennoble their own."[1]

For two years after this Goldsmith passed a lounging life, spending part of his time at his uncle's and part with his elder brother Henry, who was living in the old house at Lissoy. At the end of this time he presented himself before the bishop to be admitted into holy orders, but was instantly rejected, chiefly because he had clothed his nether limbs in a pair of scarlet breeches. After this rebuff he started for America, but met with such a series of mishaps before reaching the coast that he returned home. Next he tried to join the bar, but was inveigled into play in Dublin and lost the whole of the fifty pounds his uncle had provided him with. Notwithstanding this his uncle again took him into favour, and in the autumn of 1752 furnished him with sufficient funds to enter Edinburgh University as a medical student. In Edinburgh he remained till the spring of 1754, when he started for the Continent and arrived at Leyden in May. For a year he continued his studies at Leyden under heavy and galling difficulties, after which he started for a tour through Europe on foot. This occupied him nearly two years, during which he saw much of cities and men, and probably learned more than in any similar period of his life. At Padua, where he remained some months, he received his medical degree.

In February, 1756, he arrived in England, and for nearly three years lived in gloom and misery which we may not penetrate. Goldsmith himself seems always to have shrunk from any full revelations of them. It is said he was by turns a strolling player, an usher in a country school, and a corrector of the press in the printing establishment of Richardson, author of *Clarissa Harlowe*. It is, however, more certain that he served as a chemist's shopman, and that Dr. Milner employed him once or twice as assistant in his school at Peckham. Afterwards he attempted to become a surgeon's mate in the navy, but on examination, 21st December, 1758, was "found not qualified."

Before this, however, that is, in February, 1757, Griffiths, proprietor of *The Monthly Review*, met him at Dr. Milner's table, and, being struck by his shrewdness and width of view, engaged him to write criticisms. For this he was to receive a small salary and board in the house of the publisher. At the end of seven months a quarrel between author and publisher occurred. Griffiths charged Goldsmith with being proud and indolent; Goldsmith declared that he had been half-starved, treated uncivilly, and had his writings mutilated and falsified. However, a complete breach did not take place, and Goldsmith con-

[1] An admirable statue of Goldsmith, by J. H. Foley, R.A., was erected before the gate of Trinity College in 1864.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH

*After the Painting by SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS*

tinued to supply the publisher with odds and ends of contributions, until in 1759 he was regularly engaged by Smollett to contribute to his new venture, *The British Magazine*. Already, in April of this year, had appeared his *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*, an essay written with spirit, and full of knowledge and shrewd observation, though far from fulfilling the promise of its title. This year also saw the production of *The Bee*, a short-lived periodical, yet full of lively and clever writing. In 1760 he was employed by Mr. Newbery to contribute to *The Public Ledger*, and on the 12th of January of that year appeared in its pages the first of a series of essays or sketches which were in themselves enough to stamp him as a man of genius and a wise philosopher. These were *The Chinese Letters*, which were continued through the year with great success. They comprise in all one hundred and twenty-three letters, and were afterwards published as *The Citizen of the World, or Letters from a Chinese Philosopher residing in London to his Friends in the East*. Never before or since has any satirist exposed more clearly, and with less cynicism and bitterness, the evils of society—evils which are ever present; and seldom has any author excelled his pictures of character displayed in Beau Tibbs and Mrs. Tibbs, and the inimitable humorist the Man in Black. Mr. Forster says of the work "that the occasions were frequent on which the Chinese Citizen so lifted his voice, that only in a later generation could he find his audience; and they were not few in which he has failed to find one yet." Indeed, in this year Goldsmith may be looked upon as having established his fame, and the first result of his easier position which ensued was his removal from the squalid and miserable lodgings in Green Arbour Court to respectable rooms in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street.

Soon after moving into his new lodgings Goldsmith began to receive his friends, among whom were Murphy, Smart, and Bickerstaffe. On the 31st of May he gave a party, to which Dr. Johnson was invited, and came accompanied by Dr. Percy. The acquaintance thus begun ripened into intimacy and friendship, and exercised an enormous influence both for good and evil on the future career of Goldsmith. During 1761 Goldsmith worked hard, but on temporary jobs for Newbery and ephemeral contributions to the periodicals. During this time he wrote a *Life of Beau Nash*, and revised and remodelled his *Chinese Letters* for appearance as *The Citizen of the World*. In 1762 he was ill for a time, and visited some of the watering-places. In 1763 he wrote a good deal of a fugitive kind, and produced his *History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son*. This work, which has been declared to be "the most finished and elegant summary of English history in the same compass that has been or is likely to be written," was, like most of the author's early works, issued anonymously, and was attributed by different people to Lord Chesterfield, to Lord Orrery, and to Lord Lyttleton. This year also (1763) he made the acquaintance of Boswell, an acquaintanceship which has done more to lessen the proper appreciation of his genius, and to lower his character as a man, than all that has been effected by his bitterest enemies from then till now. About this time, too, his debts, which had always troubled him, let him earn how much he might, became almost unbearable. Before long a crisis occurred, and Johnson, in answer to "a message from poor Goldsmith," went to him and found that "his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion." After some talk Goldsmith drew from his desk a novel, the evergreen *Vicar of Wakefield*, which had been written in odds and ends of time, and presented it to Johnson. Johnson glanced through the MS. and at once carried it to Francis Newbery, and sold it to him for sixty pounds. With the defective literary appreciation of too many people who deal in literature, Newbery rather doubted the value of his invaluable purchase, and kept it unpublished for nearly two years. The sixty pounds, however, served to get Goldsmith out of his difficulty, and enabled him to give the last final touches to *The Traveller, or a Prospect of Society*, which, on being shown to Johnson, he declared to be "a poem to which it would not be easy to find anything equal since the death of Pope." In December, 1764, the poem appeared, and its author at once stood on the top rung of the ladder of fame. This was the first work to which Goldsmith attached his name. Its effect upon the club to which he and Johnson belonged was, it seems, absolutely ludicrous. "They were lost in astonishment that a 'newspaper essayist' and 'bookseller's drudge' should have written such a poem;" perhaps even more astonished to find that the butt on whom they had poured their too often feeble wit was a man of sound good sense—a giant, indeed, who stood intellectually a head and shoulders taller than even their

dictator the mighty Johnson. At this crisis Johnson acted splendidly, and warmly defended his friend in his absence. "I was glad," observed Reynolds at one meeting, "to hear Charles Fox say it was one of the finest poems in the English language." "Why was you glad?" asked the languid Langton, "you surely had no doubt of this before?" "No," interposed Johnson decisively; "the merit of *The Traveller* is so well established that Mr. Fox's praise cannot augment it, nor his censure diminish it." Before the end of a year the poem had passed through several editions; but though, in the words of Washington Irving, "it produced a golden harvest to Mr. Newbery, all the remuneration on record doled out by his niggard hand to the author was twenty guineas."

Soon after the success of *The Traveller* Goldsmith moved into chambers in the Temple, as being more genteel than even the Wine Office Court apartments. However, he still had to work hard at all kinds of jobs for Newbery and the other publishers, and it was about this time that he wrote for the former the famous nursery story *Goody Two Shoes*. About this time also he practised a little as a doctor, but the restraints and duties of the profession soon became irksome to him, and he abandoned it after being defeated in a dispute with a chemist as to the proper quantity of medicine to be administered in a certain case. The patient, a lady friend, sided with the chemist, "and Goldsmith flung out of the house in a passion." "I am determined henceforth," said he to Topham Beauclerc, "to leave off prescribing for friends." "Do so, my dear doctor," was the reply; "whenever you undertake to kill, let it be only your enemies."

In 1765 an edition of Goldsmith's essays collected from different periodicals appeared, and for this reprint, owing to his increased reputation, he received as much as for *The Traveller* itself. In February, 1766, *The Vicar of Wakefield* was given to the world, and before the end of August three editions of it had been sold off. In December of same year he received five guineas for "writing a short English grammar." In this year, too, he commenced to work at his comedy *The Good-natured Man*, the time spent over it being the few hours which he could spare now and then from hack work, then as now necessary to keep the pot boiling. In the early part of 1767 the comedy was completed, and negotiations entered into with Garrick as to its production. Garrick, who had an old spite against the author, was anything but enthusiastic in the matter, and having a comedy by Hugh Kelly offered him, at once proceeded to produce it so as to delay *The Good-natured Man*. To further this move he himself touched up Kelly's play and wrote both prologue and epilogue for it. He also arranged with Colman at Covent Garden, into whose hands Goldsmith's play had passed, that it should not be brought forward until after Kelly's had been produced.

At this other crisis in Goldsmith's affairs Johnson again acted well. "He attended the rehearsals; he furnished the prologue according to promise; he pish'd and pshaw'd at any doubts and fears on the part of the author, but gave him sound counsel, and held him up with a steadfast and manly hand." Johnson's prologue, however, was too solemn, and threw a gloom over the audience which was not wholly removed till the fourth act. On the whole the first night's performance was not a success, and Goldsmith left the theatre cruelly disappointed. The play ran for ten nights only; then fitfully appeared at intervals, and despite of its merits never became a stock piece for the stage, though it has ever been a favourite with the reader.

Notwithstanding its comparative failure, *The Good-natured Man* brought in its author £500—£400 from the theatre and £100 from the publisher. Immediately he changed his chambers for more ample ones, the lease of which he purchased for £400. He also spent a good sum upon furniture, curtains, mirrors, and carpets, and this done gave dinners to his friends of note and supper-parties to young folks. This kind of thing soon emptied him of all the proceeds of the play, and forced him again to drudge hard. To assist him in this he removed for the summer to a little cottage out of town on the Edgeware Road. There he worked hard at his *Roman History* until his return to town in October. In May, 1769, the history appeared, and though announced with no pretence was at once a success. Johnson was in raptures with the work, and placed it deservedly far above anything of the same kind then existing. Of course it was only a compilation, and laid no claim to originality of information; but in "its ease, perspicuity, good sense, and delightful simplicity of style" it still remains a model to all historians. Shortly before the appearance of the history he had already arranged for the production of another great work, the *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*. Johnson prophesied that he would make this work "as

entertaining as a Persian tale," a prophecy that turned out quite true. The work was to be in eight volumes of 400 pages, and for each volume Goldsmith was to receive one hundred guineas. Long before the work was completed the author had drawn the whole of the payment. On the 26th May, 1770, appeared his *Deserted Village*, one of the sweetest and most pathetical poems of the kind in the English language. By August a fifth edition had appeared, and the poem stormed the hearts of the public, though not of all the critics, more successfully than even *The Traveller* had done. Soon after the appearance of *The Deserted Village* one of his hack jobs, a *Life of Parnell*, appeared, and a little later Goldsmith made an expedition to Paris, which no doubt again emptied his pockets and landed him deeper in debt. After his return to London he wrote *The Haunch of Venison* in return for a present of game sent him by Lord Clare. He also entered into an agreement with Davies to write a short life of Lord Bolingbroke, and to prepare an abridgment of his *History of Rome*. The life appeared in December of the same year, and was marked by Goldsmith's purity of style and freedom from party bias. In August, 1771, his *History of England* was published anonymously, and was, like the *History of Rome*, a complete success. "Never before," declared a critic, "had English history been so usefully, so elegantly, and so agreeably epitomized." During 1772 Goldsmith worked hard at his *Animated Nature*, besides contributing several things to the magazines. In this year also he began to feel a decline in his health, yet more than ever he launched out into a course of social dissipation. He was constantly dining and supping out, and as constantly letting his hard-earned money slip through his fingers in attempts to keep up his social position. "He is a guest with Johnson at Mrs. Thrale's, . . . a lion at Mrs. Vesey's and Mrs. Montagu's." Meanwhile all the money for *Animated Nature* has been received and spent, and £250 which he soon after receives for a *History of Greece* only stops the mouths of his creditors for a while. To worry him all the more the production of his new comedy, finished long before, was unaccountably delayed, and it was only after Johnson interfered that a final arrangement was come to. At length, in March, 1773, *She Stoops to Conquer* appeared, and was successful even beyond the expectations of Johnson and his truest friends. But, notwithstanding its success, the clouds gather thicker and thicker round Goldsmith. He had not the courage to withdraw from the expensive friendships of the Literary Club, and by clinging to them he only plunged himself deeper and deeper into the morass of difficulties. While appearing before his friends like a gentleman of fashion he had to drudge hard in his lodgings, and worst of all, much of the work he did had already been paid for, and could produce him nothing more. While he felt his heart sink and his courage fail, his outward gaiety increased, and even Johnson had no suspicion of the agonies he endured. At last he determined to retire from the gaieties of society, and after making arrangements for the sale of his interest in the Temple Chambers he moved to "country quarters at Hyde, there to devote himself to toil." Before long, however, Goldsmith's health grew so bad that he was forced to return to town. For a short time he seemed to improve, and his poem *Retaliation* had reached a point in the portrait of Reynold, "by flattery unspoiled," when he was stricken down, and his pen wrote no more. Rapidly he grew worse, but his friends were still hoping for his recovery when, on Sunday night the 3d of April, he wakened from a deep sleep and fell into strong convulsions, which continued until he died at five o'clock in the morning of the 4th of April, 1774, in the forty-sixth year of his age.

Goldsmith has been lucky and unlucky in his biographers beyond most other authors. For many years writers on his life as well as his readers accepted the estimate of him to be found in Boswell's pages, and even when Prior's biography of him appeared it did little to remove the general impression that the author of *The Traveller* was a kind of inspired idiot. In later years, however, he has been treated with greater justice, and the lives of him by Washington Irving and Mr. Forster have caused him to be spoken of in a different tone. He is still to us "poor Goldsmith;" but while we use the expression now there is in it nothing of contempt or depreciation, but only of love for one who suffered much and was lost too soon—of regret that he who was first among his fellows should have been too often their butt, while through weakness of character, not of intellect, he had not power to seize and hold his true position. In this, however, he was but one of a too numerous band, and there are authors alive to-day to whom might reasonably be applied all that we feel when we say "poor Goldsmith."

Of the many editions of Goldsmith's *Vicar*

*of Wakefield* one is particularly deserving of notice, published in 1843, with thirty-two illustrations by his eminent countryman William Mulready, R.A. An edition of his *Poetical Works* edited by the Rev. R. H. Newell, B.D., in which the locality of *The Deserted Village* is traced, and the poem illustrated by seven engravings from drawings taken on the spot by Mr. Aitkin, published in 1811, is worthy of admiration. A richly illustrated edition of his *Earth and Animated Nature*, with extensive notes, has been published by the Messrs. Blackie of Glasgow. The editions of Goldsmith's Works are legion; but the appearance of Prior's edition in 1836 threw those published previously into the shade; and Cunningham's edition of 1854, which formed the first issue of Murray's British Classics, in turn eclipsed Prior's. Of the numerous lives of Goldsmith, that by Washington Irving, and Life and Adventures by John Forster, stand first.]

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## THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,—
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree!
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired,
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence, shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light Labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain:
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose:
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful spots that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn, parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flames from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill;
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from cares that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
Nor surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate:
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below:
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled:
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place:
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd.
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd:
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.
Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd;
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-washed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall.
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train.
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain:
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joy increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. This man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd:
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes:
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land by luxury betray'd:
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;

While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train:
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields, with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief,
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own:
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;

And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry! thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade:
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride:
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell, and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength possess'd
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

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## SWITZERLAND AND FRANCE.

(FROM "THE TRAVELLER.")

Turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread.
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford.
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter, lingering, chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small;
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil;
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply, too, some pilgrim thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those hills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
Yet let them only share the praises due;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd;
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And Love's and Friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons, cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispersed on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please!

How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away,
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land.
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased; they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies, also, room to rise;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry heart,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year:
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

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## DESCRIPTION OF AN AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

Where the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parsons' black champagne,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug.
A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly show'd the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The royal Game of Goose was there in view,
And the Twelve Rules the royal martyr drew;
The Seasons, framed with listing, found a place,
And brave Prince William show'd his lamp-black face.
The morn was cold; he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire:
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scored,
And five cracked tea-cups dress'd the chimney-board;
A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night——a stocking all the day!

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## HOPE.

The wretch condemned with life to part,
Still! still! on hope relies;
And every pang, that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns, and cheers the way:
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

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## THE BUDDING ROSE.

Have you e'er seen, bathed in the morning dew,
The budding rose its infant bloom display?
When first its virgin tints unfold to view,
It shrinks, and scarcely trusts the blaze of day.

So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,
Youth's damask glow just dawning on her cheek;
I gazed, I sighed, I caught the tender flame,
Felt the fond pang, and drooped with passion weak.

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## EXTRACTS FROM "THE GOOD-NATURED MAN."

*An Apartment in Young Honeywood's house.*

*Enter* Sir William Honeywood *and* Jarvis.

*Sir W.* Good Jarvis, make no apologies for this honest bluntness. Fidelity like yours is the best excuse for every freedom.

*Jar.* I can't help being blunt, and being very angry too, when I hear you talk of disinheriting so good, so worthy a young gentleman, as your nephew, my master. All the world loves him.

*Sir W.* Say, rather, that he loves all the world; that is his fault.

*Jar.* I am sure there is no part of it more

dear to him than you are, though he has not seen you since he was a child.

*Sir W.* What signifies his affection to me, or how can I be proud of a place in a heart where every sharper and coxcomb find an easy entrance?

*Jar.* I grant you that he's rather too good-natured; that he's too much every man's man; that he laughs this minute with one, and cries the next with another; but whose instructions may he thank for all this?

*Sir W.* Not mine, sure! My letters to him, during my employment in Italy, taught him only that philosophy which might prevent, not defend, his errors.

*Jar.* Faith! begging your honour's pardon, this same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an errant jade on a journey. Whenever I hear him mention the name on't, I am always sure he is going to play the fool.

*Sir W.* Don't let us ascribe his faults to his philosophy, I entreat you. No, Jarvis; his good-nature arises rather from his fears of offending the importunate than his desire of making the deserving happy.

*Jar.* What it rises from I don't know; but, to be sure, everybody has it that asks it.

*Sir W.* Ay, or that does not ask it. I have been now for some time a concealed spectator of his follies, and find them as boundless as his dissipation.

*Jar.* And yet, faith, he has some fine name or other for them all. He calls his extravagance generosity, and his trusting everybody universal benevolence. It was but last week he went security for a fellow whose face he scarce knew, and that he called an act of exalted mu—mu—munificence;—ay, that was the name he gave it.

*Sir W.* And upon that I proceed, as my last effort, though with very little hopes to reclaim him. That very fellow has just absconded, and I have taken up the security. Now my intention is to involve him in fictitious distress, before he has plunged himself in real calamity; to arrest him for that very debt, to clap an officer upon him, and then let him see which of his friends will come to his relief.

*Jar.* Well, if I could but any way see him thoroughly vexed—yet, faith, I believe it is impossible. I have tried to fret him myself every morning these three years; but, instead of being angry, he sits as calmly to hear me scold, as he does to his hairdresser.

*Sir W.* We must try him once more, however; and I don't despair of succeeding; as, by your means, I can have frequent opportunity of being about him, without being known. What a pity it is, Jarvis, that any man's good-will to others should produce so much neglect of himself as to require correction; yet there are some faults so nearly allied to excellence, that we can scarce weed out the vice without eradicating the virtue.

[Miss Richland, who is an heiress, and loves young Honeywood, has just been informed that he is in the custody of two bailiffs in his own house, and determines to see for herself. She sets out for his house attended by her maid Garnet.]

*Scene—Young Honeywood's House.*

*Bailiff, Honeywood, Follower.*

*Bailiff.* Look ye, sir, I have arrested as good men as you in my time; no disparagement of you neither. Men that would go forty guineas on a game of cribbage. I challenge the town to show a man in more genteeler practice than myself.

*Honeyw.* Without all question, Mr. ——. I forget your name, sir?

*Bailiff.* How can you forget what you never knew? he, he, he!

*Honeyw.* May I beg leave to ask your name?

*Bailiff.* Yes, you may.

*Honeyw.* Then, pray, sir, what is your name?

*Bailiff.* That I didn't promise to tell you; he, he, he! A joke breaks no bones, as we say among us that practise the law.

*Honeyw.* You may have reason for keeping it a secret, perhaps.

*Bailiff.* The law does nothing without reason. I'm ashamed to tell my name to no man, sir. If you can show cause, as why, upon a special capus, that I should prove my name—But, come, Timothy Twitch is my name. And, now you know my name, what have you to say to that?

*Honeyw.* Nothing in the world, good Mr. Twitch, but that I have a favour to ask, that's all.

*Bailiff.* Ay, favours are more easily asked than granted, as we say among us that practise the law. I have taken an oath against granting favours. Would you have me perjure myself?

*Honeyw.* But my request will come recommended in so strong a manner, as, I believe, you'll have no scruple. (*Pulling out his purse.*) The thing is only this: I believe I shall be able to discharge this trifle in two or three days at farthest; but as I would not have the

affair known for the world, I have thought of keeping you, and your good friend here, about me till the debt is discharged; for which I shall be properly grateful.

*Bailiff.* Oh! that's another maxum, and altogether within my oath. For certain, if an honest man is to get anything by a thing, there's no reason why all things should not be done in civility.

*Honeyw.* Doubtless, all trades must live, Mr. Twitch, and yours is a necessary one. (*Gives him money.*)

*Bailiff.* Oh! your honour; I hope your honour takes nothing amiss as I does, as I does nothing but my duty in so doing. I'm sure no man can say I ever give a gentleman, that was a gentleman, ill usage. If I saw that a gentleman was a gentleman, I have taken money not to see him for ten weeks together.

*Honeyw.* Tenderness is a virtue, Mr. Twitch.

*Bailiff.* Ay, sir, it's a perfect treasure. I love to see a gentleman with a tender heart. I don't know, but I think I have a tender heart myself. If all that I have lost by my heart was put together, it would make a—but no matter for that.

*Honeyw.* Don't account it lost, Mr. Twitch. The ingratitude of the world can never deprive us of the conscious happiness of having acted with humanity ourselves.

*Bailiff.* Humanity, sir, is a jewel. It's better than gold. I love humanity. People may say that we in our way have no humanity; but I'll show you my humanity this moment. There's my follower here, little Flanigan, with a wife and four children, a guinea or two would be more to him than twice as much to another. Now, as I can't show him any humanity myself, I must beg you'll do it for me.

*Honeyw.* I assure you, Mr. Twitch, yours is a most powerful recommendation. (*Giving money to the Follower.*)

*Bailiff.* Sir, you're a gentleman. I see you know what to do with your money. But, to business: we are to be with you here as your friends, I suppose. But set in case company comes.—Little Flanigan here, to be sure, has a good face; a very good face: but then, he is a little seedy, as we say among us that practise the law. Not well in clothes. Smoke the pocket-holes.

*Honeyw.* Well, that shall be remedied without delay.

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant.* Sir, Miss Richland is below.

*Honeyw.* How unlucky! Detain her a moment. We must improve, my good friend, little Mr. Flanigan's appearance first. Here, let Mr. Flanigan have a suit of my clothes—quick—the brown and silver—Do you hear?

*Servant.* That your honour gave away to the begging gentleman that makes verses, because it was as good as new.

*Honeyw.* The white and gold then.

*Servant.* That, your honour, I made bold to sell because it was good for nothing.

*Honeyw.* Well, the first that comes to hand then. The blue and gold. I believe Mr. Flanigan will look best in blue.

[*Exit* Flanigan.

*Bailiff.* Rabbit me, but little Flanigan will look well in anything. Ah, if your honour knew that bit of flesh as well as I do, you'd be perfectly in love with him. There's not a prettier scout in the four counties after a shy-cock than he. Scents like a hound; sticks like a weasel. He was master of the ceremonies to the black queen of Morocco when I took him to follow me. [*Re-enter* Flanigan.] Heh, ecod, I think he looks so well, that I don't care if I have a suit from the same place for myself.

*Honeyw.* Well, well, I hear the lady coming. Dear Mr. Twitch, I beg you'll give your friend directions not to speak. As for yourself, I know you will say nothing without being directed.

*Bailiff.* Never you fear me, I'll show the lady that I have something to say for myself as well as another. One man has one way of talking, and another man has another, that's all the difference between them.

*Enter* Miss Richland *and her Maid.*

*Miss Rich.* You'll be surprised, sir, with this visit. But you know I'm yet to thank you for choosing my little library.

*Honeyw.* Thanks, madam, are unnecessary, as it was I that was obliged by your commands. Chairs here. Two of my very good friends, Mr. Twitch and Mr. Flanigan. Pray, gentlemen, sit without ceremony.

*Miss Rich.* Who can these odd-looking men be? I fear it is as I was informed. It must be so. [*Aside.*

*Bailiff* (*after a pause*). Pretty weather, very pretty weather, for the time of the year, madam.

*Follower.* Very good circuit weather in the country.

*Honeyw.* You officers are generally favourites among the ladies. My friends, madam,

have been upon very disagreeable duty, I assure you. The fair should, in some measure, recompense the toils of the brave.

*Miss Rich.* Our officers do indeed deserve every favour. The gentlemen are in the marine service, I presume, sir?

*Honeyw.* Why, madam, they do—occasionally serve in the Fleet, madam. A dangerous service.

*Miss Rich.* I'm told so. And I own, it has often surprised me, that, while we have had so many instances of bravery there, we have had so few of wit at home to praise it.

*Honeyw.* I grant, madam, that our poets have not written as our soldiers have fought; but they have done all they could, and Hawke or Amherst could do no more.

*Miss Rich.* I'm quite displeased when I see a fine subject spoiled by a dull writer.

*Honeyw.* We should not be so severe against dull writers, madam. It is ten to one, but the dullest writer exceeds the most rigid French critic who presumes to despise him.

*Follower.* D—— the French, the parle vous, and all that belong to them!

*Miss Rich.* Sir!

*Honeyw.* Ha, ha, ha, honest Mr. Flanigan. A true English officer, madam; he's not contented with beating the French, but he will scold them too.

*Miss Rich.* Yet, Mr. Honeywood, this does not convince me but that severity in criticism is necessary. It was our first adopting the severity of French taste that has brought them in turn to taste us.

*Bailiff.* Taste us! By the Lord, madam, they devour us. Give Monseers but a taste, and they come in for a bellyful.

*Miss Rich.* Very extraordinary this.

*Follower.* But very true. What makes the bread rising? the parle vous that devour us. What makes the mutton five pence a pound? the parle vous that eat it up. What makes the beer three-pence halfpenny a pot—

*Honeyw.* Ah! the vulgar rogues, all will be out. (*Aside.*) Right, gentlemen, very right, upon my word, and quite to the purpose. They draw a parallel, madam, between the mental taste and that of our senses. We are injured as much by French severity in the one, as by French rapacity in the other. That's their meaning.

*Miss Rich.* Though I don't see the force of the parallel, yet, I'll own, that we should sometimes pardon books, as we do our friends that have now and then agreeable absurdities to recommend them.

*Bailiff.* That's all my eye. The king only can pardon, as the law says; for set in case——

*Honeyw.* I'm quite of your opinion, sir. I see the whole drift of your argument. Yes, certainly our presuming to pardon any work, is arrogating a power that belongs to another. If all have power to condemn, what writer can be free?

*Bailiff.* By his habus corpus. His habus corpus can set him free at any time. For set in case—

*Honeyw.* I'm obliged to you, sir, for the hint. If, madam, as my friend observes, our laws are so careful of a gentleman's person, sure we ought to be equally careful of his dearer part, his fame.

*Follower.* Ay, but if so be a man's nabbed, you know—

*Honeyw.* Mr. Flanigan, if you spoke for ever you could not improve the last observation. For my own part I think it conclusive.

*Bailiff.* As for the matter of that, mayhap—

*Honeyw.* Nay, sir, give me leave in this instance to be positive. For where is the necessity of censuring works without genius, which must shortly sink of themselves: what is it, but aiming our unnecessary blow against a victim already under the hands of justice?

*Bailiff.* Justice! O, by the elevens, if you talk about justice, I think I am at home there; for, in a course of law—

*Honeyw.* My dear Mr. Twitch, I discern what you'd be at perfectly, and I believe the lady must be sensible of the art with which it is introduced. I suppose you perceive the meaning, madam, of his course of law?

*Miss Rich.* I protest, sir, I do not. I perceive only that you answer one gentleman before he has finished, and the other before he has well begun.

*Bailiff.* Madam, you are a gentlewoman, and I will make the matter out. This here question is about severity and justice, and pardon, and the like of they. Now to explain the thing—

*Honeyw.* O! curse your explanations. [*Aside.*

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant.* Mr. Leontine, sir, below, desires to speak with you upon earnest business.

*Honeyw.* That's lucky. (*Aside.*) Dear madam, you'll excuse me and my good friends here for a few minutes. There are books, madam, to amuse you. Come, gentlemen, you know I make no ceremony with such friends. After you, sir. Excuse me. Well, if I must; but I know your natural politeness.

*Bailiff.* Before and behind, you know.

*Follower.* Ay, ay; before and behind, before and behind.

[*Exeunt Honeywood, Bailiff, and Follower.*

*Miss Rich.* What can all this mean, Garnet?

*Gar.* Mean, madam? Why, what should it mean but what Mr. Lofty sent you here to see? These people he calls officers are officers sure enough—sheriff's officers.

*Miss Rich.* Ay, it is certainly so. Well, though his perplexities are far from giving me pleasure, yet I own there's something very ridiculous in them, and a just punishment for his dissimulation.

*Gar.* And so they are. But I wonder, madam, that the lawyer you just employed to pay his debts and set him free has not done it this time; he ought at least to have been here before now.

. . . . . .

SIR WILLIAM HONEYWOOD *alone.*
*Enter* JARVIS.

*Sir W.* How now, Jarvis? Where's your master, my nephew?

*Jar.* At his wit's end, I believe. He is scarce gotten out of one scrape but he's running his head into another.

*Sir W.* How so?

*Jar.* The house has but just been cleared of the bailiffs, and now he's again engaging, tooth and nail, in assisting old Croaker's son to patch up a clandestine match with the young lady that passes in the house for his sister.

*Sir W.* Ever busy to serve others.

*Jar.* Ay, anybody but himself. The young couple, it seems, are just setting out for Scotland, and he supplies them with money for the journey.

*Sir W.* Money! How is he able to supply others, who has scarce any for himself?

*Jar.* Why, there it is; he has no money, that's true; but then, as he never said no to any request in his life, he has given them a bill drawn by a friend of his upon a merchant in the city, which I am to get changed; for you must know that I am to go with them to Scotland myself.

*Sir W.* How?

*Jar.* It seems the young gentleman is obliged to take a different road from his mistress, as he is to call upon an uncle of his that lives out of the way, in order to prepare a place for their reception when they return; so they have borrowed me from my master, as the properest person to attend the young lady down.

*Sir W.* To the land of matrimony? A pleasant journey, Jarvis!

*Jar.* Ay, but I'm only to have all the fatigues on't.

*Sir W.* Well, it may be shorter and less fatiguing than you imagine. I know but too much of the young lady's family and connections, whom I have seen abroad. I have also discovered that Miss Richland is not indifferent to my thoughtless nephew; and will endeavour, though I fear in vain, to establish that connection. But come, the letter I wait for must be almost finished; I'll let you further into my intentions in the next room.

[*Exeunt.*

[Sir William and Jarvis by a well-contrived plot manage to bring all parties together at an inn, where old Croaker's son and his intended wife, whom the nephew thought to assist, are forced to remain because of the bill being protested, and no money to be had. They reproach young Honeywood with trying to betray them. While he attempts to explain, his Uncle and Miss Richland appear. Sir William makes peace for the runaways with the father, old Croaker. Miss Richland and young Honeywood are to be married, and all ends with this advice from Sir William to his nephew.]

*Sir W.* Henceforth, nephew, learn to respect yourself. He who seeks only for applause from without has all the happiness in another's keeping.

*Hon.* Yes, sir; I now too plainly perceive my errors—my vanity, in attempting to please all, by fearing to offend any; my meanness in approving folly, lest fools should disapprove. Henceforth it shall be my study to reserve my pity for real distress; my friendship for true merit; and love for her who first taught me what it is to be happy.

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## MRS. HARDCASTLE.

(FROM "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.")

[Mrs. Hardcastle is anxious for a match between her son the vulgar Tony, and her handsome niece Constance Neville, who meditates elopement with her lover Hastings.]

*Enter* TONY *and* MISS NEVILLE, *followed by* MRS. HARDCASTLE *and* HASTINGS.

*Tony.* What do you follow me for, Cousin Con? I wonder you're not ashamed to be so very engaging.

*Miss Nev.* I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not be to blame?

*Tony.* Ay, but I know what sort of a relation you want to make me, though; but it won't do. I tell you, Cousin Con, it won't do, so I beg you'll keep your distance; I want no nearer relationship.

[*She follows, coquetting him to the back scene.*

*Mrs. Hard.* Well! I vow, Mr. Hastings, you are very entertaining. There's nothing in the world I love to talk of so much as London, and the fashions, though I was never there myself.

*Hast.* Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's, or Tower Wharf.

*Mrs. Hard.* Oh! sir, you're only pleased to say so. We country persons can have no manner at all. I'm in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighbouring rustics; but who can have a manner that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places where the nobility chiefly resort? All I can do is to enjoy London at second-hand. I take care to know every tête-à-tête from the Scandalous Magazine, and have all the fashions, as they come out, in a letter from the two Miss Rickets of Crooked Lane. Pray, how do you like this head, Mr. Hastings?

*Hast.* Extremely elegant and *dégagée*, upon my word, madam. Your friseur is a Frenchman, I suppose?

*Mrs. Hard.* I protest I dressed it myself from a print in the Ladies' Memorandum Book for the last year.

*Hast.* Indeed! such a head in a side-box, at the play-house, would draw as many gazers as my Lady Mayoress at a city ball.

*Mrs. Hard.* I vow, since inoculation began there is no such thing to be seen as a plain woman; so one must dress a little particular, or one may escape in the crowd.

*Hast.* But that can never be your case, madam, in any dress. (*Bowing.*)

*Mrs. Hard.* Yet what signifies *my* dressing when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr. Hardcastle? All I can say will not argue down a single button from his clothes. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, to plaster it over, like my Lord Pately, with powder.

*Hast.* You are right, madam; for as among the ladies there are none ugly, so among the men there are none old.

*Mrs. Hard.* But what do you think his answer was? Why, with his usual Gothic vivacity, he said, I only wanted him to throw off his wig, to convert it into a tête for my own wearing.

*Hast.* Intolerable! At your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

*Mrs. Hard.* Pray, Mr. Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable age about town?

*Hast.* Some time ago forty was all the mode; but I'm told the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the ensuing winter.

*Mrs. Hard.* Seriously! then I shall be too young for the fashion.

*Hast.* No lady begins now to put on jewels till she's past forty. For instance, Miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child, as a mere maker of samplers.

*Mrs. Hard.* And yet Mrs. Niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels, as the oldest of us all.

*Hast.* Your niece, is she? and that young gentleman a brother of yours, I should presume?

*Mrs. Hard.* My son, sir. They are contracted to each other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out ten times a day, as if they were man and wife already. (*To them.*) Well, Tony, child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance this evening?

*Tony.* I have been saying no soft things; but that it's very hard to be followed about so. Ecod, I've not a place in the house now that's left to myself, but the stable.

*Mrs. Hard.* Never mind him, Con, my dear. He's in another story behind your back.

*Miss Nev.* There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in private.

*Tony.* That's a confounded—crack.

*Mrs. Hard.* Ah! he's a sly one. Don't you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mr. Hastings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T. They're of a size, too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr. Hastings may see you. Come, Tony.

*Tony.* You had as good not make me, I tell you. [*Measuring.*

*Miss Nev.* Oh! he has almost cracked my head.

*Mrs. Hard.* Oh, the monster! For shame, Tony. You a man, and behave so!

*Tony.* If I'm a man, let me have my fortin. Ecod, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

*Mrs. Hard.* Is this, ungrateful boy, all that

I'm to get for the pains I have taken in your education? I that have rocked you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon? Did not I work that waistcoat to make you genteel? Did not I prescribe for you every day, and weep while the receipt was operating?

*Tony.* Ecod, you had reason to weep, for you have been dosing me ever since I was born. I have gone through every receipt in the *Complete Huswife* ten times over; and you have thoughts of coursing me through *Quincy* next spring. But, ecod, I tell you, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

*Mrs. Hard.* Wasn't it all for your good, viper? Wasn't it all for your good?

*Tony.* I wish you'd let me and my good alone, then. Snubbing this way, when I'm in spirits. If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

*Mrs. Hard.* That's false; I never see you when you are in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to the alehouse, or kennel. I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable wild notes, unfeeling monster!

*Tony.* Ecod, mamma, your own notes are the wildest of the two.

*Mrs. Hard.* Was ever the like! But I see he wants to break my heart, I see he does.

*Hast.* Dear madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can persuade him to his duty.

*Mrs. Hard.* Well! I must retire. Come, Constance, my love. You see, Mr. Hastings, the wretchedness of my situation. Was ever poor woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy?

(*Exeunt Mrs. Hard. and Miss Neville.*)

HASTINGS. TONY.

*Tony.* (*Singing.*)

There was a young man riding by,
And fain would have his will.
Rang do didlo dee.

Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for an hour together; and they said they liked the book the better the more it made them cry.

*Hast.* Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman.

*Tony.* That's as I find 'um.

*Hast.* Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare answer: and yet she appears to me a pretty, well-tempered girl.

*Tony.* That's because you don't know her as well as I. Ecod, I know every inch about her, and there's not a more bitter, cantankerous toad in all Christendom.

*Hast.* (*Aside.*) Pretty encouragement this for a lover.

*Tony.* I have seen her since the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

*Hast.* To me she appears sensible and silent.

*Tony.* Ay, before company. But when she's with her playmates she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

*Hast.* But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

*Tony.* Yes; but curb her never so little, she kicks up, and you're flung in a ditch.

*Hast.* Well, but you must allow her a little beauty. Yes, you must allow her some beauty.

*Tony.* Bandbox! She's all a made up thing, mun. Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer, of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod, she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

*Hast.* Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

*Tony.* Anon!

*Hast.* Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

*Tony.* Ay; but where is there such a friend? for who would take her?

*Hast.* I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

*Tony.* Assist you! Ecod, I will to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise that shall trundle you off in a twinkling; and may be, get you a part of her fortin beside, in jewels, that you little dream of.

*Hast.* My dear 'squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

*Tony.* Come along then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me.

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## THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

(FROM "THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.")

I am just returned from Westminster, the place of sepulture for the philosophers, heroes, and kings of England. What a gloom do monumental inscriptions and all the venerable

remains of deceased merit inspire! Imagine a temple marked with the hand of antiquity, solemn as religious awe, adorned with all the magnificence of barbarous profusion, dim windows, fretted pillars, long colonnades, and dark ceilings. Think, then, what were my sensations at being introduced to such a scene. I stood in the midst of the temple, and threw my eyes round on the walls, filled with the statues, the inscriptions, and the monuments of the dead.

Alas, I said to myself, how does pride attend the puny child of dust even to the grave! Even humble as I am, I possess more consequence in the present scene than the greatest hero of them all; they have toiled for an hour to gain a transient immortality, and are at length retired to the grave, where they have no attendant but the worm, none to flatter but the epitaph.

As I was indulging such reflections a gentleman, dressed in black, perceiving me to be a stranger, came up, entered into conversation, and politely offered to be my instructor and guide through the temple. "If any monument," said he, "should particularly excite your curiosity, I shall endeavour to satisfy your demands." I accepted with thanks the gentleman's offer, adding, that "I was come to observe the policy, the wisdom, and the justice of the English in conferring rewards upon deceased merit. If adulation like this (continued I) be properly conducted, as it can noways injure those who are flattered, so it may be a glorious incentive to those who are now capable of enjoying it. It is the duty of every good government to turn this monumental pride to its own advantage; to become strong in the aggregate from the weakness of the individual. If none but the truly great have a place in this awful repository, a temple like this will give the finest lessons of morality, and be a strong incentive to true merit." The man in black seemed impatient at my observations; so I discontinued my remarks, and we walked on together to take a view of every particular monument in order as it lay.

As the eye is naturally caught by the finest objects, I could not avoid being particularly curious about one monument, which appeared more beautiful than the rest: "That," said I to my guide, "I take to be the tomb of some very great man. By the peculiar excellence of the workmanship and the magnificence of the design this must be a trophy raised to the memory of some king who has saved his country from ruin, or lawgiver who has reduced his fellow-citizens from anarchy into just subjection."—"It is not requisite," replied my companion, smiling, "to have such qualifications in order to have a very fine monument here. More humble abilities will suffice."—"What! I suppose, then, the gaining two or three battles, or the taking half a score towns, is thought a sufficient qualification?"—"Gaining battles or taking towns," replied the man in black, "may be of service: but a gentleman may have a very fine monument here without ever seeing a battle or a siege."—"This, then, is the monument of some poet, I presume; of one whose wit has gained him immortality!"—"No, sir," replied my guide; "the gentleman who lies here never made verses, and as for wit, he despised it in others, because he had none himself."—"Pray tell me then in a word," said I, peevishly, "what is the great man who lies here particularly remarkable for?"—"Remarkable, sir!" said my companion, "why, sir, the gentleman that lies here is remarkable, very remarkable—for a tomb in Westminster Abbey."—"But, head of my ancestors! how has he got here! I fancy he could never bribe the guardians of the temple to give him a place. Should he not be ashamed to be seen among company where even moderate merit would look like infamy?"—"I suppose," replied the man in black, "the gentleman was rich, and his friends, it is usual in such a case, told him he was great. He readily believed them; the guardians of the temple, as they got by the self-delusion, were ready to believe him too: so he paid his money for a fine monument, and the workman, as you see, has made him one of the most beautiful. Think not, however, that this gentleman is singular in his desire of being buried among the great; there are several others in the temple, who, hated and shunned by the great while alive, have come here, fully resolved to keep them company now they are dead."

As we walked along to a particular part of the temple, "There," says the gentleman, pointing with his finger,—"that is the poet's corner; there you see the monuments of Shakspere, and Milton, and Prior, and Drayton."—"Drayton!" I replied, "I never heard of him before; but I have been told of one Pope,—is he there?"—"It is time enough," replied my guide, "these hundred years; he is not long dead; people have not done hating him yet."—"Strange," cried I; "can any be found to hate a man whose life was wholly spent in entertaining and instructing his fellow-creatures?"—"Yes," says my guide, "they hate

him for that very reason. There are a set of men called answerers of books, who take upon them to watch the republic of letters, and distribute reputation by the sheet; they somewhat resemble the eunuchs in a seraglio, who are incapable of giving pleasure themselves, and hinder those that would. These answerers have no other employment but to cry out 'dunce,' and 'scribbler,' to praise the dead and revile the living; to grant a man of confessed abilities some small share of merit; to applaud twenty blockheads, in order to gain the reputation of candour; and to revile the moral character of the man whose writings they cannot injure. Such wretches are kept in pay by some mercenary bookseller, or more frequently the bookseller himself takes this dirty work off their hands, as all that is required is to be very abusive and very dull. Every poet of any genius is sure to find such enemies: he feels, though he seems to despise, their malice; they make him miserable here; and in the pursuit of empty fame, at last he gains solid anxiety."

"Has this been the case with every poet I see here?" cried I.—"Yes, with every mother's son of them," replied he, "except he happened to be born a mandarin. If he has much money he may buy reputation from your book-answerers, as well as a monument from the guardians of the temple."

"But are there not some men of distinguished taste, as in China, who are willing to patronize men of merit, and soften the rancour of malevolent dulness?"

"I own there are many," replied the man in black; "but, alas! sir, the book-answerers crowd about them, and call themselves the writers of books; and the patron is too indolent to distinguish: thus poets are kept at a distance, while their enemies eat up all their rewards at the mandarin's table."

Leaving this part of the temple, we made up to an iron gate, through which my companion told me we were to pass in order to see the monuments of the kings. Accordingly I marched up without farther ceremony, and was going to enter, when a person who held the gate in his hand, told me I must pay first. I was surprised at such a demand, and asked the man, "whether the people of England kept a *show?* whether the paltry sum he demanded was not a national reproach? whether it was not more to the honour of the country to let their magnificence or their antiquities be openly seen, than thus meanly to tax a curiosity which tended to their own honour?" "As for your questions," replied the gate-keeper, "to be sure they may be very right, because I don't understand them: but as for that threepence, I farm it from one who rents it from another, who hires it from a third, who leases it from the guardians of the temple; and we all must live." I expected upon paying here to see something extraordinary, since what I had seen for nothing filled me with so much surprise; but in this I was disappointed; there was little more within than black coffins, rusty armour, tattered standards, and some few slovenly figures in wax. I was sorry I had paid, but I comforted myself by considering it would be my last payment. A person attended us, who, without once blushing, told a hundred lies: he talked of a lady who died by pricking her finger; of a king with a golden head, and twenty such pieces of absurdity.—"Look ye there, gentlemen," says he, pointing to an old oak chair, "there's a curiosity for ye: in that chair the kings of England were crowned; you see also a stone underneath, and that stone is Jacob's pillow." I could see no curiosity either in the oak chair or the stone: could I, indeed, behold one of the old kings of England seated in this, or Jacob's head laid upon the other, there might be something curious in the sight; but in the present case there was no more reason for my surprise than if I should pick a stone from their streets, and call it a curiosity, merely because one of the kings happened to tread upon it as he passed in a procession.

From hence our conductor led us through several dark walks and winding ways, uttering lies, talking to himself, and flourishing a wand which he held in his hand. He reminded me of the black magicians of Kobi. After we had been almost fatigued with a variety of objects, he at last desired me to consider attentively a certain suit of armour, which seemed to show nothing remarkable. "This armour," said he, "belonged to General Monk."—"Very surprising, that a general should wear armour!"—"And pray," added he, "observe this cap; this is General Monk's cap."—"Very strange indeed, very strange, that a general should have a cap also! Pray, friend, what might this cap have cost originally?"—"That, sir," says he, "I don't know; but this cap is all the wages I have for my trouble."—"A very small recompense, truly," said I.—"Not so very small," replied he, "for every gentleman puts some money into it, and I spend the money."—"What! more money! Still more money!"—"Every gentleman gives

something, sir."—"I'll give thee nothing," returned I: "the guardians of the temple should pay your wages, friend, and not permit you to squeeze thus from every spectator. When we pay our money at the door to see a show, we never give more as we are going out. Sure the guardians of the temple can never think they get enough. Show me the gate; if I stay longer I may probably meet with more of those ecclesiastical beggars."

Thus leaving the temple precipitately, I returned to my lodgings, in order to ruminate over what was great, and to despise what was mean, in the occurrences of the day.

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## ADVICE TO THE LADIES,

### WITH AN ILLUSTRATIVE INDIAN TALE.

(FROM "THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.")

As the instruction of the fair sex in this country is entirely committed to the care of foreigners, as their language-masters, music-masters, hair-frizzers, and governesses are all from abroad, I had some intentions of opening a female academy myself, and made no doubt, as I was quite a foreigner, of meeting a favourable reception.

In this I intended to instruct the ladies in all the conjugal mysteries; wives should be taught the art of managing husbands, and maids the skill of properly choosing them; I would teach a wife how far she might venture to be sick without giving disgust; she should be acquainted with the great benefits of the cholic in the stomach, and all the thoroughbred insolence of fashion; maids should learn the secret of nicely distinguishing every competitor; they should be able to know the difference between a pedant and a scholar, a citizen and a prig, a 'squire and his horse, a beau and his monkey; but chiefly, they should be taught the art of managing their smiles, from the contemptuous simper to the long laborious laugh.

But I have discontinued the project; for what would signify teaching ladies the manner of governing or choosing husbands, when marriage is at present so much out of fashion, that a lady is very well off who can get any husband at all. Celibacy now prevails in every rank of life; the streets are crowded with old bachelors, and the houses with ladies who have refused good offers, and are never likely to receive any for the future.

The only advice, therefore, I could give the fair sex, as things stand at present, is to get husbands as fast as they can. There is certainly nothing in the whole creation, not even Babylon in ruins, more truly deplorable, than a lady in the virgin bloom of sixty-three, or a battered unmarried beau, who squibs about from place to place, showing his pig-tail wig and his ears. The one appears to my imagination in the form of a double night-cap or a roll of pomatum, the other in the shape of an electuary or a box of pills.

I would once more, therefore, advise the ladies to get husbands. I would desire them not to discard an old lover without very sufficient reasons, nor treat the new with ill-nature, till they know him false; let not prudes allege the falseness of the sex, coquettes the pleasures of long courtship, or parents the necessary preliminaries of penny for penny. I have reasons that would silence even a casuist in this particular. In the first place, therefore, I divide the subject into fifteen heads, and then, "*sic argumentor*,"—but not to give you and myself the spleen, be contented at present with an Indian tale.

In a winding of the river Amidar, just before it falls into the Caspian Sea, there lies an island unfrequented by the inhabitants of the continent. In this seclusion, blessed with all that wild uncultivated nature could bestow, lived a princess and her two daughters. She had been wrecked upon the coast while her children as yet were infants, who, of consequence, though grown up, were entirely unacquainted with man. Yet, unexperienced as the young ladies were in the opposite sex, both early discovered symptoms, the one of prudery, the other of being a coquette. The eldest was ever learning maxims of wisdom and discretion from her mamma, while the youngest employed all her hours in gazing at her own face in a neighbouring fountain.

Their usual amusement in this solitude was fishing; their mother had taught them all the secrets of the art; she showed them which were the most likely places to throw out the line, what baits were most proper for the various seasons, and the best manner to draw up the finny prey, when they had hooked it. In this manner they spent their time, easy and innocent, till one day the princess, being indisposed, desired them to go and catch her a sturgeon or a shark for supper, which she fancied might sit easy on her stomach. The daughters obeyed, and clapping on a gold fish, the usual bait on these occasions, went and sat

upon one of the rocks, letting the gilded hook glide down with the stream.

On the opposite shore, further down, at the mouth of the river, lived a diver for pearls, a youth, who, by long habit in his trade, was almost grown amphibious; so that he could remain whole hours at the bottom of the water, without ever fetching breath. He happened to be at that very instant diving, when the ladies were fishing with the gilded hook. Seeing therefore the bait, which to him had the appearance of real gold, he was resolved to seize the prize, but both hands being already filled with pearl oysters, he found himself obliged to snap at it with his mouth: the consequence is easily imagined; the hook, before unperceived, was instantly fastened in his jaw; nor could he, with all his efforts or his floundering, get free.

"Sister," cries the youngest princess, "I have certainly caught a monstrous fish; I never perceived anything struggle so at the end of my line before; come, and help me to draw it in." They both now, therefore, assisted in fishing up the diver on shore; but nothing could equal their surprise upon seeing him. "Bless my eyes," cries the prude, "what have we got here; this is a very odd fish to be sure; I never saw anything in my life look so queer; what eyes! what terrible claws! what a monstrous snout! I have read of this monster somewhere before, it certainly must be a tanglang, that eats women; let us throw it back into the sea where we found it."

The diver in the meantime stood upon the beach, at the end of the line, with the hook in his mouth, using every art that he thought could best excite pity, and particularly looking extremely tender, which is usual in such circumstances. The coquette, therefore, in some measure influenced by the innocence of his looks, ventured to contradict her companion. "Upon my word, sister," says she, "I see nothing in the animal so very terrible as you are pleased to apprehend; I think it may serve well enough for a change. Always sharks, and sturgeons, and lobsters, and crawfish make me quite sick. I fancy a slice of this nicely grilladed, and dressed up with shrimp-sauce, would be very pretty eating. I fancy mamma would like a bit with pickles above all things in the world: and if it should not sit easy on her stomach, it will be time enough to discontinue it when found disagreeable, you know."—"Horrid," cries the prude, "would the girl be poisoned. I tell you it is a tanglang; I have read of it in twenty places. It is everywhere described as the most pernicious animal that ever infested the ocean. I am certain it is the most insidious ravenous creature in the world; and is certain destruction if taken internally." The youngest sister was now therefore obliged to submit: both assisted in drawing the hook with some violence from the diver's jaw; and he, finding himself at liberty, bent his breast against the broad wave, and disappeared in an instant.

Just at this juncture the mother came down to the beach, to know the cause of her daughters' delay; they told her every circumstance, describing the monster they had caught. The old lady was one of the most discreet women in the world; she was called the black-eyed princess, from two black eyes she had received in her youth, being a little addicted to boxing in her liquor. "Alas, my children!" cries she, "what have you done? the fish you caught was a man-fish; one of the most tame domestic animals in the world. We could have let him run and play about the garden, and he would have been twenty times more entertaining than our squirrel or monkey."—"If that be all," says the young coquette, "we will fish for him again. If that be all, I will hold three tooth-picks to one pound of snuff, I catch him whenever I please." Accordingly they threw in their line once more, but, with all their gilding, and paddling, and assiduity, they could never after catch the diver. In this state of solitude and disappointment they continued for many years, still fishing, but without success; till at last, the genius of the place, in pity of their distress, changed the prude into a shrimp, and the coquette into an oyster. Adieu.

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## THE VICAR'S HOME.

(FROM "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.")

When the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may be also conjectured that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage on this occasion. Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next alehouse; but my wife, in the triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all; for which, by the bye, our family was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr. Burchell had

hinted to us the day before that he was making some proposals of marriage to Miss Wilmot, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal damped the heartiness of his reception: but accident in some measure relieved our embarrassment, for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill observed with an oath that he never knew anything more absurd than calling such a fright a beauty: "For, strike me ugly," continued he, "if I should not find as much pleasure in choosing my mistress by the information of a lamp under the clock of St. Dunstan's." At this he laughed, and so did we: the jests of the rich are ever successful. Olivia, too, could not avoid whispering, loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humour.

After dinner, I began with my usual toast, the Church; for this I was thanked by the chaplain, as he said the church was the only mistress of his affections. "Come, tell us honestly, Frank," said the squire, with his usual archness, "suppose the church, your present mistress, dressed in lawn sleeves on one hand, and Miss Sophia, with no lawn about her on the other, which would you be for?"—"For both, to be sure," cried the chaplain. "Right, Frank," cried the squire; "for may this glass suffocate me, but a fine girl is worth all the priestcraft in the creation; for what are tithes and tricks but an imposition, all a confounded imposture? and I can prove it."—"I wish you would," cried my son Moses; "and I think," continued he, "that I should be able to answer you."—"Very well, sir," cried the squire, who immediately smoked him, and winked on the rest of the company to prepare us for the sport: "if you are for a cool argument upon the subject, I am ready to accept the challenge. And first, whether are you for managing it analogically or dialogically?"—"I am for managing it rationally," cried Moses, quite happy at being permitted to dispute. "Good again," cried the squire: "and, firstly, of the first, I hope you'll not deny that whatever is, is: if you don't grant me that I can go no further."—"Why," returned Moses, "I think I may grant that, and make the best of it."—"I hope, too," returned the other, "you will grant that a part is less than the whole."—"I grant that too," cried Moses, "it is but just and reasonable."—"I hope," cried the squire, "you will not deny that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones."—"Nothing can be plainer," returned t'other, and looked round him with his usual importance. "Very well," cried the squire, speaking very quick; "the premises being thus settled, I proceed to observe that the concatenation of self-existences, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produce a problematical dialogism, which, in some measure, proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable."—"Hold, hold!" cried the other, "I deny that. Do you think I can thus tamely submit to such heterodox doctrines?"—"What," replied the squire, as if in a passion, "not submit! Answer me one plain question. Do you think Aristotle right when he says that relatives are related?"—"Undoubtedly," replied the other.—"If so, then," cried the squire, "answer me directly to what I propose: Whether do you judge the analytical investigation of the first part of my enthymem deficient secundum quoad, or quoad minus? and give me your reasons, I say, directly."—"I protest," cried Moses, "I don't rightly comprehend the force of your reasoning; but if it be reduced to one single proposition, I fancy it may then have an answer."—"O, sir," cried the squire, "I am your most humble servant; I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellects too. No, sir! there, I protest, you are too hard for me." This effectually raised the laugh against poor Moses, who sat the only dismal figure in a group of merry faces; nor did he offer a single syllable more during the whole entertainment.

But though all this gave me no pleasure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who mistook it for humour, though but a mere act of the memory. She thought him, therefore, a very fine gentleman: and such as consider what powerful ingredients a good figure, fine clothes, and fortune are in that character will easily forgive her. Mr. Thornhill, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talked with ease, and could expatiate upon the common topics of conversation with fluency. It is not surprising, then, that such talents should win the affections of a girl, who, by education, was taught to value an appearance in herself, and, consequently, to set a value upon it in another.

Upon his departure we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was the object that induced him to be our visitor. Nor did she seem to be much displeased at the innocent raillery of her brother and sister upon this occasion. Even Deborah herself seemed to share the glory of

the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory as if it were her own. "And now, my dear," cried she to me, "I'll fairly own that it was I that instructed my girls to encourage our landlord's addresses. I had always some ambition, and you now see that I was right; for who knows how this may end?"—"Ay, who knows that, indeed!" answered I, with a groan: "for my part, I don't much like it: and I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest than this fine gentleman with his fortune and infidelity; for, depend on't, if he be what I suspect him, no freethinker shall ever have a child of mine."

"Sure, father," cried Moses, "you are too severe in this; for Heaven will never arraign him for what he thinks, but for what he does. Every man has a thousand vicious thoughts, which arise without his power to suppress. Thinking freely of religion may be involuntary with this gentleman; so that allowing his sentiments to be wrong, yet, as he is purely passive in his assent, he is no more to be blamed for his errors than the governor of a city without walls for the shelter he is obliged to afford an invading enemy."

"True, my son," cried I: "but if the governor invites the enemy there he is justly culpable; and such is always the case with those who embrace error. The vice does not lie in assenting to the proofs they see, but in being blind to many of the proofs that offer. So that, though our erroneous opinions be involuntary when formed, yet, as we have been wilfully corrupt, or very negligent, in forming them, we deserve punishment for our vice, or contempt for our folly."

My wife now kept up the conversation, though not the argument; she observed that several very prudent men of our acquaintance were freethinkers, and made very good husbands; and she knew some sensible girls that had had skill enough to make converts of their spouses: "And who knows, my dear," continued she, "what Olivia may be able to do? The girl has a great deal to say upon every subject, and, to my knowledge, is very well skilled in controversy."

"Why, my dear, what controversy can she have read?" cried I. "It does not occur to me that I ever put such books into her hands; you certainly overrate her merit."—"Indeed, papa," replied Olivia, "she does not; I have read a great deal of controversy. I have read the disputes between Thwackum and Square; the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday the savage; and I am now employed in reading the controversy in Religious Courtship."—"Very well," cried I, "that's a good girl; I find you are perfectly qualified for making converts, and so go help your mother to make the gooseberry-pie."

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## MOSES AT THE FAIR.

(FROM "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.")

When we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the squire's recommendation; but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme: "Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves I think we have made an excellent day's work of it."—"Pretty well," cried I, not knowing what to say.—"What, only pretty well!" returned she; "I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town! This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day, and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be! *Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly—so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there?"—"Ay," returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter: "heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!" This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity: for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if anything unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a propheey. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme, and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry

single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal-box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth called thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black riband. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarcely gone when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that after a few previous inquiries they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message that she actually put her hand in her pocket and gave the messenger sevenpence-halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him and asking his advice: although we seldom followed advice we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice we shall apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves."—"Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question; though as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will." As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife, "depend upon it he knows what he is about; I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal-box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar. "Welcome! welcome, Moses! well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"—"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?"—"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."—"Well done, my good boy," returned she, "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."—"I

have brought back no money," cried Moses again; "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."—"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"—"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."—"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."—"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."—"What," cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!"—"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."—"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery. The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better!"—"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."—"Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them I would throw them in the fire."—"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

## A CITY NIGHT PIECE.

(FROM "THE BEE.")

Ille dolet vere, qui sine teste dolet.

The clock just struck two, the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket, the watchman forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest, and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl, the robber walks his midnight round, and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of contemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past walked before me—where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is heard but of the chiming clock, or the distant watch-dog. All the bustle of human pride is forgotten: an hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room.

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just and as unbounded; and, with short-sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality!—Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some: the sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others; and as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transcience of every sublunary possession.

"Here," he cries, "stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of the state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction."

How few appear in those streets which but some few hours ago were crowded! and those who appear, now no longer wear their daily

mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease; the world has disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the severity of winter. Perhaps, now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible, or debauchees who may curse, but will not relieve them.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasiness of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law which gives others security becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility? or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse? Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance.

But let me turn from a scene of such distress to the sanctified hypocrite, who has been "talking of virtue till the time of bed," and now steals out, to give a loose to his vices under the protection of midnight—vices more atrocious because he attempts to conceal them. See how he pants down the dark alley, and, with hastening steps, fears an acquaintance in every face. He has passed the whole day in company he hates, and now goes to prolong the night among company that as heartily hate him. May his vices be detected! may the morning rise upon his shame! Yet I wish to no purpose: villany, when detected, never gives up, but boldly adds impudence to imposture.

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# HUGH KELLY.

BORN 1739 — DIED 1777.

[When a new series of "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties" comes to be written, the name of Hugh Kelly ought not to be omitted from it. He is as good an instance as any that can be found of a person raising himself by his own efforts from a position of ignorance and poverty to one of education and comparative affluence, all the while living in the midst of temptations which wreck so many of those who meet them. His birth took place in the year 1739, either in Killarney or Dublin, the latter being the most likely place, as very soon after we find his father, who had fallen from a better estate, in the position of a tavern-keeper in that city. Here as the boy grew up he was constantly meeting with theatrical folk who frequented the house, and from them obtained a taste for the stage. What his tastes might be, however, was of little moment to his father, who took him early from school and bound him apprentice to a stay-maker, an apprenticeship which he faithfully fulfilled, though he still continued to cultivate and extend his acquaintance with the players.

Shortly after the completion of his service the flatteries of the players, for whom he had written one or two things, induced him to leave Dublin and venture upon the troubled sea of London life. Arrived in London he very wisely continued to work at his trade, but this beginning to fail him, he engaged himself as a copying-clerk to an attorney. While working at the lawyer's desk he wrote occasional articles and paragraphs for the newspapers. This enabled him after a time to give up legal copying and to engage as a paragraph writer on one of the daily papers, in which position he soon gained the confidence and esteem of his employer. Gradually, as his style improved, he took to higher work, and obtained engagements on *The Ladies'*

*Museum* and *The Court Magazine*, besides writing several pamphlets for the publisher Pottinger. About this time, being only two-and-twenty, he married, "merely for love," and found that he had done wisely. Spurred on by his new responsibilities he continued to extend his labours, and while he read and studied busily to improve himself, he wrote a series of essays for *Owen's Weekly Chronicle*, afterwards reprinted as *The Babbler*. He also produced about this time, *Louisa Mildmay, or the History of a Magdalen*, a novel which had a very considerable success, and is "in general prettily and pathetically told."

In 1767 his notoriety, if not his fame, was considerably increased by the publication of his theatrical poem *Thespis*, the satire of which gave great offence to many. But the power it displayed attracted the attention of Garrick, and led to the production, a year later, of Kelly's first comedy, *False Delicacy*, at Drury Lane. This play had more than the usual success, and was declared with pardonable exaggeration by his friends to be "the best first comedy ever written." It also—and this the author thought more important—produced him a profit of about £700, and was translated into several languages.

In 1769 he entered himself as a member of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple; but though very acceptable to the students, and giving every sign of being a clever lawyer, he was at first refused admittance to the bar. In 1770 he brought out his comedy *A Word to the Wise;* but as some persons believed (wrongly) that he was writing in government pay, a cabal was formed and the play attacked each night until withdrawn. However, out of evil came good, for on publishing the play Kelly received over £800 in subscriptions, besides the profits of the general sale.

In 1771, when his next play, *Clementina*, a tragedy, was produced, his name was withheld to avoid the opposition likely to arise. The piece proved no great success, however, and was withdrawn after the ninth night. In 1774 he still thought it wise to withhold his name from his new comedy, *A School for Wives*. Not only did he do this, but he prevailed upon Mr. Addington to stand father for his offspring, by which means his enemies were completely misled, and the play, being judged without prejudice, was a great success. After the ninth night Mr. Addington, very much to the chagrin of Kelly's foes, announced the real author in a letter in the papers. Soon after this he produced an afterpiece, entitled *The Romance of an Hour*, which attained a fair measure of success. In 1776 appeared his comedy of *The Man of Reason*, which was in most respects a failure, and was definitely "damned" on the first night. This so affected Kelly that, having received his call to the bar, he resolved to assume the character of barrister and write no more for the stage. In this there is no doubt he made a mistake. His writings for the stage were producing him about a thousand a year, while as a barrister he would most likely have to wait long and work hard for half the sum. Besides, having reached a certain scale of expenditure, it was hard for him to reduce it, and the result was that though fairly successful as a beginner he fell into debt, and his peace of mind left him never to return. The mental worry soon began to undermine his health, and in the latter part of January, 1777, an abscess opened in his side, which he at first neglected. When consulted, his physicians advised the hot bath, and he was carried in a sedan-chair to Newgate Street Bagnio, but soon after his return to his house in Gough Square he became speechless, and next morning, the 3d of February, 1777, he died, not having completed his thirty-eighth year.

As a husband and father Kelly was beyond reproach; as a man of the world he was ever ready to help the afflicted; and as a writer "his genius was such that had his education been better, and fortune easier, so as to have enabled him to select and polish his works, it probably might have given his name a niche among the first dramatic poets of this country."]

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## IN DEBT AND IN DANGER.[1]

*Leeson's Chambers in the Temple.*

*Enter* LEESON.

*Lee.* Where is this clerk of mine? Connolly!

*Con.* (*Behind.*) Here, sir.

*Lee.* Have you copied the marriage-settlement, as I corrected it?

*Enter* CONNOLLY, *with pistols.*

*Con.* Ay, honey; an hour ago.

*Lee.* What, you have been trying those pistols?

*Con.* By my soul I have been firing them

[1] This and the next scene are from *The School for Wives.*

this half hour. without once being able to make them go off.

*Lee.* They are plaguy dirty.

*Con.* In troth! so they are; I strove to brighten them up a little, but some misfortune attends everything I do; for the more I clane them, the dirtier they are, honey.

*Lee.* You have had some of our usual daily visitors for money, I suppose?

*Con.* You may say that; and three or four of them are now hanging about the door, that I wish handsomely hanged anywhere else, for bodering us.

*Lee.* No joking, Connolly; my present situation is a very disagreeable one.

*Con.* 'Faith! and so it is; but who makes it disagreeable? Your aunt Tempest would let you have as much money as you please, but you won't condescend to be acquainted with her, though people in this country can be very intimate friends without seeing one another's faces for seven years.

*Lee.* Do you think me base enough to receive a favour from a woman who has disgraced her family, and stoops to be a kept mistress? You see, my sister is already ruined by a connection with her.

*Con.* Ah! sir, a good guinea isn't the worse for coming through a bad hand; if it was, what would become of us lawyers? And, by my soul, many a high head in London would at this minute be very low if they hadn't received favours even from much worse people than kept mistresses.

*Lee.* Others, Connolly, may prostitute their honour as they please; mine is my chief possession, and I must take particular care of it.

*Con.* Honour, to be sure, is a very fine thing, sir, but I don't see how it is to be taken care of without a little money; your honour, to my knowledge, hasn't been in your own possession these two years, and the devil a crum can you honestly swear by till you get it out of the hands of your creditors.

*Lee.* I have given you a license to talk, Connolly, because I know you faithful; but I haven't given you a liberty to sport with my misfortunes.

*Con.* You know I'd die to serve you, sir; but of what use is your giving me leave to spake, if you oblige me to hould my tongue? 'Tis out of pure love and affection that I put you in mind of your misfortunes.

*Lee.* Well, Connolly, a few days will, in all probability, enable me to redeem my honour, and to reward your fidelity; the lovely Emily, you know, has half consented to embrace the first opportunity of flying with me to Scotland, and the paltry trifles I owe will not be missed in her fortune.

*Con.* But, dear sir, consider you are going to fight a duel this very evening; and if you should be kilt, I fancy you will find it a little difficult to run away afterwards with the lovely Emily.

*Lee.* If I fall there will be an end to my misfortunes.

*Con.* But surely it will not be quite genteel to go out of the world without paying your debts.

*Lee.* But how shall I stay in the world, Connolly, without punishing Belville for ruining my sister?

*Con.* Oh! the devil fly away with this honour; an ounce of common sense is worth a whole shipload of it, if we must prefer a bullet or a halter to a fine young lady and a great fortune.

*Lee.* We'll talk no more on the subject at present. Take this letter to Mr. Belville; deliver it into his own hand, be sure, and bring me an answer; make haste, for I shall not stir out till you come back.

*Con.* By my soul, I wish you may be able to stir out then, honey. Oh! but that's true—

*Lee.* What's the matter?

*Con.* Why, sir, the gentleman I last lived clerk with died lately and left me a legacy of twenty guineas.

*Lee.* What! is Mr. Stanley dead?

*Con.* 'Faith! his friends have behaved very unkindly if he is not, for they have buried him these six weeks.

*Lee.* And what then?

*Con.* Why, sir, I received my little legacy this morning; and if you'd be so good as to keep it for me, I'd be much obliged to you.

*Lee.* Connolly, I understand you, but I am already shamefully in your debt. You've had no money from me this age.

*Con.* Oh, sir! that does not signify; if you are not kilt in this d——d duel, you'll be able enough to pay me; if you are, I sha'n't want it.

*Lee.* Why so, my poor fellow?

*Con.* Because, though I am but your clerk, and though I think fighting the most foolish thing upon earth, I'm as much a gintleman as yourself, and have as much right to commit a murder in the way of duelling.

*Lee.* And what then? You have no quarrel with Mr. Belville?

*Con.* I shall have a d——d quarrel with him though if you're kilt; your death shall be revenged, depend upon it, so let that content you.

*Lee.* My dear Connolly, I hope I sha'n't want such a proof of your affection. How he distresses me! (*Aside.*)

*Con.* You will want a second, I suppose, in this affair; I stood second to my own brother, in the Fifteen Acres; and though that has made me detest the very thought of duelling ever since, yet if you want a friend I'll attend you to the field of death with a great deal of satisfaction.

*Lee.* I thank you, Connolly, but I think it extremely wrong in any man who has a quarrel to expose his friend to difficulties; we shouldn't seek for redress if we were not equal to the task of fighting our own battles; and I choose you particularly to carry my letter, because you may be supposed ignorant of the contents, and thought to be acting in the ordinary course of your business.

*Con.* Say no more about it, honey; I will be back with you presently. (*Going, returns.*) I put the twenty guineas in your pocket before you were up, sir; and I don't believe you'd look for such a thing there if I wasn't to tell you of it. [*Exit.*

*Lee.* This faithful, noble-hearted creature!—but let me fly from thought; the business I have to execute will not bear the test of reflection. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* CONNOLLY.

*Con.* As this is a challenge, I shouldn't go without a sword; come down, little tickle-pitcher. (*Takes a sword.*) Some people may think me very conceited now; but as the dirtiest blacklegs in town can wear one without being stared at, I don't think it can suffer any disgrace by the side of an honest man. [*Exit.*

[Leeson saved his life, and his honour too, his adversary confessing himself in the wrong. However, he ultimately had his revenge, as the Emily whom he afterwards eloped with was, unknown to him, sister to his adversary. At length all parties consented to the marriage, and all ended well.]

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## A HOLLOW VICTORY.

[General Savage has a son, Captain Savage, in love with Miss Walsingham, who returns his love. The general himself takes a fancy for the young lady, however, and goes a wooing,—she imagining he speaks for his son.]

*Enter* GENERAL SAVAGE.

*Gen.* Your hall-door standing open, Spruce, and none of your sentinels being on guard, I have surprised your camp thus far without resistance. Where is your master?

*Spruce* (a servant). Just gone out with Captain Savage, sir.

*Gen.* Is your lady at home?

*Spruce.* No, sir; but Miss Walsingham is at home; shall I inform her of your visit?

*Gen.* There is no occasion to inform her of it, for here she is, Spruce. [*Exit Spruce.*

*Enter* MISS WALSINGHAM.

*Miss W.* General Savage, your most humble servant.

*Gen.* My dear Miss Walsingham, it is rather cruel that you should be left at home by yourself, and yet I am greatly rejoiced to find you at present without company.

*Miss W.* I can't but think myself in the best company when I have the honour of your conversation, general.

*Gen.* You flatter me too much, madam; yet I am come to talk to you on a serious affair, Miss Walsingham; an affair of importance to me and to yourself. Have you leisure to favour me with a short audience, if I beat a parley?

*Miss W.* Anything of importance to you, sir, is always sufficient to command my leisure. 'Tis as the captain suspected. (*Aside.*)

*Gen.* You tremble, my lovely girl, but don't be alarmed; for though my business is of an important nature, I hope it won't be of a disagreeable one.

*Miss W.* And yet I am greatly agitated. (*Aside.*)

*Gen.* Soldiers, Miss Walsingham, are said to be generally favoured by the kind partiality of the ladies.

*Miss W.* The ladies are not without gratitude, sir, to those who devote their lives peculiarly to the service of their country.

*Gen.* Generously said, madam; then give me leave, without any masked battery, to ask if the heart of an honest soldier is a prize at all worth your acceptance?

*Miss W.* Upon my word, sir, there's no masked battery in this question.

*Gen.* I am as fond of a *coup de main*, madam, in love, as in war. I hate the method of sapping a town when there is a possibility of entering sword in hand.

*Miss W.* Why, really, sir, a woman may as

well know her own mind when she is first summoned by the trumpet of a lover, as when she undergoes all the tiresome formality of a siege. You see, I have caught your own mode of conversing, general.

*Gen.* And a very great compliment I consider it, madam; but now that you have candidly confessed an acquaintance with your own mind, answer me with that frankness for which everybody admires you much. Have you any objection to change the name of Walsingham?

*Miss W.* Why, then, frankly, General Savage, I say, No.

*Gen.* Ten thousand thanks to you for this kind declaration.

*Miss W.* I hope you won't think it a forward one.

*Gen.* I'd sooner see my son run away in the day of battle; I'd sooner think Lord Russell was bribed by Louis XIV., and sooner vilify the memory of Algernon Sydney.

*Miss W.* How unjust it was ever to suppose the general a tyrannical father! (*Aside.*)

*Gen.* You have told me condescendingly, Miss Walsingham, that you have no objection to change your name; I have but one more question to ask.

*Miss W.* Pray propose it.

*Gen.* Would the name of Savage be disagreeable to you? Speak frankly again, my dear girl!

*Miss W.* Why, then, again, I frankly say, No.

*Gen.* You make me too happy; and though I shall readily own that a proposal of this nature would come with more propriety from my son—

*Miss W.* I am much better pleased that you make the proposal yourself, sir.

*Gen.* You are too good to me. Torrington thought that I should meet with a repulse. (*Aside.*)

*Miss W.* Have you communicated this business to the captain, sir?

*Gen.* No, my dear madam, I did not think that at all necessary. I have always been attentive to the captain's happiness, and I propose that he shall be married in a few days.

*Miss W.* What, whether I will or no?

*Gen.* Oh! you can have no objection.

*Miss W.* I must be consulted, however, about the day, general; but nothing in my power shall be wanting to make him happy.

*Gen.* Obliging loveliness!

*Miss W.* You may imagine that if I were not previously impressed in favour of your proposal, it would not have met my concurrence so readily.

*Gen.* Then you own that I had a previous friend in the garrison?

*Miss W.* I don't blush to acknowledge it, when I consider the accomplishments of the object, sir.

*Gen.* Oh! this is too much, madam; the principal merit of the object is his passion for Miss Walsingham.

*Miss W.* Don't say that, general, I beg of you; for I don't think there are many women in the kingdom who could behold him with indifference.

*Gen.* Ah! you flattering—flattering angel! and yet, by the memory of Marlborough, my lovely girl, it was the idea of a prepossession on your part which encouraged me to hope for a favourable reception.

*Miss W.* Then I must have been very indiscreet, for I laboured to conceal that prepossession as much as possible.

*Gen.* You couldn't conceal it from me; you couldn't conceal it from me. The female heart is a field which I am thoroughly acquainted with, and which has, more than once, been a witness to my victories, madam.

*Miss W.* I don't at all doubt your success with the ladies, general; but as we now understand one another so perfectly, you will give me leave to retire.

*Gen.* One word, my dear creature, and no more; I shall wait upon you sometime to-day, with Mr. Torrington, about the necessary settlements.

*Miss W.* You must do as you please, general; you are invincible in everything.

*Gen.* And if you please, we'll keep everything a profound secret till the articles are all settled, and the definitive treaty ready for execution.

*Miss W.* You may be sure that delicacy will not suffer me to be communicative on the subject, sir.

*Gen.* Then you leave everything to my management.

*Miss W.* I can't trust a more noble negotiator. [*Exit.*

*Gen.* The day's my own. (*Sings.*) "Britons, strike home; strike home! Revenge," &c. [*Exit.*

[However, the day was not his own, and he was soon made sensible of his mistake. But he put a good face upon the matter, and handed over the lady to his son with the utmost generosity.]

### EXTRACT FROM "THESPIS."

Bold is his talk in this discerning age,
When every witling prates about the stage,
And some pert title arrogantly brings
To trace up nature through her noblest springs;
Bold in such times his talk must be allow'd,
Who seeks to form a judgment for the crowd;
Presumes the public sentiment to guide,
And speaks at once to prejudice and pride.
Of all the studies in these happier days,
By which we soar ambitiously to praise,
Of all the fine performances of art,
Which charm the eye or captivate the heart,
None like the stage our admiration draws,
Or gains such high and merited applause;
Yet has this art unhappily no rules
To check the vain impertinence of fools,
To point out rude deformity from grace,
And strike a line 'twixt acting and grimace.

High as the town with reverence we may name,
And stamp its general sentiments to fame;
Loud as perhaps we echo to its voice,
And pay a boundless homage to its choice;
Still, if we look minutely we shall find
Each single judge so impotent or blind,
That even the actor whom we most admire
For ease or humour, dignity or fire,
Shall often blush to meet the ill-earned bays,
And pine beneath an infamy of praise.

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### ALL HER OWN WAY.

(FROM "THE ROMANCE OF AN HOUR.")

LADY DI STRANGEWAYS *and* SIR HECTOR *her Husband.*

*Sir Hector.* An impudent puppy, to pester me with his fees of honour! I thought that at court it was not honourable to pay anything.

*Lady Di.* But, Sir Hector Strangeways—

*Sir Hector.* But, Lady Di Strangeways, I tell you again that if I had all the wealth of the Spanish galleons, I would not part with a single piece of eight upon this occasion. I did not ask them to knight me, and they may unknight me again if they like it; for I value the broad pendant on the *Dreadnought* masthead above any title which they can splice,—to all the red, or green, or blue rags in Christendom.

*Lady Di.* Well, my dear, but though an admiral's uniform is a very pretty thing, there is something inexpressibly attracting in a star; and if I could only persuade you to wear a bag-wig, that red ribbon would give a world of brilliancy to your complexion.

*Sir Hector.* My complexion! Zounds, wife, don't make me mad! A weather-beaten sailor of fifty ought to be mightily concerned about the brilliancy of his complexion.

*Lady Di.* Lord! Sir Hector, you are not so old by half a year; and if you'd follow my advice about the bag, you'd look as young as Billy Brownlow—

*Sir Hector.* Avast, Di!—avast! I have already suffered you to crowd too much canvas, and to make a puppy of me sufficiently.

*Lady Di.* I beg, Sir Hector, that you will soften the coarseness of your phraseology, and use a little less of the quarter-deck dialect.

*Sir Hector.* Zounds! madam, 'tis your own fault if the gale blows in your teeth; I might have been out with the squadron in the Mediterranean hadn't I humoured your fancy, and foolishly stayed to be piped in at the installation. However, there's some chance yet,—the admiral appointed is attended by three doctors, and if they heave him over I have a promise of succeeding in the command. There's a cable of comfort for you to snatch at, Lady Di.

*Lady Di.* Yes, you cruel! and for fear bad news should not reach me soon enough, you have ordered an express to be sent up directly from Portsmouth the moment the poor admiral is gathered to his progenitors.

*Sir Hector.* Yes, the moment his anchor is a-peak; and I'll take your son Orson with me, too, for I shall have him turned into a monkey if he stays much longer ashore.

*Lady Di.* Surely you won't be such a brute, my love. The boy is quite a sea monster already, and I must keep him close under my own eye, to give him some little touches of humanity.

*Sir Hector.* Orson is wild, I grant, but he is well-meaning: and therefore I forbid all lessons of good-breeding that are likely to make a heel in his principles.

ORSON *enters.*

*Orson.* Huzza! father, huzza!

*Sir Hector.* What do you cheer at, lad?

*Orson.* Here's an advice-boat that Colonel Ormsby has just made London, and will take a berth with us before the evening gun is fired.

*Lady Di.* How often must I tell you, child, that it is exceedingly vulgar to appear either surprised or overjoyed at anything?

*Sir Hector.* Don't desire the boy to slacken his sails in a chase of good-nature.

*Lady Di.* Why, what is the fool in raptures for? he never saw Colonel Ormsby since the moment of his existence.

*Orson.* No, mother; but I know that he is my uncle Brownlow's friend; that he has weathered my uncle from many a bitter blast, and is to be married to the sweet young lady my uncle lately brought us home from Bengal.

*Sir Hector.* And has anybody carried the news to Zelinda?

*Lady Di.* The Lady Zelinda, my dear; you know that her father was an Indian orurah, or nobleman of great authority!

*Orson.* I sent Bussora aloft with the news, and the poor fellow was as much rejoiced as a man of war on short allowance would be in sight of the Downs.

*Sir Hector.* I do love that Bussora, he's so faithful a creature, and has a heart as sound as a biscuit.

*Lady Di.* I don't wonder that he's so great a favourite with his lady, for he's extremely intelligent, and would, I dare say, readily hazard his life in her service.

*Orson.* Zounds! I'd stand a broadside for her myself at any time.

*Sir Hector.* D—— you, sirrah, do you swear? One would think that your ship was sinking, and that you expected every moment to be launched into the next world, you young rascal!

*Lady Di.* Ay, this is your blessed system of sea education.

*Sir Hector.* Hark'ee, 'scapegrace, mind your hits, if you'd avoid a rope's-end; and remember to keep your wickedness under hatches till you come to years of discretion, you puppy.

*Lady Di.* Mercy upon us! and is he then to let it appear above-board. Fine doctrine truly, that our vices are to be excused in proportion as we acquire consciousness of their enormity. You should study my mode of expression, Sir Hector.

*Orson.* Why, I meant no harm, tho' I've raised such a squall. Everybody loves Miss Zelinda, and many a heavy heart has it given me, since she cast anchor in this house, to see her so melancholy, poor soul!

*Sir Hector.* She's a delightful girl, that's the truth of it, and I hope that the arrival of Ormsby will prevent the worms of her sorrow from eating into the planks of her constitution.

*Lady Di.* Lord, my dear, do you think that a mind so delicate as hers can be destitute of gratitude, or indifferent about a man who not only repeatedly saved her father's life in the commotions of the East, but, what was still more, preserved the ladies of his family?

*Sir Hector.* Come, come, Ormsby is a noble fellow.

*Orson.* As ever stepped from stem to stern, my uncle Brownlow says.

*Sir Hector.* And Zelinda's father behaved nobly to him when his dead-lights were hung out.

*Lady Di.* I suppose you mean by bequeathing him his only daughter in his last moments, who is mistress of so large a fortune.

*Sir Hector.* Why, is not she an Acapulco vessel in herself, to say nothing of her being ballasted with rupees and pagodas?

*Lady Di.* And could her father, who loved the English extremely, who married her mother an English woman, and who knew the colonel's worth so well, act more prudently, in the distracted state of his country, than in giving his child to a man who was not only able to protect her against all dangers, but calculated besides to make her an admirable husband?

*Sir Hector.* Why, your brother tells me that Abdalla had none of his country superstition on board his mind.

*Orson.* Wasn't he a heathen, father?

*Sir Hector.* Yes, lad; but for all that he steered his course very sensibly, and knew that the chart of a good conscience would bring a ship of any nation to safe moorings in what our Methodist boatswain calls the river of Jordan.

*Orson.* Lord, father; boatswain says that the river runs by some town called the New Jerusalem, but I never could find either of them in the map.

*Lady Di.* You may easily judge the liberality of Abdalla's mind by the accomplishments of Zelinda.

*Sir Hector.* Why, she speaks English, French, and Italian.

*Lady Di.* Like her vernacular tongue.

*Orson.* Yes, she has a rare knack at her tongue, and I don't believe that there's ever a foreign merchantman in the whole Thames but she's able to hail in her own lingo.

*Sir Hector.* Then she sings so sweetly.

*Orson.* Yes, father; but she sings always mournful, like the mad negro that died in love for the ale-house girl at Portsmouth.

*Lady Di.* Like the mad negro! Mercy upon me, what a thing am I a mother to!

*Sir Hector.* Doesn't she dance charmingly, Di?

*Lady Di.* Divinely!—I know but one woman in England who is her superior in that accomplishment.

*Sir Hector.* And she is no more to be compared to that woman in anything than one of the royal yachts to a bum-boat upon the Thames.

*Lady Di.* I am always certain of a compliment from you, Sir Hector.

*Orson.* Lord, mother, sure it wasn't yourself that you were weighing up with Miss Zelinda?

*Lady Di.* You odious sea-calf,—quit the room—quit the room, you detestable porpoise!

*Sir Hector.* Who runs foul of politeness now, Di?

*Orson.* We had best cut and run, father.

*Lady Di.* And you, Sir Hector, to stand by and see me treated in this manner.

*Sir Hector.* Slip the cables, lad. This is damnable weather, and will speedily blow a hurricane. [*Exit Sir Hector and Orson.*

*Lady Di.* The brutes — the abominable brutes! No woman surely had ever such a husband, or such a son. But I deserve it all for having the least connection with an element where the utmost the very best can arrive at is to be so many respectable Hottentots? My sufferings should teach ladies of beauty and birth not to throw their persons away. Yet I should not have been thrown away myself, if any lover had offered of a more eligible character than this barbarian here.

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# JAMES DELACOUR.

Born 1709 — Died 1781.

[James Delacour, or De la Court, as he sometimes signed himself, was born in the county of Cork in the year 1709. He was second son of a gentleman of considerable means and descended from an old and highly respected family. His university education he received at Trinity College, but while there the writings of Pope made such an impression on him that the Muses of learning were too often neglected for those of poetry. While in his twentieth year he produced his first poem of importance, *Abelard to Eloisa*, a kind of answer to and imitation of Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard*. This poem was considered not unworthy of its subject, though of course inferior to its prototype. During the next year or two he produced a considerable number of sonnets and short pieces, which were well received; and in 1733 his principal work, *The Prospect of Poetry*. "This poem," says the writer of "Table Talk" in *The European Magazine*, "though partly didactic, abounds in many beautiful descriptions of the proper subjects for poetry, ornamented with much classical taste, and above all polished to a degree of harmony which at once reached perfection." Thomson was so pleased with it that he addressed to him a commendatory set of verses.

When the nine days' gossip over his poem had died out Delacour entered into holy orders, but here again his heart was not in his work. Instead of studying sermons he studied rhymes, and he preferred to spend his time in genial company rather than in visiting his parishioners. This soon led him to a love for the bottle; never, however, to such an abuse of it as might lead to actual degradation. Being no hypocrite, all his acts were open to the world. This seemed so eccentric to those around him that he soon began to be called "the mad parson." The graver kind of people began to avoid him, the lighter-headed sought his company "for the sake of the fun." In the end, as dissipation grew on him, his brain really became affected, and he imagined himself, like Socrates, accompanied by a familiar demon that enabled him to foretell the future. One or two lucky hits caused not only himself but a great number of the public to become convinced of his power, and though he made many mistakes, one success was sufficient to wipe away the memory of a hundred failures. Meanwhile his early love remained strong upon him, and in his character as a prophet he did not forget that he was also a poet. Verses flowed from his pen as regularly as when he was in the heyday of youth and mental vigour. Strange to say, these verses gave few signs of his derangement, if we except an occasional badly constructed line, possibly the result of carelessness as much as of anything else.

Towards the latter part of his life he was forced, for self-preservation's sake, to sell what

little property he had to his brother, by whom he was afterwards lodged and boarded, and paid a small sum yearly. This small sum frequently dwindled almost to nothing, owing to a system which the poet adopted of having himself fined a shilling for every night he stayed out of doors after twelve.

Delacour died in the year 1781, at the age of seventy-two, regretted by the poorer people, and spoken of as "one who hurt nobody but himself." He left behind him a considerable number of poems which have never seen the light.]

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### HOW LOVE WAS BORN.

Here in the bower of beauty newly shorn,
Let Fancy sit, and sing how Love was born;
Wrapt up in roses, Zephyr found the child,
In Flora's cheek when first the goddess smiled;
Nurst on the bosom of the beauteous Spring,
O'er her white breast he spread his purple wing,
On kisses fed, and silver drops of dew,
The little wanton into Cupid grew;
Then armed his hand with glittering sparks of fire,
And tipt his shining arrows with desire:
Hence, joy arose upon the wings of wind,
And hope presents the lover always kind;
Despair creates a rival for our fears,
And tender pity softens into tears.

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### EUPHRATES.

Like some smooth mirror see Euphrates glide
Through Dura's plains, and spread his bosom wide;
On whose broad surface wat'ry landscapes lie,
And bending willows shade the downward sky;
There floating forests mixt with meadows move,
And the green glass reflects the flowers above;
Shepherds and sheep along the picture stray,
And with the water seem to slide away.
In the blue gleam, the park and walls appear,
And gilded barges, mixt with grazing deer;
The huntsman sounds—the frighted shadow flies,
Through flocks, greens, shepherds, barges, hounds, and skies.

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### A MOONLIT NIGHT.

As on a moonlit night when Neptune calls,
His finny coursers from their coral stalls;
From some white clift, whose brow reflects the deep,
He leads them forth, and bids the billows sleep;
The waves obey: so still a silence reigns,
That not a wrinkle curls the wat'ry plains;
Like floating mercury the waves appear,
And the sea whitens with a heav'n so clear:
Before him Triton blows his twisted shell,
And distant sea-nymphs know the signal well;
In long procession the cærulean train,
With joy confess the sovereign of the main:
Such were the raptures of the sea-green race,
When sweet Arion cross'd the wat'ry space;
When first his fingers felt the music rise,
And mix'd in melody the seas and skies.
On land Amphion swells the magic song,
And round his fingers moving mountains throng.

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### HOW TO PRAISE.

Fine is the secret, delicate the part,
To praise with prudence, and address with art;
Encomium chiefly is that kind of wit,
Where compliments should indirectly hit;
From different subjects take their sudden rise,
And least expected, cause the more surprise:
"For none have been with admiration read,
But who beside their learning were well bred."
Such suit all tastes, on every tongue remain,
Forbid our blushes, and prevent our pain;
Such subjects best a Boyle might understand,
These call, my lord, for an uncommon hand;
To turn the finer features of the soul,
To paint the passions, sparkling as they roll:
The power of numbers, the superior art,
To wind the springs that move the beating heart,
With living words to fire the blood to rage,
Or pour quick fancy on the glowing page:
This be thy praise, nor thou this praise refuse
From no unworthy, nor ungrateful muse;
A muse as yet unblemished, as unknown
Who scorns all flattery, and who envies none:
Of wrongs forgetful, negligent of fame,
Who found no patron, and who lost no name;
Indifferent what the world may think her due,
Whose friends are many, though her years are few.

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### THE POOR POET.

Poor is an epithet to poets given,
Yet David was a bard, and loved by Heaven.
Where's the foundation? For past times explore,
You'll surely find the lesser number poor;
Great Maro, Flaccus, Lucan, Ovid rich,
And though untitled, of no vulgar pitch;
Nay, our own times examples may afford
Of genius meeting in a duke or lord!
Fam'd Dorset, Surrey, Halifax were earls,

And Orrery and Chesterfield are pearls:
Hear Rochester, Roscommon, Lansdown sing,
Bright Buckingham and Falkland touch the string;
Soft Sedley, Denham, Butler, Steele were knights;
And Addison, though secretary, writes;
His excellency Prior tun'd the lyre,
And Congreve, though commissioner, had fire;
Lo! Pope and Swift, the wonder of our days,
Were far from poor, and yet they dealt in bays.

. . . . . .

Alas! 'tis wit itself has given the slur,
And bards too often act the cabin-cur;
Thus wits to coxcombs still new weapons send,
Who beat us with the very sticks we lend.
Strange each profession to itself adheres,
Fools herd together, foplings walk in pairs,
But wits still straggling scatter at this rate,
By congregated fools are easy beat;
Some have of wit, and some of wealth have store,
But envied by the idiot, and the poor;
'Twixt wit and folly there's eternal war,
As heat and cold cause thunder in the air.

### ON SEEING A LADY AT AN OPPOSITE WINDOW.

Whilst on forbidden fruit I gaze,
And look my heart away,
Behold my star of Venus blaze,
And smile upon the day.

Fair as the purple blushing hours
That paint the morning's eye,
Or cheek of evening after showers
That fresh the western sky.

I send a sigh with every glance,
Or drop a softer tear,
Hard fate not further to advance,
And yet to be so near!

So Moses from fair Pisgah's height
The Land of Promise ey'd;
Surveyed the regions of delight,—
He saw, came down, and dy'd.

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## WILLIAM HAVARD.

Born 1710 — Died 1778.

[William Havard, a clever actor as well as successful author, was born in Dublin in the year 1710. His father was a vintner in that city, and was in such a position as to give his son a university education. Young Havard was intended for a surgeon, and proceeded so far in his studies as to acquire the necessary diplomas. His heart, however, was not in the work, but inclined altogether to the stage, and before attempting to commence practice he left home for London. There he found a first engagement in Goodman's Fields Theatre, from which he moved afterwards to the Theatre Royal. His success as an actor was soon acknowledged, his chief characteristic being good sense, both in public and private. In 1733 appeared his first play, *Scanderbeg*, which at once made him as much esteemed as an author as he was already as an actor. The drama was to some extent founded on Lillo's *Christian Hero*, but in every respect surpassed the original. Though it was successful Havard seems to have been in no hurry to produce another, and it was only after an interval of nearly four years, and at the earnest solicitation of the manager of the company of Lincoln's Inn Fields that he took up his pen again. So soon as he consented to write a drama the manager, as Campbell recounts, "invited him to his house, took him up to one of its airiest apartments, and there locked him up for so many hours every day; . . . nor released him . . . till the unfortunate bard had repeated through the keyhole a certain number of new speeches in the progressive tragedy." *King Charles the First*, the drama produced under these strange circumstances, was a complete success, and, had Havard been a vain or an ambitious man, it might have been made the stepping-stone to a great career. As it was, however, he continued in his easy-going amiable way of life, and a period of seven years elapsed before the appearance of his third, and in some respects best drama, *Regulus*, in 1774. So far as the theatre-going public was concerned this play was not so successful as its predecessors, though far from being a failure. Several years again elapsed before his next and final play, a farce called *The Elopement*, appeared. This also was a success in one sense, but was played only at the author's benefit. After this Havard wrote no more, contenting himself with holding the almost unique position of a dramatist who has never produced a failure.

Six years afterwards he began to feel him-

self growing old, and immediately decided on quitting the stage. At a benefit in his favour, and in which Garrick played, he took leave of the public in a formal epilogue written by himself, and delivered after the play of *Zara*. After this he lived nearly nine years, dying on the 20th February, 1778. He was buried in Covent Garden churchyard, and Garrick wrote an epitaph for him under the title of "A Tribute to the Memory of a Character long known and respected." Fielding had a high idea of Havard's talents as an actor, and declared that, "except Mr. Garrick I do not know that he hath any superior in tragedy at that house" (Covent Garden Theatre).

Of Havard's dramas his first and least perfect work, *Scanderbeg*, is still acted occasionally in country theatres, but we believe we are safe in saying that the others are utterly neglected. They, however, deserved better treatment, being full of truly dramatic scenes, and in some places marked by writing of rather a high order. *Regulus* is a drama fit to rank with some of the best of Sheridan Knowles', and *King Charles the First* is certainly superior to anything on the same subject since attempted.]

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## CHARLES I. IN PRISON.[1]

CHARLES (*alone*).

What art thou, Life, so dearly lov'd by all?
What are thy charms that thus the great desire
thee—
And to retain thee part with pomp and titles?
To buy thy presence the gold-watching miser
Will pour his bags of mouldy treasure out,
And grow at once a prodigal. The wretch,
Clad with disease and poverty's thin coat,
Yet holds thee fast, tho' painful company.
O Life! thou universal wish, what art thou?—
Thou'rt but a day—a few uneasy hours:
Thy morn is greeted by the flocks and herds,
And every bird that flatters with its note
Salutes thy rising sun: thy noon approaching,
Then haste the flies and every creeping insect
To bask in thy meridian: that declining
As quickly they depart, and leave thy evening
To mourn the absent ray: night at hand,
Then croaks the raven conscience, time misspent;
The owl despair screams hideous, and the bat
Confusion flutters up and down—
Life's but a lengthened day not worth the waking
for.

*Enter the* QUEEN.

My dearest queen,
I have been summing up th' amount of life,
But found no value in it, till you came.
*Queen.* Do not perplex yourself with thoughts
like these.
Ill-fortune at the worst returns to better,
At least we think so as it grows familiar.
*King.* No, I was only arming for the worst.
I have try'd the temper of my inmost soul,
And find it ready now for all encounters;
Death cannot shake it.
*Queen.* Do not talk of death:
The apprehension shakes my tender heart;
Ages of love, I hope, are yet to come
Ere that black hour arrives: such chilling thoughts
Disgrace the lodging of that noble breast.
*King.* What have I not to fear? Thus close
confined,
To-morrow fore'd to trial. Will those men
Who insolently drag me to the bar
Stop in the middle of their purpose? No.
I must prepare for all extremities
(And be that Power ador'd that lends me comfort).
I feel I am—Oh do not weep, my queen,
Rather rejoice with me, to find my thoughts
Outstretch the painful verge of human life,
And have no wish on earth—but thee! 'tis there
Indeed I feel: peace and resignation
Had wander'd o'er the rooms of every thought
To shut misfortune out, but left this door
Unclos'd, thro' which calamity
Has entered in thy shape to seize my heart.
*Queen.* Be more yourself, my lord; let majesty
Take root within thy heart, nor meanly bend
Before ill-fortune's blast.
*King.* O doubt me not!
'Tis only on the side where you are placed
That I can know a fear. For Charles' self
Let fierce encounter with the sword of danger
Bring him to bloodiest proof; and if he shrinks,
Despise him. Here I glory in my weakness.
He is no man whom tenderness not melts,
And love so soft as thine. Let us go in.
And if kind Heav'n deigns me longer stay
On this frail earth, I shall be only pleased
Because I have thy presence here to crown me;
But if it destines my immediate end
(Hard as it is, my queen, to part with thee),
I say farewell, and to the blow resign
That strikes me here—to make me more divine.

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## FAIRFAX AND CROMWELL.

FAIRFAX (*alone*).

Why did I conquer—to repent of conquest?
Who, though I fought for liberty alone,

[1] This and the following extract are from *King Charles the First*.

Will yet acquit me of the guilt that follows?
Will future ages, when they read my page
(Tho' Charles himself absolves me of the deed),
Spare me the name of regicide? O no!
I shall be blacken'd with my party's crimes,
And damn'd with my full share, tho' innocent.
In vain then 'gainst oppression have I warr'd,
In vain for liberty uprear'd the sword;
Posterity's black curse shall brand my name,
And make me live in infamy for ever.
Now valour, break thy sword, thy standard, victory,
Furl up thy ensigns, bold hostility,
And sink into inaction, since, alas!
One tainted heart, or one ambitious brain,
Can turn the current of the noblest purpose,
And spoil the trophies of an age's war.
But see where, to my wish, stern Cromwell comes,
Now urge him strongly for the life of Charles,
And if entreaty fails, avow thy purpose.

CROMWELL (*entering*).

Fairfax in thought! My noble lord, good day.
*Fairfax.* To make it good, let Cromwell grant my prayer,
So mercy and the sun shall shine together.
*Cromwell.* Still on this paltry subject! Fairfax, why,
Why will you wrong entreaty by this cause?
Fairfax is wise, and should not ask of Cromwell
To grant what justice stops; yours are not years
When childhood prattles, or when dotage mopes:
Pardon the expression.
*Fairfax.* I forgive you all,
All you can think, but rigour to the king.
*Cromwell.* Pr'ythee no more: this mercy that you pray for
As ill becomes the tongue as my severity;
Nay, worse, would you obstruct the law
In its due office? nor permit the axe
To fall upon offenders such as Charles?
Would you see tyranny again arise,
And spread in its foundation? Let us then
Seize on our general, Liberty, who still
Has in the front of battle fought our cause,
And led us on to conquest; let us bind him
In the strong chains of rough prerogative,
And throw him helpless at the feet of Charles:
He will absolve us then, and praise our folly.
*Fairfax.* This is a sophistry too weak for reason;
You would excuse the guilt of Charles' death
By showing me the opposite extreme;
But can you find no mean, no middle course,
Steering between the danger of the last
And horror of the first? I know you can.
*Cromwell.* It is not to be done: would Fairfax now,
When he has labour'd up the steep ascent,
And wasted time and spirits, would he now,—
When but one step exalts him to the summit,
Where to his eye the fair horizon stretches,
And every prospect greatness can command,—
Would he now stop, let go his fearful hold,
And tumble from the height?
*Fairfax.* I aim at none.
Damn'd be all greatness that depraves the heart,
Or calls one blush from honesty—no more,
I shall grow warm to be thus trifled with:
Think better, Cromwell—I have given my promise
That Charles shall live.
*Cromwell.* A promise may be broke;
Nay, start not at it—'Tis an hourly practice;
The trader breaks it—yet is counted honest;
The courtier keeps it not—yet keeps his honour;
Husband and wife in marriage promise much,
Yet follow sep'rate pleasures, and are—virtuous.
The churchmen promise too, but wisely, they
To a long payment stretch the crafty bill,
And draw upon futurity. A promise!
'Tis the wise man's freedom, and the fool's restraint,
It is the ship in which the knave embarks,
Who rigs it with the tackle of his conscience,
And fails with every wind. Regard it not.
*Fairfax.* Can Cromwell think so basely as he speaks?
It is impossible; he does but try
How well fair speech becomes a vicious cause,
But I hope scorns it in the richest dress.
Yet hear me on. It is our interest speaks,
And bids us spare his life; while that continues,
No other title can annoy our cause,
And him we have secure; but grant him dead,
Another claim starts up, another king,
Out of our reach. This bloody deed perhaps
May rouse the princes of the Continent
(Who think their persons struck at in this blow),
To shake the very safety of our case.
*Cromwell.* When you consult our interest speak with freedom,
It is the turn and point of all design;
But take this answer, Fairfax, in return:
Britain, the queen of isles, our fair possession,
Secur'd by nature, laughs at foreign force;
Her ships her bulwark, and the sea her dyke,
Sees plenty in her lap, and braves the world;
Be therefore satisfied, for Charles must die.
*Fairfax.* Wilt thou be heard, though at thy utmost need,
Who now art deaf to mercy and to prayer?
O curst Ambition—thou devouring bird,
How dost thou from the field of honesty
Pick every grain of profit and delight,
And mock the reaper, Virtue! Bloody man!
Know that I still have power, have still the means
To make that certain which I stoop to ask;
And fix myself against thy black design,
And tell thee dauntless that he shall not die.
*Cromwell.* Will Fairfax turn a rebel to the cause,
And shame his glories?

*Fairfax.* I abjure the name;
I know no rebel on the side of virtue.
This I am sure of: he that acts unjustly
Is the worst rebel to himself, and though now
Ambition's trumpet and the drum of power
May drown the sound, yet conscience will one day
Speak loudly to him, and repeat that name.
*Cromwell.* You talk as 'twere a murder, not a justice.
Have we not brought him to an open trial?
Does not the general cry pronounce his death?
Come, Fairfax dares not.
*Fairfax.* By yon heaven I will:
I know thee resolute, but so is Fairfax.
You see my purpose, and shall find I dare. [*Going.*
*Cromwell.* Fairfax, yet stay; I would extend my power
To its full stretch to satisfy your wish,
Yet would not have you think that I should grant
That to your threats which I deny'd your pray'r:
Judge not so meanly of yourself and me;
Be calm and hear me—What is human nature
When the intemperate heat of passion blinds
The eye of reason, and commits her guidance
To headlong rashness? He directs her steps
Wide of success, to error's pathless way,
And disappointments wild; yet such we are,
So frail our being, that our judgment reaches
Scarce farther than our sight. Let us retire,
And in this great affair entreat his aid
Who only can direct to certainty.
There is I know not what of good presage
That dawns within, and lights to happy issue.
*Fairfax.* If Heav'n and you consider it alike,
It must be happy.
*Cromwell.* An hour or two of pray'r
Will pull down favour upon Charles and us.
*Fairfax.* I am contented, but am still resolved
That Charles shall live. I shall expect your answer
With the impatience of desiring lovers,
Who swell a moment's absence to an age. [*Exit.*
*Cromwell.* This was a danger quite beyond my view,
Which only this expedient could prevent;
Fairfax is weak in judgment, but so brave,
That set determination by his side
And he ascends the mountain top of peril.
Now time is gain'd to ward against his power,
Which quickly must be thought on.—To my wish.

*Enter* IRETON.

*Ire.* I but this instant met the general, Fairfax,
Who told me his entreaty had prevailed
To save the life of Charles: 'Tis more than wonder—
*Cromwell.* Ireton, thy presence never was more timely;
I would disclose—but now each moment's loss
Is more than the neglect of future years:
Hie thee in person to St. James's, Ireton,
And warn the officer, whose charge leads forth
The king to execution, to be sudden,
Let him be more than punctual to the time;
If his respect to us forerun his warrant,
It shall win greatness for him; so inform him:—
That done, repair o' th' instant to the army,
And see a chosen party march directly
(Such as can well be trusted), post them, Ireton,
Around the scaffold; my best kinsman, fly. [*Exit Ireton.*
Why now, I think, I have secured my point:
I set out in the current of the tide,
And not one wind that blows around the compass
But drives me to success. Ambition now
Soars to its darling height, and eagle-like
Looks at the sun of power, enjoys its blaze,
And grows familiar with the brightness; now I see
Dominion nigh. Superiority
Beckons and points me to the chair of state;
There, grandeur robes me: now let Cromwell boast,
That he has reft the crown from Charles's brow,
To make it blaze more awful on his own. [*Exit.*

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# KANE O'HARA.

DIED 1782.

[Very little is known of the life of Kane O'Hara, beyond that he was a younger brother of a family moving in the fashionable world of Dublin. It is generally supposed that he was born somewhere between 1715 and 1720, but one biographer gives 1743 as the date—wrongly, as we conclude. His manner and style of talk are said to have been anything but what is usually associated with men of wit and fancy, and to have given little sign of the humour found in his writings. He was, however, possessed of varied talent, and had a perfect knowledge of music as well as a refined taste in its application.

In January, 1764, the first of his burlesques—for he confined himself entirely to that kind

of writing—was produced at the Crow Street Theatre in Dublin. This was the well-known *Midas*, which on the first night appeared rather long and tedious, but on being cut down to its present size became a great success. In February it was reproduced at Covent Garden Theatre, London, and was repeated nine times during the season.

In 1773 his next work, *The Golden Pippin*, was produced at the same house with success, chiefly owing to the acting of Nan Catley, and her singing of one of its songs, "Push about the Jorum." In 1775 appeared the *Two Misers*, and in 1777, at the Haymarket, *April Day*. At Covent Garden, on the 3d of October, 1780, that "tragedy of tragedies," *Tom Thumb*, was produced, which at first appeared without the songs which are now always given with it. The work is founded on Fielding's *Tom Thumb*, but is in many respects superior. Mrs. Pilkington in her *Memoirs* declares that Dean Swift assured her he had never laughed but about twice in his life, "once at some trick by a merry-andrew, and the other time at the circumstance of Tom Thumb killing the ghost."

On the 17th of June, 1782, less than two years after the appearance of *Tom Thumb*, O'Hara died, leaving behind him a reputation which to-day may possibly seem greater than his works deserve. But such is often the fate of burlesque literature,—to be over-estimated while fresh, and afterwards to be unduly depreciated.]

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## A MOST TRAGICAL TRAGEDY.

(FROM "TOM THUMB.")

*Enter* KING ARTHUR, QUEEN DOLLALOLLA, PRINCESS HUNCAMUNCA, DOODLE, PLUMANTE, FRIZALETTA, *and Attendants.*

*King.* Open the prisons, set the wretched free!
And bid our treasurer disburse five guineas
To pay their debts. Let our arch necromancer,
Sage Merlin, straight attend us; we the while
Will view the triumph of our son-in-law.

*Hunc.* Take note, sir, that on this our wedding-day
Two victories hath my gallant husband won.

*Enter* NOODLE.

*Nood.* Oh! monstrous, dreadful, terrible! oh, oh!

*King.* What means the blockhead?

*Nood.* But to grace my tale with decent horror;
Tom Thumb's no more.
A huge red cow, larger than the largest size, just now i' th' open street,
Before my eyes devour'd the great Tom Thumb!
(*A general groan.*)

*King.* Shut, shut again the prisons:
Let our treasurer
Not issue out three farthings. Hang all the culprits,
And bid the schoolmasters whip all their little boys.

*Nood.* Her majesty the queen is in a swoon.

*Queen.* Not so much in a swoon, but to have still
Strength to reward the messenger of ill.
(*Queen kills Noodle.*)

*Friz.* My lover kill'd! His death I thus revenge.
(*Kills the Queen.*)

*Hunc.* Kill my mamma! Oh, base assassin! there!
(*Kills Frizaletta.*)

*Dood.* For that, take this! (*Kills Hunca.*)

*Plum.* And thou take that! (*Kills Doodle.*)

*King.* Die, murderers vile! (*Kills Plumante.*)
Ah! death makes a feast to-day,
And but reserves ourselves for his *bon bouche*.
So, when the boy, whom nurse from danger guards,
Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards!
Kings, queens, and knaves, tip one another down,
Till the whole pack lie scatter'd and o'erthrown.
Thus all our pack upon the floor is cast,
And my sole boast is, that I will die the last.
(*Stabs himself. They all lie on the stage dead.*)

MERLIN *rises.*

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

*Mer.* Blood! what a scene of slaughter's here!
But I'll soon shift it, never fear.
Gallants, behold! one touch of Merlin's magic
Shall to gay comic change this dismal tragic.
(*Waves his wand.*)

(*The Cow discovered.*)

First, at my word, thou horned cannibal,
Return our England's Hannibal. (*Thunder.*)

THUMB *is thrown out of the Cow's mouth, and starts fiercely.*

Next to you, king, queen, lords, and commons,
I issue my hell-bilking summons.

INCANTATION.

Arise, ye groups of drunken sots;
Who deal out deaths, you know not why;
No more of porter pots, or plots,
Your senseless jealousy lay by.

Your souls cannot as yet be far
Upon their way to dreary night,
My power remands them.

(*The dead all start up as Merlin touches them.*)

Here ends jar,
Live, love, and all this will be right.

. . . . . .

*Mer.* Now love and live, and live and love,
*All.* Sage Merlin's in the right on't;
*Mer.* Each couple prove like hand in glove:
*All.* Agreed.
*Queen.* 'Fore George! we'll make a night on't.
*All.*
Let discord cease;
Let all in peace
Go home and kiss their spouses;
Join hat and cap
In one loud clap,
And wish us crowded houses.
[*Exeunt.*

## PAN'S SONG TO APOLLO.

(FROM "MIDAS.")

A plague on your pother about this or that;
Your shrieking or squeaking, a sharp or a flat;
I'm sharp by my bumpers, you're a flat, master Pol;
So here goes a set-to at toll-de-roll-loll.

When Beauty her pack of poor lovers would hamper!
And after Miss Will o' th' Wisp the fools scamper;
Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol:
Pray, what's all this fuss for, but—but toll-de-roll-loll.

Mankind are a medley—a chance-medley race;
All start in full cry, to give dame Fortune chase:
There's catch as catch can, hit or miss, luck is all;
And luck's the best tune of life's toll-de-roll-loll.

I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too long;
*Midas.* Not at all,
*Pan.* I only meant—life is but an old song:
The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll;
Where all act the scene of toll-de-roll-loll.

## PUSH ABOUT THE JORUM.

(FROM "THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.")

When bickerings hot
To high words got,
Break out at Gamiorum;
The flame to cool,
My golden rule
Is—push about the jorum.
With fist on jug,
Coifs who can lug,
Or show me that glib speaker,
Who her red rag
In gibe can wag,
With her mouth full of liquor.

# THOMAS LELAND.

BORN 1722 — DIED 1785.

[Thomas Leland was born in Dublin in the year 1722, and was educated at the school of Dr. Sheridan, grandfather of the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan. At the age of fifteen he entered Trinity College, and in his nineteenth year obtained a scholarship. In 1745 he was unsuccessful in an attempt to procure a fellowship, but next year gained it easily. In 1748 he entered into holy orders, and the same year published the result of his anxious meditation on the duties of the ministry, under the title of *The Helps and Impediments to the Acquisition of Knowledge in Religious and Moral Subjects.* This essay was much admired on its appearance, but it is believed to be not now extant.

Some time after this he was requested by the university to produce a new edition of Demosthenes, and in 1754 the first volume of his celebrated translation appeared. This was completed in two more volumes, the last of which was issued in 1770. This translation, together with the critical notes which accompanied it, at once established his reputation in England as a scholar. It was therefore with warm anticipations of success that his *Life and Reign of Philip King of Macedon* was received in 1758. These were not doomed to disappointment, for the work was at once successful, and continues to this day the best on the subject. In 1763 he was appointed professor of oratory in Trinity College, and soon after published *The Principles of Human Eloquence,* which was fiercely attacked by Warburton and Hurd. To them he replied with great force, obtaining a complete victory over both, as the best critics acknowledge.

After this, Leland turned his attention to the study of Irish history, and in a comparatively short time produced his *History of Ireland,* a work which is written in the best historical manner and graced with a pure

style. This work, though highly successful from a critical point of view, was too impartial to be accepted by either of the two parties into which Ireland was then divided, and the author had consequently to be content with its praise and purchase by men of sense, a limited class in any nation. However, as years passed on the work grew in favour even with partisans, and to-day no library devoted to Irish matters is complete without it. The work had also a fair success in England, where party spirit did not run so high.

By this time Leland had not only established his position as a writer, but also as an eloquent preacher, and when Viscount Townshend became lord-lieutenant, in October, 1767, it was expected that he would be rewarded with some rich preferment. Preferment did indeed come to him, but not such as his friends expected. Early in 1768 he was appointed to the vicarage of Bray together with the prebend of Rathmichael, and soon after settled down to parochial work. After passing a quiet evening of life he died in the year 1785.

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## THE BATTLE OF AUGHRIM.

(FROM "THE HISTORY OF IRELAND.")

The fate of Ireland was now ready to be decided. Whether the English power was to be at length unalterably established in this harassed country, or whether it was to be once more exposed to the calamities of a tedious intestine war, seemed to depend on the event of a few days, and the minds of all men were in consequence strained to a painful pitch of anxiety and expectation. On the 10th day of June Ginckle marched from Athlone, and encamped along the river Suc, in the county of Roscommon, a pass which the Irish might have maintained with advantage; but it soon appeared that they had taken their station to greater advantage, about three miles further to the south-west. Their camp extended more than two miles along the heights of Kilcommeden, with a rivulet on their left running between hills and morasses, and these again skirted by a large bog, in breadth almost a mile; on the side of which stood the ruins of an old castle, called by the name of the neighbouring village Aughrim, entrenched and occupied by infantry, and commanding the only pass on that side to the Irish camp. All along the front, at a distance of about half a mile from their encampment, the bog extended to their right, where was another pass through a range of small hills opening into wider ground. The slope of Kilcommeden, even to the edge of the bog, was intersected by hedges and ditches communicating with each other, and lined with Irish musketeers. Ginckle, with 18,000 men, was now to attack an enemy amounting to 25,000 thus posted, and who wanted only an additional number of cannon to take the full advantage of their situation. St. Ruth, from his eminence, had a full view of the motions of the English; he saw them cross the river and prepare to give him battle; he drew out his main army in front of his camp. He rode to every squadron and battalion; he reminded the Irish officers that their future fortune depended upon the issue of one encounter; that they were now to fight for their honour, their liberty, and their estates; that they were now to establish their religion, for which he himself had displayed an extraordinary zeal, on such a firm basis as the powers of hell and heresy should never shake; that the dearest interests and most honourable engagements of this life, and the ravishing prospect of eternal happiness, called for a vigorous exertion of that valour which their enemies affected to deny them. The priests ran through the ranks, labouring to inspire the soldiers with the same sentiments; and, we are told, obliged them to swear on the sacrament that they would not desert their colours.

On the 12th day of July at noon (for the fogs of the morning had hitherto prevented them) the English army advanced in as good order as their broken and uneven ground would permit. It was in the first place deemed necessary to gain the pass on the right of the enemy. A small party of Danes sent to force it, fled instantly at the appearance of a still smaller party of the enemy. Some English dragoons were next employed, were boldly opposed, were sustained by other bodies; the enemy retreated; as the assailants pressed forward they found themselves encountered by new parties, but after an obstinate contest of an hour they forced their way beyond the bog; nor possibly was St. Ruth displeased to have an opportunity of fighting one wing of the English separately in a place where, if defeated, their retreat must prove fatal. The skirmish served to convince Ginckle both of the spirit and of the advantages of the enemy. It was now debated whether the battle should not be deferred to the next morning; and, with

difficulty, resolved to prevent the enemy from decamping in the night and prolonging the war, by an immediate renewal of the engagement. By the advice of General Mackay it was resolved to begin the attack on the enemy's right wing, which would oblige St. Ruth to draw off some forces from his left, so that the passage by Aughrim Castle would be rendered less dangerous for the English horse, and the whole army be enabled to engage. About the hour of five in the evening the left wing of the English, both horse and foot, advanced boldly against the enemy, who obstinately maintained their posts. The musketeers, supported by their cavalry, received and returned the English fire, defending their ditches until the muskets of each side closed with the other; then retiring by their lines of communication, flanked their assailants, and charged them with double fury. The engagement was thus continued for one hour and a half, when St. Ruth, as was foreseen, found it necessary to draw a considerable part of the cavalry from his left to support his right wing. Mackay seized the favourable moment, and while the cavalry were in motion to gain the pass by Aughrim Castle, several regiments of infantry in the centre were ordered to march through the bog extending along the front and to post themselves on the lowest ditches, until the horse should gain the passage, and wheel from the right to support their charge. The infantry plunged into the bog and were instantly sunk to their middle in mire and water; they floundered on unmolested, but no sooner had they gained the opposite side than they received a furious fire from the hedges and trenches occupied by the enemy. They advanced still undismayed; the Irish retired on purpose to draw them forward; transported with ardour, they forgot their orders, and pursued almost to the main battle of the Irish. Both horse and foot now poured down upon them, assailed them in front and in flank, forced them from their ground, drove some of them back into the bog, pursued them with slaughter, and took several prisoners of note; while St. Ruth exclaimed in an ecstasy of joy, "Now will I drive the English to the very walls of Dublin."

His attention was soon diverted to the English cavalry on his left, commanded by Talmash, who, seeing the alarming disorder of the centre, pushed with incredible ardour close by the walls of the castle, through all the fire of the enemy, forcing their way through a narrow and dangerous pass, to the amazement of St. Ruth, who asked what the English meant? "To force their way to our left," replied his officers. "They are brave fellows!" said the general, "it is a pity they should be so exposed."

Mackay, Talmash, Rouvigny now gradually pressed forward from the right, bearing down all opposition; the infantry of the centre rallied, advanced, and regained their former ground; the left wing fought bravely and was bravely opposed. St. Ruth saw that the fortune of the day depended on making an impression on the enemy's cavalry in their rapid progress from the right. He rode down from his station on the hill, and having directed one of his batteries where to point their fire, led a body of horse against them. In this critical moment a cannon-ball deprived him of life. His body was conveyed away, and the intelligence of his death ran through the lines. His cavalry halted, and as they had no orders, returned toward their former station. The Irish beheld this retreat with dismay; they were confounded and disordered; their disorder increased; Sarsfield, upon whom the command devolved, had been neglected by the proud Frenchman ever since their altercation at Athlone. As the order of battle had not been imparted to him, he could not support the dispositions of the late general. The English in the meantime pressed forward, drove the enemy to their camp, pursued their advantage until the Irish, after an engagement supported with the fairest prospect of success while they had a general to direct their valour, fled precipitately,—the foot to a bog, the horse towards Loughrea.

During the heat of this action some Danish forces stationed at the extremity of the left wing kept several bodies of the enemy in awe. When they perceived the advantage at length gained by the battalion in the centre they charged their opponents, to prevent their falling back to the relief of their associates. The Irish received them intrepidly, and continued the contest for some time; but on the general rout of the army, fled with their countrymen. In the battle and in a bloody pursuit of three miles 7000 of the Irish army were slain. The unrelenting fury of the victors appeared in the number of their prisoners, which amounted only to 450. On their side 700 fell, 1000 were wounded. All the cannon, ammunition, tents, and baggage of the enemy were taken, with a great quantity of small arms, eleven standards, and thirty-two colours, destined as a present to the queen.

# HENRY BROOKE.

BORN 1706 — DIED 1783.

[Henry Brooke, a Goldsmith in versatility if not in genius, was born at Rantavan, in the county of Cavan, in 1706. His father, a man of talent and amiability, was rector of four parishes, his mother was a Digby. The rudiments of his education he obtained from Dr. Sheridan, and he was sent for a short time to Trinity College. In his seventeenth year he was entered at the Temple, and soon became acquainted with every one in London worth knowing, Pope and Swift being of the number. "Swift prophesied wonders of him," says a writer in *The European Magazine*; "Pope affectionately loved him."

Returning to Ireland he was called to the bar, though he did not practise, and on the death of an aunt he became guardian to her only child, Catherine Meares, a beautiful girl. In a short time love sprang up between the young guardian and the still younger ward, and the two were secretly married while as yet the young lady was in her fourteenth year. Strange to say the match was a happy one, and remained so to the very end. In 1732, at the pressing solicitations of his friends, he went again to London, to continue his studies and enter regularly upon his profession. But poetry was as fatal to him there as love had been in Ireland. Law was neglected for the Muses, and in the same year appeared his first poem, *Universal Beauty*, which Pope looked upon as a wonderful first production. Soon after he was obliged to return to Ireland, and there for some time he devoted himself to his profession as a chamber counsel. In 1737 he went again to London, where he was received with enthusiasm by Pope, while Lord Lyttleton sought his acquaintance, and Mr. Pitt spoke of him and treated him with affectionate friendship. Before this he had published (in 1738) a graceful and spirited translation of the first three books of Tasso. *Gustavus Vasa* gave offence to the authorities, and its production was disallowed. This, however, only helped to add to his fame, for his friends rallied round him, the play was printed, and he sold 5000 copies at 5*s.* each, his pecuniary reward being more than it would probably have been had the authorities not interfered.

Soon after his return to Ireland he received the appointment of barrack-master from Lord Chesterfield, and while in this post resumed his pen to a certain extent. He wrote the *Farmer's Letters*, something after the style of the *Drapier Letters*, and in the same year (1745) his tragedy *The Earl of Westmoreland* appeared. In 1747 four fables by him were printed in Moore's *Fables for the Female Sex*, and in 1748 his dramatic opera *Little John and the Giants* was performed in Dublin. In 1749 his tragedy *The Earl of Essex* was performed at Dublin with great success, and also afterwards at Drury Lane. After this for a long time he remained in retirement at his ancestral home, having clustered round him not only his own family, but the almost equally numerous family of his only and beloved brother. In 1762 he again appeared before the world with his plea for the repeal of the penal laws, under the title of *The Trial of the Roman Catholics*. In 1766 he issued his first novel, *The Fool of Quality*, a work of unequal merit, but marked by wonderful flashes of genius in the midst of much that is mystical. In 1772 his poem *Redemption* appeared, and in 1774 his second novel, *Juliet Greville*. In 1778 a great number of his works were published, most of which had evidently been written in the apparently blank years of his retirement. These were: *The Last Speech of John Good*; and *Antony and Cleopatra*, *The Impostor*, *Cymbeline*, *Montezuma*, *The Vestal Virgin*, five tragedies; *The Contending Brothers*, *The Charitable Association*, *The Female Officer*, *The Marriage Contract*, four comedies; and *Ruth*, an oratorio. Finally, in 1779, appeared the *Fox Chase*, a poem. From the time of his wife's death he completely secluded himself from society, and spent his remaining years with his beloved daughter Charlotte, who was to render so invaluable a service to Irish literature in the years to come. On the 10th October, 1783, he passed away, leaving of a numerous family but two to mourn his loss.

As to Brooke as a man, the writer in *The European Magazine* says that his "feelings were even beyond those of female nature, soft,

and exquisitely tender. His wife used often to conceal from him the death of a cottager, lest the grief of the survivors should affect him too much. His temper was meek almost to a fault; it was nearly impossible to provoke him to resentment. . . . Once, when asked what he thought of a humorous but false and malicious libel, in which he with several others was included, his answer was, 'Why, sir, I laughed at the wit and smiled at the malice of it.'"

As to his works, no student of them can have any doubt that they are not nearly so well known as they ought to be. *Gustavus Vasa* still keeps the stage, it is true, and *The Fool of Quality* was reissued under the editorship of, and with a biographical preface by, the Rev. Charles Kingsley; but except *Juliet Greville*, how few of his other works are known to the majority of readers even by name! Yet they are full of splendid passages, sufficient to start many a modern poet or writer on the road to fame. His plays, with scarce an exception, are marked by force and clearness. His poems are not so brilliant as those of Pope, nor so sweet in diction as those of Goldsmith, but they are full of solid beauties and just sentiment. Hoole, in his preface to his own translation of Tasso, speaking of Brooke's reproduction of the first three books, says, "Mr. Brooke's in particular is at once so harmonious and so spirited, that I think an entire translation of Tasso by him would not only have rendered my task unnecessary, but have discouraged those from the attempt whose poetical abilities are much superior to mine."

Brooke's poetical works were collected by his daughter Charlotte, who added some few things not mentioned here, and published them at Dublin in 1792 in one volume 8vo. A new edition properly edited is urgently needed.]

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## ESSEX AND ELIZABETH.[1]

*Essex.* Health to the virgin majesty of England!
Your servant, your true soldier,
Queen of monarchs!
For the first time now trembles to approach you,
As being here in conscious disobedience
Of your dread orders. Yet, when I have shown
That 'twas the last necessity compell'd me
(Thanks to the artful malice of my foes)
To this now seemingly unduteous act;
When I have shown that no alternative
Was left me, but to seem, or disobedient
Or bear a traitor's name; I shall rely
Upon your majesty's accustomed grace,
Weighing the jealous honour of the soldier,
To palliate, if not clear, the subject's fault—
I am charged with guilt, with being false, disloyal,
False to my queen, to England false—could Essex
Bear such a charge, and live? No — swift as thought,
And bold as innocence, fearless of danger,
Of death—or what is worse, his queen's displeasure,
He comes to front his foes; even to the teeth
Of malice comes he, to assert his honour,
And claim due reparation of his wrongs.

*Queen.* Cecil, are those petitions answered yet,
Which late I gave in charge?

*Cecil.* They are, an't please you.

*Essex.* What, not a word, a look?—not one blest look
Of wonted influence, whose kindly warmth
Might chase these envious and malignant clouds,
With which your servant is begirt? Nay, then—
My night comes on apace—I see—I see
The birds of dark and evil omen round me;
Cecils and Raleighs: how they scent their feast—
Sagacious ravens, how they snuff from far
The promised carcass. Be it so; for Essex
Is but the creature of imperial favour,
By his queen's voice exalted into greatness,
And by her breath reduced again to nothing.

*Queen.* Ha! that's mournful——
I must not listen to that well-known voice;
I feel the woman rising in my breast.—
But rouse thee, queen of Britain, be thyself!
[*Aside.*
What, does the traitor still abide our presence?
All who have truth or fealty to their queen
Forsake that faithless wretch, and follow me.

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## ESSEX AND NOTTINGHAM.

*The* Countess of Nottingham *visits* Essex, *a prisoner in the Tower.*

*Essex.* Fair visitant, to whom may
Essex stand indebted for this grace?

*Nott.* Chiefly, my lord,
To the queen's majesty, and some small matter
To one, who, loving well, tho' most unhappily,
Has not yet learned entirely to erase
The fond impression.

*Essex.* Your reproof is gentle—
Were Rutland to be born, I must admit
All hearts had then been Nottingham's.

*Nott.* Your pardon—
No more of hearts, I pray—but for your friendship,

[1] This and the next two scenes are from *The Earl of Essex.*

I will dispute it even with her who claims
Possession of your love.—The queen, my lord,
Commends the value of her pity to you;
And kindly asks if you have aught to offer
In mitigation of your sentence?

*Essex.* Nothing.

*Nott.* Some light exception, touching law or form—
Apparent malice in the prosecution—
Error of judgment—but the slightest hinge,
Whereon to hang her mercy?

*Essex.* Not the slightest—
Tell her, most fair and charitable messenger,
My course of trial has been free and equal;
I stand self-censured in my guiltiness:
And mercy—what in mercy may ensue—
Is all her own, unpleaded.

*Nott.* How, my lord,
No more than so? this cannot, must not be.
The appointed time is on you; this short hour
May seal your doom—Oh let me beg, implore you,
As if for my own life, to use the means
Are left you to preserve yourself, your friend—
Say, have you not a further plea?—You hesitate—
A further cause for hope?—You have, I know it—
Intrust me with it; by yon heaven I swear
I will not leave the queen till she has granted
My utmost wish.

*Essex.* I have not merited
This kind concern; but yet your generous warmth
Demands my confidence. Behold this signet!
It is a talisman, and bears a charm,
By royal breath infused, of power to save
Even from the jaws of death.

*Nott.* O let me catch it,
That I may fly—

*Essex.* Hold, generous fair one! first
Hear my request. Present this to the queen
From dying Essex. Say, her dying Essex
Adjures her by the virtue of this ring
To save his friend, to spare Southampton's[1] life,
And he shall fall content.

*Nott.* O stint not thus
The royal bounty; do not circumscribe
The bounds of mercy. By the same request,
By the same breath, a life more precious far
May be preserved—it must—it shall.

*Essex.* I dare not
Urge such a suit. Yet if my gracious mistress
Still thinks me worth preserving, I am not
So weary of the world, but I would take
The boon with grateful heart, and live to thank her.
But O, be sure you urge my other suit:
Save my Southampton's life, let him not fall
A victim to my crimes: alas! he knows
No guilt, but friendship. So may conscious peace
Sweeten your days, and brighten your last moments. [*Exit Essex.*

[1] Who was implicated with him

*Nott.* Now he is mine—at least in death my own,
For ever sealed—tho' not for love's light rapture,
For hatred, full as joyous—deeper far,
And more enduring! Now to take him sudden,
When the full tide, returning fraught with hope,
Lifts him elate, to plunge him down at once
To the eternal bottom! This, aye this
Alone can satiate; 'tis the luxury
Of eager-eyed revenge. The queen—no matter—
I am prepared. Be but my vengeance safe,
And for the rest, events are equal all.

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## GONE TO DEATH.

*Queen.* Is he then gone?—To death? Essex to death!
And by my order?—now perhaps—this moment!—
Haste, Nottingham, despatch—

*Nottingham.* What would your majesty!

*Queen.* I know not what—I am in horrors, Nottingham.
In horrors worse than death!—Does he still live?
Run, bring me word—yet stay—can you not save him
Without my bidding? Read it in my heart—
In my distraction read—O, sure the hand
That saved him would be as a blest angel's
Pouring soft balm into my rankling breast—

*Nott.* If it shall please your majesty to give
Express commands, I shall obey them straight—
The world will think it strange.—But you are queen.

*Queen.* Hard-hearted Nottingham! to arm my pride,

*Enter* RUTLAND, *wife of Essex.*

My shame, against my mercy.—Ha! what's here!
A sight to strike resentment dead, and rouse
Soft pity even in a barbarous breast—
It is the wife of Essex!
Rise, Rutland, come to thy repentant mistress:
See, thy queen bends to take thee to her bosom
And foster thee for ever!—Rise.

*Rutland.* Which way?
Do you not see these circling steeps?—
Not all the fathom lines that have been loos'd
To sound the bottom of the faithless main
Could reach to draw me hence. Never was dug
A grave so deep as mine!—Help me, kind friend,
Help me to put these little bones together—
These are my messengers to yonder world,
To seek for some kind hand to drop me down
A little charity.

*Queen.* Heart-breaking sounds!

*Rut.* These were an infant's bones—But hush—don't tell—
Don't tell the queen—

An unborn infant's—may be, if 'tis known,
They'll say I murder'd it—Indeed I did not—
It was the axe—how strange soe'er 'tis true!
Help me to put them right, and then they'll fly—
For they are light, and not like mine, incumber'd
With limbs of marble, and a heart of lead.
*Queen.* Alas! her reason is disturbed; her eyes
Are wild and absent—Do you know me, Rutland?
Do you not know your queen?
*Rutland.* O yes, the queen!—
They say you have the power of life and death—
— Poor queen!
They flatter you.—You can take life away,
But can you give it back? No, no, poor queen!—
Look at these eyes—they are a widow's eyes—
Do you know that?—Perhaps, indeed, you'll say,
A widow's eyes should weep, and mine are dry:
That's not my fault; tears should come from the heart,
And mine is dead—I feel it cold within me,
Cold as a stone.—But yet my brain is hot—
O fye upon this head, it is stark naught!
Beseech your majesty to cut it off,
The bloody axe is ready—say the word,
(For none can cut off heads without your leave)
And it is done—I humbly thank your highness
You look a kind consent. I'll but just in,
And say a prayer or two.
From my youth upwards I still said my prayers
Before I slept, and this is my last sleep.
Indeed 'tis not through fear, nor to gain time—
Not your own soldier could meet death more bravely;
You shall be judge yourself.—We must make haste;
I pray, be ready.—If we lose no time
I shall o'ertake and join him on the way.
*Queen.* Follow her close, allure her to some chamber
Of privacy; there soothe her frenzy, but
Take care she go not forth. Heaven grant I may not
Require such aid myself! for sure I feel
A strange commotion here.

*Enter an Officer.*

*Officer.* May it please your majesty,
The Earl, as he address'd him to the block,
Requested but the time to write these lines;
And earnestly conjured me to deliver them
Into your royal hands.
*Queen.* Quick.—What is here!—Just heaven!
Fly, take this signet,
Stop execution—fly with eagle's wings—
What art thou? Of this world?
*Nottingham.* Ha! I'm discovered—
Then be it so.—Your majesty may spare—
*Queen.* Stop, stop her yell!—Hence to some dungeon hence—
Deep sunk from day! In horrid silence there
Let conscience talk to thee, infix its stings;
Awake remorse and desperate penitence,
And from the torments of thy conscious guilt
May hell be all thy refuge!

*Enter* CECIL, RALEIGH, *&c.*

*Cecil.* Gracious madam,
I grieve to say your order came too late;
We met the messenger on our return
From seeing the Earl fall.
*Queen.* O fatal sound—
Ye bloody pair! accurs'd be your ambition,
For it was cruel.—
O Rutland, sister, daughter, fair forlorn!
No more thy queen, or mistress, here I vow
To be for ever wedded to thy griefs—
A faithful partner, numbering sigh for sigh,
And tear for tear; till our sad pilgrimage
Shall bear us where our Essex now looks down
With pity on a toiling world, and sees
What trains of real wretchedness await
The dream of power and emptiness of state.

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## NATURE'S SKILL AND CARE.[1]

With deepest art her skilful plan she lays,
With equal scale the least advantage weighs;
How apt, for time, place, circumstance, and use,
She culls all means, that to all ends conduce!
Nice to a point, each benefit selects;
As prudent, every mischief she rejects;
In due proportions, time, and motion, metes
Advances to a hair, and to a hair retreats:
Constant to good, for that alone she veers,
And with the varying beam her offspring cheers;
Cools all beneath her equinoctial line,
And gives the day throughout the world to shine;
The nitre from the frozen pole unseals,
And to the tropic speeds the pregnant gales;
Here leaves the exhausted fallow to recruit,
Here plumps and burnishes the ripening fruit;
Superfluous hence withdraws the sultry beam,
Here drinks anew the vivifying flame;
Returns still faithful to the labouring steer—
Wide waves the harvest of the golden year;
Trades universal on from pole to pole,
Inspires, revives, and cultivates the whole;
Frugal, where lack, supplies with what redounds,
And here bestows what noxious there abounds;
This with the gift, and that with giving, blest,
Alike, throughout, of every wish possest.
Wrapt in her airy car the matron glides,
And o'er the firmament ascending rides;
The subtle mass its copious mantle spreads;
Its mantle wove of elemental threads,
The elastic flue of fluctuating air,
Transfused invisible, enfolds the sphere,

[1] From the poem *On Universal Beauty.*

With poignance delicate pervades the whole,
Its ear, eye, breath, and animating soul;
Active, serene, comprest, rare, cool'd or warm'd,
For life, health, comfort, pleasure, business, form'd
Useful around, throughout, above, beneath!
By this the quadrupeds the reptiles breathe;
This gives the bloom of vegetative life;
Corrects the seeds of elemental strife;
Broods o'er the eggs, in airy caverns laid,
Warmed in the down of their ethereal bed,
Gives motion to the swimmers of the flood;
Gives music to the warblers of the wood;
Rebounds in echo from the doubling vale,
And wafts to heaven the undulating gale:
Here hushed, translucid, smiles the gentle calm;
And here impearl'd, sheds meek the showery balm;
Salubrious here, a lively rapture claims,
And winnows pure the pestilential steams;
Here buoys the bird high on the crystal wave,
Whose level plumes the azure concave shave;
Here sits voluptuous in the swelling sail,
The vessel dancing to the sprightly gale;
Its varied power to various uses tends,
And qualities occult achieve contrarious ends;
With generative warmth fomenting breed,
Or alimental with nutrition feed;
In opposition reconciled to good
Alike the menstruum, as sustaining food:
Or here restorative, destructive here,
Here nature's cradle, here her funeral bier;
With keen despatch on all corruption preys,
And grateful, from our aching sense conveys,
Returns the bane into its native earth,
And there revives it to a second birth,
Renew'd and brightened like the minted ore,
To shoot again to life, more gorgeous than before!

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# FRANCIS GENTLEMAN.

Born 1728 — Died 1784.

[Francis Gentleman, who, like many another Irishman, played the threefold part of actor, author, and soldier, was born in York Street, Dublin, on the 23d of February, 1728. His father was a major in the army, and when his son reached fifteen he obtained for him a commission in his own regiment. However, on the regiment being reduced at the conclusion of the war in 1748, Francis left the service, and, being powerfully drawn towards the stage, appeared at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in the part of Aboan in Southerne's play of *Oroonoko*. He was favourably received, though possessing anything but a noble figure, his good sense and intelligence probably making up for his deficiency in that respect. Soon after this he went to London, not to continue acting, but in the hope of proving his claim to some property left by a deceased relative. In this he failed, and having spent all he possessed was forced to return to the stage. For some time he played at Bath, then for a time at Edinburgh, and later on at Manchester and Liverpool. After this he settled at Malton near York, where he married. In 1770 he returned once more to the stage, being engaged by Foote for the Haymarket, where he played three seasons. In this year also appeared two of his plays, *The Stratford Jubilee*, and *The Sultan, or Love and Fame*, his *Sejanus* having already appeared in 1751. In 1771 he produced *The Tobacconist*, a farce; in 1772, *Cupid's Revenge;* in 1773, *The Pantheonites* and *The Modish Wife*. In this latter year he left the Haymarket and returned to Dublin, where for the last six or seven years of his life he suffered from want and sickness. His death took place on the 21st December, 1784.

In addition to the works already named, Gentleman wrote several others which were never published, comprising the plays *Osman*, 1751; *Zaphira*, 1754; *Richard II.*, 1754; *The Mentalist*, 1759; *The Fairy Court*, 1760; *The Coxcombs*, 1771; and *Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1783. He also wrote and published *The Dramatic Censor; Royal Fables*—"poetical productions of very considerable merit;" and *Characters, an Epistle*. His best work is generally said to be *The Modish Wife*.]

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## THE BIRTHDAY.

(FROM "ROYAL FABLES.")

The morn was come, the brilliant morn
On which fame said my Lord was born;
The courtly sun—who more polite?—
Contributed unusual light;
The vegetable world was seen
Exhibiting more vivid green;
The feather'd songsters tuned their throats
To louder and more jocund notes;

All nature smiled and look'd more gay
To honour the auspicious day;
Nor could she, reason must confess,
Do for a titled mortal less,
Whom twenty-one indulgent years
Had ripen'd for the House of Peers.

At such an era custom pays
A world of compliments and praise,
Mere phantoms of external show,
Which from the lip of int'rest flow;
For, let the self-same wondrous man,
So worshipp'd by a servile clan,
Be stripp'd of titles and estate,
He's then no longer good nor great.

The birth-day levee now was come,
And, marshall'd in the drawing-room,
A medley of most curious creatures,
As different in designs as features.

Here fawning priests with looks demure,
In hopes to get a better cure,
Appear'd to grace the friendly crowd,
And very low, for livings, bow'd.

On t'other side, the sons of law
Their rev'rence make with distant awe.
No counsel sure would ever grudge
A scrape or two—to be a judge.
Ev'n thy disciples, Mars, beset
The youthful rising coronet.

But where is he the race can shun,
When thou, Preferment, bid'st him run?
Thy magic spur can quicken all
To circle round this earthly ball,
To combat dangers, cares, and strife,
Nay, some to hazard fame with life.

Amongst the rest one suitor came,
A stranger, scarcely known by name,
Who, acting on a different plan,
Declared himself the honest man.

This rustic blade approached the peer,
"I've reached," he said, "my ninetieth year,
Threescore of which, young lord, have I
Been tenant to your family.
Then, let me first with kindness prove
Your patronage and noble love:
Tho' plain my coat, my heart, I trust,
Hath ever been in action just.
I boldly ask what these conceal,
And hope to win what they would steal,
Your favour,—not for selfish end,
But more to show myself your friend.

"I ask not wealth, for common sense
Hath made me rich in competence;
I ask not titles, they must shame
My humble parts and humble name,
But ask a boon which you may grant,
Nor for another suit or want.
Age bows my body to the grave,
Remaining time I wish to save;
Thus hasting off this stage of strife,
Will you bestow some years of life?"

The youthful peer, whose heart was good,
And full as noble as his blood,
In sentiments as rank sublime,
Perhaps the Carlisle of his time—
Replied, "I understand thee not;
What power have I to change thy lot
Of life or death? Yet what is mine
I promise freely shall be thine.
I've heard thy worth, and dare afford
To bind it with my solemn word."

"O noble youth," returned the sire,
"May Heav'n thy virtuous mind inspire;
Each worthy deed of thine will be
A year of added life to me.
Thus I may ask without a crime
To lengthen out with joy my time."

His lordship heard with smiling face,
Then rush'd into a kind embrace,
And cried, "Good father, thy request
Shall live for ever in this breast,
And far as mortal frailty reaches
I'll practise what thy wisdom teaches;
Nor will I specious show regard,
But worth in honest men reward,
And keep my favours there confined,
Where virtues ornament the mind."

He said,—the levee shrunk away,
Like night before the rising day.

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## TWO OPPOSITES.

(FROM "THE STRATFORD JUBILEE.")

*Sir John.* What! no lottery gudgeons in this town?

*Scrapeall.* No, no, Sir John; I could pick up nothing but a premium of ten shillings for number forty-five—they are all jubilee gudgeons here. When I asked a bookselling fellow who dabbles a little that way whether he wanted any tickets, he answered: Shakspeare is to be crowned to-morrow; and his wife, before I could open my mouth again, said there was to be a masquerade to-morrow, which everybody would be at. For my part,

I think they are all Shakspeare mad, and I wish we were fairly out of the town.

*Sir John.* Body o' me, why so? Can't people be merry and wise? For my own part I should like to stay and see the fun; ay, and we will, old True-penny. When it is over, I'll take you to such gardens, groves, and purling streams in Yorkshire as shall make you young again.

*Scrapeall.* With your leave, Sir John, I had rather go back to London. Pray, where can you find a garden of equal value to that of Covent Garden?—Where can you match the golden grove of Lombard Street?—Where meet more delightful retreats than the arbours of the Alley?—Where more comfortable walks than those of the Exchange, or a stream equal to the Thames between Bridge and Deptford? Besides, I am very uneasy about my girl, she's at the ticklish age of nineteen, has twenty thousand pounds at her own disposal when of age, besides the inheritance of all my estate.

*Sir John.* What then, friend, touch and take; ten to one, do all you can, she'll please herself at last, and throw herself away upon some poverty-struck lord, who, being out at elbows, will marry her money to mend bad circumstances; then keep a mistress to please his inclinations.

*Scrapeall.* Ah! why had not I a son? by this time he might have been thoroughly educated in those schools of useful knowledge, Lloyd's and Jonathan's. I might have lived to see him double my fortune.

*Sir John.* Why then, old boy, since you can't be sure who will get it, or how it may go, take my advice and regale yourself with a little of it before you are shipped off for the other world. Now I am here I'm resolved to see what sort of an affair this jubilee is, though I suppose it won't be half so good as a country feast or a fox-chase.

*Scrapeall.* No, nor half so fine as my lord-mayor's show, which may be seen for nothing into the bargain.

*Sir John.* Nothing! prithee don't grumble so in the gizzard—it is my humour to see what all this bustle's about, and if you'll promise to throw off your melancholy face, body o' me, I'll bring you off scot free—I'll pay for both; I have three hundred pounds a quarter, and don't wish to save a shilling of it.

*Scrapeall.* As you please, Sir John. (*Aside.*) What a prodigal old fool it is!

*Sir John.* Besides, man, I never saw a coronation in my life, and, for aught I know, the crowning of King Shakspeare may be as pretty a piece of diversion as the crowning of any other king; so brush up your phiz, and we'll sally forth to see what's stirring.

*Scrapeall.* I follow, Sir John. I wish I knew how East India stock was done to-day, and what news there is from the Nabobs.

SIR JOHN *and* SCRAPEALL *arrive at the Masquerade Shop.*

*Sir John.* So we have reached the place at last, and now we'll see what they have got.

*Scrapeall.* Ay, ay; foolery enough, I warrant.

*Sir John.* (*To attendant Sleekem.*) What are all these?

*Sleekem.* Masks to cover the faces, and mark characters.

*Scrapeall.* Characters! I believe you deal in very suspicious characters. Why, these baubles can only be fit for such as are, or should be, ashamed to show their faces.

*Sir John.* Body o' me, here's one grins like a monkey; and there's so many, I don't know how to choose.

*Sleekem.* If you please to walk that way, gentlemen, my master will help you to a choice immediately.

*Sir John.* Well said, lad. Come, old Multiplication.

*Scrapeall.* Ah! stocks must fall at this rate. [*Exit.*

[Emmeline, Scrapeall's daughter, whom he had left safe at home, has come to the jubilee with her maid Jackonet, for the purpose of meeting her lover Sir Charles Planwell, and they are now in purchasing dresses for the masquerade, intending after the fun to fly to Scotland and get married.]

*Sir Charles.* My dear Emmeline, the cordial punctuality of this meeting has confirmed me yours for ever.

*Emmeline.* I assure you, Sir Charles, Jackonet has been an active and steadfast friend in your favour.

*Sir Charles.* I hope I have not been ungrateful; and if she has an inclination to follow your example, madam, I'll endeavour to procure her a good husband.

*Jackonet.* I thank you, sir; but, according to the old proverb, I must please my eyes though I plague my heart.

*Sir Charles.* Then to our business. Here, show your book of dresses, young man. [*Retires.*

SIR JOHN *and* SCRAPEALL *enter.*

*Scrapeall.* Positively, Sir John, I'll stay no longer. What! six guineas for two dresses one night? Why, it is absolute robbery.

*Emmeline.* (*Who has not noticed her father.*) I think, Sir Charles, this infinitely pretty.

*Scrapeall.* Bless me, what's this! my Emmy?

*Emmeline.* Oh! papa! what—what shall I do?

*Scrapeall.* Pretty! ay, it is pretty, hussey, to meet you here without my consent, without my knowledge, without my—— Od, I have lost all patience. And who is this fellow? I'll make an example of him for running away with an heiress.

*Jackonet.* Why, don't you think she's able and willing enough to run away with herself, sir?

*Scrapeall.* Is she so, Mrs. Prate-a-pace? Ay, you're a hopeful maid of her aunt's providing. I know you well, sauce-box, and I'll turn over a new leaf. But who are you, scapegrace?

*Sir Charles.* I am a gentleman, sir, and not used to abusive language. To speak of myself may not be so proper, but my father, Sir Robert Planwell, was generally known and esteemed in the north of England.

*Sir John.* What! are you Bob Planwell's son of Lincolnshire? As honest a fellow, cousin Scrapeall, as ever tossed off a tankard!

*Scrapeall.* But did he know anything of the Alley?

*Sir Charles.* If he did not, I do, sir; I have employed all my spare cash these five years in the stocks. Why, sir, I have written two letters, dated India, to come overland by Holland, one of which will raise that stock twenty per cent., and the other fall it thirty. Now, sir, if you will countenance my pretensions to your daughter, I'll kill Hyder Ali, and make him conquer Madras, as often as you please to sell out or buy in.

*Scrapeall.* Nay, if that's the case, you may be a hopeful young fellow: but I hate a title. However, if you can make what you say appear—

*Sir Charles.* If not, sir, I request no favour.

*Sir John.* Why, that's honest; and since you have all met together, I'll take care to bring you to a right understanding. I wear a title myself, and I am no rogue for all that. We'll see what's to be seen here, and then all for Yorkshire, where we'll be as merry as grigs. But, d'ye hear, no more objections to titles, for

> Titled or plain, still judge upon this plan,
> That the heart only manifests the man.

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## THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Born 1721 — Died 1788.

[Thomas Sheridan, son of Dr. Thomas Sheridan the famous schoolmaster, and husband of Frances Sheridan already noticed in this volume, was born at Quilca, in the county of Cavan, in 1721. His earlier education was conducted by his father, but while yet young he was sent to Westminster School, where for merit alone he was elected a king's scholar. Leaving Westminster after a time, he returned to Dublin, and entered Trinity College as a sizar. In 1738 he obtained a scholarship, and in 1739 graduated B.A. In 1743, having formed and abandoned several schemes of life, and the death of his father leaving him without resources, he finally chose the stage, and made his first appearance on the boards of Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin, in January of that year. In 1744 he appeared in London at Covent Garden, and in 1745 at Drury Lane in company with Garrick. In 1746 he became manager of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, which post he occupied successfully for eight years.

Though so closely connected with the stage, and though wielding a clever pen, Sheridan did not produce many dramatic works. They comprise: *Captain O'Blunder*, a farce, 1754; *Coriolanus*, a tragedy, 1755; *Royal Subject*, an alteration from Beaumont and Fletcher; and an alteration of *Romeo and Juliet*. Of his other works the principal are his *Lectures on the Art of Reading; British Education; Address on the Stage; Difficulties of English; A General Dictionary of the English Language*, to which a "Rhetorical Grammar" was prefixed; *Life of Swift*, prefixed to an edition of Swift's works; and many miscellaneous articles of a high order of merit on the subjects of oratory and education. All his works show a scholarly hand, and most of them have been successful, especially his dictionary, which still has a phonetic if not a philological value. His *Lectures on the Art of Reading* is a book which

may still be studied with advantage, as may also one of his smaller treatises on the manner of reading the liturgy of the Church of England.]

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## CAPTAIN O'BLUNDER: A FARCE.

[Lucy, and Betty her maid. Cheatwell, a lover of Lucy. His meeting with the Irish captain, whom Lucy's father has desired her to receive. Sconce, Cheatwell's man.]

*Lucy.* Well, this barbarous will of parents is a great drawback on the inclinations of young people.

*Betty.* Indeed, and so it is, mem. For my part I'm no heiress, and therefore at my own disposal. . . . But la! mem, I had forgot to acquaint you, I verily believe that I saw your Irish lover the Captain; and I conceits it was he and no other, so I do;—and I saw him go into the Blue Postices, so I did.

*Lucy.* My Irish lover, Miss Pert! I never so much as saw his face in all my born days, but I hear he's a strange animal of a brute.—Pray had he his wings on? I suppose they saved him his passage.

*Betty.* Oh! mem, you mistakes the Irishmen. I am told they are as gentle as doves to our sex, with as much politeness and sincerity as if born in our own country.

CHEATWELL *enters.*

*Cheatwell.* Miss! your most humble and obedient—I come to acquaint you of our danger: our common enemy is just imported hither, and is inquiring for your father's house through every street.—The Irish captain, in short, is come to London. Such a figure! and so attended by the rabble!

*Lucy.* I long to see him; and Irishmen, I hear, are not so despicable; besides, the Captain may be misrepresented. (*Aside.*) Well, you know, my father's design is to have as many suitors as he can, in order to have a choice of them all.

*Cheatwell.* I have nothing but your professions and your sincerity to depend upon. O here's my trusty Mercury.

SCONCE *enters.*

Well, Sconce, have you dogged the Captain?

*Sconce.* Yes, yes, I left him snug at the Blue Pots, devouring a large dish of potatoes and half a sirloin of beef for his breakfast. He's just pat to our purpose, easily humm'd, as simple and as undesigning as we would have him. Well, and what do you propose?

*Cheatwell.* Propose, why to drive him back to his native bogs as fast as possible.

*Lucy.* Oh! Mr. Cheatwell. Pray let's have a sight of the creature.

*Cheatwell.* Oh! female curiosity.—Why, child, he'd frighten thee;—he's above six feet high.

*Sconce.* A great huge back and shoulders, wears a great long sword, which he calls his sweetlips.

*Lucy.* I hear the Irish are naturally brave.

*Sconce.* And carries a large oaken cudgel, which he calls his shillela.

*Lucy.* Which he can make use of on occasions, I suppose.

*Sconce.* Add to this a great pair of jackboots, a Cumberland pinch to his hat, an old red coat, and a d——d potato face.

*Lucy.* He must be worth seeing truly.

*Cheatwell.* Well, my dear girl, be constant; wish me success, for I shall so humbug, so roast, and so banter this same Irish captain that he'll scarce wish himself in London again these seven years to come.

*Lucy.* About it then. Adieu! I hear my father.

[Sconce manages to lodge the Irish captain in a mad-house, which he introduced him to as his cousin's: Drs. Clyster and Gallypot examine him.]

*Captain.* Faith, my cousin's house is a brave large place, tho' it is not so very well furnished; but I suppose the maid was cleaning out the rooms. So, who are these now? some acquaintance of my cousin's, to be sure. Gentlemen, your most humble servant; but where's my cousin?

*Dr. Clyster.* His cousin! What does he mean?

*Dr. Gallypot.* What should a madman mean? Sir, we come to treat you in a regular manner.

*Captain.* O, dear gentlemen, 'tis too much trouble; you need not be over regular; a single joint of meat and a good glass of ale will be a very good treat, without any needless expenses.

*Dr. Clyster.* Do you mind that symptom—the canine appetite?

*Captain.* Nine appetites! No, my jewel, I have an appetite like other people; a couple of pounds will serve me if I was ever so hungry. What the devil do they talk of nine appetites?

do they think I'm a cat, that have as many stomachs as lives?

*Gallypot.* He looks a little wild, brother.

*Captain.* What! are you brothers?

*Clyster.* Pray, sir, be seated; we shall examine methodically into the nature of your case.

*Captain.* What the devil do they mean by taking me by the wrists? Maybe 'tis the fashion of compliment in London.

. . . . . .

*Gallypot.* First, brother, let us examine the symptoms.

*Captain.* By my soul, the fellows are fools!

*Clyster.* Pray, sir, how do you rest?

*Captain.* In a good feather-bed, my jewel, and sometimes I take a nap in an arm-chair.

*Clyster.* But do you sleep sound?

*Captain.* Faith, I sleep and snore all night, and when I awake in the morning I find myself fast asleep.

. . . . . .

*Gallypot.* How do you eat, sir?

*Captain.* With my mouth. How the devil should I eat, do you think?

. . . . . .

*Gallypot.* Do you generally drink much?

*Captain.* Oh, my jewel, a couple of quarts of ale and porter wouldn't choke me. But what the devil magnifies so many questions about eating and drinking? if you have a mind to order anything, do it as soon as you can, for I am almost famished.

*Clyster.* I am for treating him regularly, methodically, and secundum artem.

*Captain.* Secundum artum! I don't see any sign of treating at all. Ara, my jewels, send for a mutton chop, and don't trouble yourselves about my stomach.

*Clyster.* I shall give you my opinion concerning this case, brother. Galen says. . . . Galen is of opinion that in all adust complexions—

*Captain.* Well, and who has a dusty complexion?

*Clyster.* A little patience, sir.

*Captain.* I think I have a great deal of patience, that people can't eat a morsel without so many impertinent questions.

*Clyster.*

Qui habet vultum adustum
Habet caninum gustum.

*Captain.* I'm sure 'tis an ugly custom to keep a man fasting so long, after pretending to treat him.

*Gallypot.* Ay, brother, but Hippocrates differs from Galen in this case.

*Captain.* Well but, my jewels, let there be no difference nor falling out between brothers about me, for a small matter will serve my turn.

*Clyster.* Sir, you break the thread of our discourse; I was observing that in gloomy opaque habits the frigidity of the solids causes a continual friction in the fluids, which by being constantly impeded grow thick and glutinous, by which means they cannot enter the capillary vessels, nor the other finer ramifications of the nerves.

*Gallypot.* Then, brother, from your position it will be deducible that the primæ viæ are first to be cleared, which must be effected by frequent emetics.

*Clyster.* Sudorifics.

*Gallypot.* Cathartics.

*Clyster.* Pneumatics.

*Gallypot.* Restoratives.

*Clyster.* Corrosives.

*Gallypot.* Narcotics.

. . . . . .

*Captain.* How naturally they answer one another, like the parish minister and the clerk; by my soul, jewels, this gibberish will never fill a man's belly.

*Clyster.* And thus to speak, summatim and articulatim, or categorically to recapitulate the several remedies in the aggregate, the emetics will clear the first passages and restore the viscera to their pristine tone, and regulate their lost peristaltic or vermicular motion, so that from the œsophagus to the rectum I am for potent emetics.

*Gallypot.* And next for sudorifics, as they open the pores, or rather the porous continuity of the cutaneous dermis and epidermis, thence to convey the noxious and melancholy humours of the blood.

*Clyster.* With cathartics to purge him.

*Gallypot.* Pneumatics to scourge him.

*Clyster.* Narcotics to dose him.

*Gallypot.* Cephalics to pose him.

*Captain.* These are some of the dishes they are to treat me with. Why, my jewels, there's no need for all this cookery; upon my soul, this is to be a grand entertainment. Well, they'll have their own way.

*Clyster.* Suppose we use phlebotomy, and take from him thirty ounces of blood.

*Captain.* Phlebotomy, d'ye say?

*Gallypot.* His eyes roll, call the keepers.

[The keepers enter and strive to seize the Captain, when he catches up a chair and rushes at them like a madman. They fly for their

lives, and he, following them, gains the street in a few minutes. On reaching his lodgings he dresses and presents himself at the house of Mr. Trader, Lucy's father. He finds the house in confusion, Mr. Trader having just learned that he is ruined by a failure in business.]

*Trader.* O Captain, I'm ruined, undone—broke—

*Captain.* Broke! what have you broke?

*Trader.* Oh! sir, my fortune's broke, I am not a penny above a beggar. . . . So now, Captain, I have not concealed my misfortune from you, you are at liberty to choose a happier wife, for my poor child is miserable.

*Captain.* I thought your ribs was broke; I'm no surgeon; but if it is only a little money that broke you, give me this sweet lady's lily-white hand, and as far as a good estate in land and stock will go, I'll share it with her and with yourself.

*Cheatwell.* (*Enters.*) Gentlemen, I beg pardon for this intrusion.

*Captain.* Oh! by my soul this is my friendly cousin, that bid the old conjurors phlebotomize me.

*Cheatwell.* Sir, I beg your pardon in particular, and I hope you'll grant me it; nothing but necessity was the cause of my ungenteel behaviour. This lady I had an esteem for; but since things have turned out as they have, my pretensions are without foundation; and I, therefore (*turning to Trader*), raised the report of your ships being lost at sea, in hopes that this gentleman would decline his addresses to your daughter when he found she had no fortune.

*Captain.* Oagh! my dear, we play no such dirty tricks in our country.

*Cheatwell.* And now, Captain, I hope you'll grant me your pardon, and look upon me in the light of an unfortunate rather than a bad man.

*Captain.* Faith, my dear cousin, since love is the cause of your mourning, I forgive you with all my heart.

. . . . . .

*Lucy* (*to the Captain*). Sir, your generous behaviour, so frankly shown on so melancholy an accident, has entirely gained my heart, nor do I value your estate when set in comparison with your noble soul.

[The Irish captain is so delighted with the turn affairs have taken that he volunteers a song.] (*Sings.*)

THE BRAVE IRISHMAN'S SONG.

Wherever I'm going, and all the day long,
Abroad and at home, or alone in a throng,
I find that my passion's so lively and strong,
That your name, when I'm silent, still runs in my song.
Ballynamony, ho ro, &c.

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose,
I sleep all the day to forget half my woes,
So strong is the flame in my bosom that glows,
By St. Patrick, I fear it will burn through my clothes.
Ballynamony, ho ro, &c.

By my soul, I'm afraid I shall die in my grave,
Unless you'll comply, and poor Phelim will save;
Then grant the petition your lover doth crave,
Who never was free till you made him your slave.
Ballynamony, ho ro, &c.

On that happy day when I make you my bride,
With a swinging long sword how I'll strut and I'll stride,
In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your side.
Ballynamony, ho ro, &c.

[The Captain and Lucy get married, and as a consolation Cheatwell marries the maid Betty, after finding that she has saved a nice little fortune.]

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# GENERAL BURGOYNE.

BORN ABOUT 1728 — DIED 1792.

[John Burgoyne is generally said to have been a natural son of Lord Bingley. He served with the 16th Light Dragoons at Belle Isle, fought in an expedition against Spain with credit, and wrote his first play in 1774.

In the following year (1775) he went on active service to America, and in 1777 he was appointed to the command of the force that captured Ticonderoga, but was ultimately obliged to capitulate to General Gates at Saratoga. On his return to England he was treated rather harshly, but he defended himself with

spirit, and demanded a court-martial, which was refused. On this he resigned all his appointments, but when a change of ministry occurred he was made commander-in-chief in Ireland. This post he held for two years, when he resigned it and devoted himself entirely to literature. He had already produced in 1780 the comic opera *Lord of the Manor*, and now he contributed to *The Rolliad* the "Ode to Dr. Prettyman" and "Westminster Guide." In 1786 he ventured into a new field of literature, and, guided by higher art than hitherto, produced *The Heiress*, a comedy on which his fame as an author chiefly rests. This play, which might have been written by Congreve in his best mood, was a great success, and was soon followed by *Richard Cœur de Lion*, an operatic piece adapted from the French. On the occasion of the trial of Hastings, Burgoyne was appointed one of its managers. He did not live to see the end of this celebrated trial, however, as he died of gout on the 4th of June, 1792, and was buried privately in a cloister of Westminster Abbey.

There is no doubt that had the author of *The Heiress* devoted the better days of his life instead of its odds and ends to literature, he would have attained a high position. As it is he has done enough to deserve a place in the rank and file of the shining battalion of men of talent.]

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## THE LADY AND THE CYNIC.[1]

*An Apartment in Sir Clement Flint's House.*

LADY EMILY GAYVILLE *and* CLIFFORD *discovered at chess.* SIR CLEMENT *sitting at a distance, pretending to read a parchment, but slyly observing them.*

*Lady E.* Check! If you do not take care you are gone the next move.

*Clif.* I confess, Lady Emily, you are on the point of complete victory.

*Lady E.* Pooh! I would not give a farthing for victory without a more spirited defence.

*Clif.* Then you must engage with those (if those there are) that do not find you irresistible.

*Lady E.* I could find a thousand such; but I'll engage with none whose triumph I could not submit to with pleasure.

*Sir C.* (*Apart.*) Pretty significant on both sides. I wonder how much farther it will go.

*Lady E.* Uncle, did you speak?

*Sir C.* (*Reading to himself.*) "And the parties to this indenture do further covenant and agree, that all and every the said lands, tenements, hereditaments—um—um." How useful, sometimes, is ambiguity.

(*Loud enough to be heard.*)

*Clif.* A very natural observation of Sir Clement's upon that long parchment. (*Pauses again upon the chess-board.*) To what a dilemma have you reduced me, Lady Emily! If I advance, I perish by my temerity, and it is out of my power to retreat.

*Sir C.* (*Apart.*) Better and better! To talk in cipher is a curious faculty.

*Clif.* Sir!

*Sir C.* (*Still reading.*) "In witness whereof, the said parties have hereunto, interchangeably, set their hands and seals, this—um—um—um—day of—um—um—"

*Lady E.* Come, I trifle with you too long. There's your *coup de grace*. Uncle, I have conquered. (*Both rise from the table.*)

*Sir C.* Niece, I do not doubt it; and in the style of the great proficients, without looking upon the board. Clifford, was not your mother's name Charlton? (*Rises.*)

*Clif.* It was, sir.

*Sir C.* In looking over the writings Alscrip has sent me, preparatory to his daughter's settlement, I find mention of a conveyance from a Sir William Charlton, of Devonshire. Was he a relation?

*Clif.* My grandfather, sir. The plunder of his fortune was one of the first materials for raising that of Mr. Alscrip, who was steward to Sir William's estate, then manager of his difficulties, and, lastly, his sole creditor.

*Sir C.* And no better monopoly than that of a needy man's distresses. Alscrip has had twenty such, or I should not have singled out his daughter to be Lord Gayville's wife.

*Clif.* It is a compensation for my family losses that, in the event, they will conduce to the interest of the man I most love.

*Sir C.* Heyday! Clifford, take care, don't trench upon the blandish; your cue, you know, is sincerity.

*Clif.* You seem to think, sir, there is no such quality. I doubt whether you believe there is an honest man in the world.

*Sir C.* You do me great injustice; several, several; and upon the old principle, that

[1] This and the scene that follows are from *The Heiress*.

"honesty is the best policy." Self-interest is the great end of life, says human nature. Honesty is a better agent than craft, says the proverb.

*Clif.* But, as for ingenuous, or purely disinterested motives—

*Sir C.* Clifford, do you mean to laugh at me?

*Clif.* What is your opinion, Lady Emily?

*Lady E.* That there may be such, but it's odds they are troublesome or insipid. Pure ingenuousness, I take it, is a rugged sort of thing, which scarcely will bear the polish of common civility; and for disinterestedness, young people sometimes set out with it; but it is like travelling upon a broken spring, one is glad to get it mended at the next stage.

*Sir C.* Emily, I protest, you seem to study after me; proceed, child, and we will read together every character that comes in our way.

*Lady E.* Read one's acquaintance, delightful! What romances, novels, satires, and mock heroics present themselves to my imagination! Our young men are flimsy essays; old ones, political pamphlets; coquettes, fugitive pieces; and fashionable beauties, a compilation of advertised perfumery, essence of pearl, milk of roses, and Olympian dew. Lord, I should now and then, though, turn over an acquaintance with a sort of fear and trembling.

*Clif.* How so?

*Lady E.* Lest one should pop, unawares, upon something one should not, like a naughty speech in an old comedy; but it is only skipping what would make one blush.

*Sir C.* Or if you did not skip, when a woman reads by herself, and to herself, there are wicked philosophers who doubt whether her blushes are very troublesome.

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## AN OLD RASCAL.

*Alscrip's Room of Business.*

ALSCRIP *and* RIGHTLY *discovered.*

*Right.* Upon all these matters, Mr. Alscrip, I am authorized by my client, Sir Clement Flint, to agree. There remains nothing but your favouring me with the inspection of the Charlton title-deeds, and your daughter's settlements may be engrossed.

*Als.* I cannot conceive, my friend Rightly, any such inspection to be requisite. Have not I been in constant, quiet possession?

*Right.* Sir Clement insists upon it.

*Als.* A client insist! And you, an old practitioner, suffer such a demur to your infallibility! Ah! in my practice I had the sure means of disappointing such dabblers and divers into their own cases.

*Right.* How, pray?

*Als.* I read his writings to him myself. I was the best reader in Chancery Lane for setting the understanding at defiance. Drew breath but once in a quarter of an hour, always in the wrong place, and made a single sentence of six skins of parchment. Shall I give you a specimen?

*Right.* I have no doubt of your talent.

*Als.* Then return to Sir Clement and follow my example.

*Right.* No, Mr. Alscrip; though I acknowledge your skill I do not subscribe to your doctrine. The English law is the finest system of ethics, as well as government, that ever the world produced, and it cannot be too generally understood.

*Als.* Law understood! Zounds! would you destroy the profession?

*Right.* No, I would raise it. Had every man of sense the knowledge of the theory, to which he is competent, the practice would revert to the purity of its institution; maintain the rights, and not promote the knavery of mankind.

*Als.* (*Aside.*) Plaguy odd maxims! Sure, he means to try me. Brother Rightly, we know the world, and are alone. I have locked the door. (*In a half whisper.*)

*Right.* A very useless precaution. I have not a principle nor a proceeding that I would not proclaim at Charing Cross.

*Als.* (*Aside.*) No! Then I'll pronounce you the most silly or the most impudent fellow of the fraternity.

*Right.* But where are these writings? You can have no difficulty in laying your hand upon them, for I perceive you keep things in a distinguished regularity.

*Als.* Yes; I have distinct repositories for all papers, and especially title-deeds. Some in drawers, some in closets—(*aside*)—and a few underground.

*Miss Als.* (*Rattling at the door.*) What makes you lock the door, sir? I must speak to you this instant.

*Als.* One moment, child, and I'll be ready for you. (*Turning again to Rightly, as to dissuade him.*)

*Right.* If the thoughts of the wedding-day make any part of the young lady's impatience, you take a bad way, Mr. Alscrip, to satisfy it; for I tell you plainly, our business cannot be completed till I see these writings.

*Als.* (*Aside.*) Confound the old hound, how he sticks to his scent! (*Miss Alscrip still at the door.*) I am coming, I tell you. (*Opens a bureau in a confused hurry, shuffles papers about, and puts one into Rightly's hand.*) There, if this whim must be indulged, step into the next room. You, who know the material parts of a parchment lie in a nut-shell, will look over it in ten minutes.

(*Puts Rightly into another room.*)

*Miss Als.* (*Without.*) I won't wait another instant, whatever you are about. Let me in.

*Als.* (*Opening the door.*) Sex and vehemence! What is the matter now?

*Enter* Miss Alscrip, *in the most violent emotion.*

*Miss Als.* So, sir—yes, sir—you have done finely by me, indeed; you are a pattern for fathers. A precious match you had provided!

*Als.* What the devil's the matter?

*Miss Als.* (*Running on.*) I, that with fifty thousand independent pounds left myself in a father's hands—a thing unheard-of—and waited for a husband with unparalleled patience till I was of age.

*Als.* What the devil's the matter?

*Miss Als.* (*Following him about.*) I, that at fourteen might have married a French marquis—my governess told me he was, for all he was her brother.

*Als.* Gad-a-mercy! Governess?

*Miss Als.* And as for commoners, had not I the choice of the market? And the handsome Irish colonel at Bath, that had carried off six heiresses before, for himself and friends, and would have found his way to Gretna Green blindfolded?

*Als.* (*Aside.*) 'Gad! I wish you were there now, with all my heart. What the devil is at the bottom of all this?

*Miss Als.* Why, Lord Gayville is at the bottom; and your hussy, that you was so sweet upon this morning, is at the bottom, a treacherous minx! I sent her, only for a little innocent diversion, as my double—

*Als.* Your what?

*Miss Als.* Why, my double; to vex him.

*Als.* Double! This is the most useless attendant you have had yet. 'Gad! I'll start you single-handed in the art of vexation against any ten women in England.

*Miss Als.* I caught them, just as I did you with your—

*Als.* Is that all? 'Gad! I don't see much in that.

*Miss Als.* Not much? What, a woman of my fortune and accomplishments turned off—rejected—renounced!

*Als.* Renounced? Has he broke the contract? Will you prove he has broken the contract?

*Miss Als.* Ay, now, my dear papa, you take a tone that becomes you; now the blood of the Alscrip rises; rises as it ought. You mean to fight him directly, don't you.

*Als.* Oh, yes! I'm his man. I'll show you a lawyer's challenge: sticks and staves, guns, swords, daggers, poniards, knives, scissors, and bodkins. I'll put more weapons into a bit of paper six inches square than would stock the armoury of the Tower.

*Miss Als.* Pistols! don't talk to me of anything but pistols. My dear papa, who shall be your second?

*Als.* I'll have two; John Doe and Richard Roe—as pretty fellows as any in England, to see fair play, and as used to the differences of good company. They shall greet him with their *fiere facias;* so don't be cast down, Molly; I'll answer for damages to indemnify our loss of temper and reputation. He shall have a *fi-fa* before to-morrow night.

*Miss Als.* Fiery faces and damages! What does your Westminster Hall gibberish mean? Are a woman's feelings to be satisfied with a fie-fa? You old insensible! you have no sense of family honour—no tender affections.

*Als.* 'Gad! you have enough for us both, when you want your father to be shot through the head;—but stand out of the way, here's a species of family honour more necessary to be taken care of. If we were to go to law, this would be a precious set-off against us. (*Takes up the deed, as if to look it up.*) This!—why, what the devil!—I hope I don't see clear. Curse and confusion! I have given the wrong one. Here's fine work! here's a blunder! here's the effect of a woman's impetuosity!

*Miss Als.* Lord! what a fuss you are in! what is in the old trumpery scroll!

*Als.* Plague and parchment! old Rightly will find what's in it, if I don't interrupt him. Mr. Rightly, Mr. Rightly, Mr. Rightly!

(*Going to the door Rightly went out at.*)

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, Mr. Rightly is gone.

*Als.* Gone! whither?

*Ser.* Home, I believe, sir. He came out at the door into the hall, and he bade me tell your honour you might depend upon his reading over the deed with particular care.

*Als.* Fire and fury! my hat and cane. [*Exit Ser.*] Here, my hat and cane.

*Miss Als.* Sir, I expect, before you come home—

*Als.* Death and devils! expect to be ruined. This comes of listening to you. The sex hold the power of mischief by prescription. Zounds! Mischief — mischief is the common law of woman-kind. [*Exeunt.*

[And mischief was done, too, from Alscrip's point of view, for in his confusion he had handed Mr. Rightly the wrong paper, which proved what his employer Sir Clement Flint had suspected, that part of the fortune which belonged to Clifford by right was held by Alscrip wrongfully. Of course the fortune was restored, and Lady Emily and Clifford married.]

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## RURAL SIMPLICITY.

(FROM "THE MAID OF THE OAKS.")

[Dupely invited to the fête-champêtre by his friend Sir Harry Groveby, who is about to be married. Lady Bab Lardoon, a woman of fashion, determines to fool Dupely, who has just returned from abroad. For this purpose in her fête dress as a shepherdess she wanders in the garden.]

*A Flower-garden.*

*Enter* LADY BAB LARDOON, *dressed as a shepherdess,* OLDWORTH *following.*

*Old.* Hist, hist! Lady Bab! Here comes your prize; for the sake of mirth, and the revenge of your sex, don't miss the opportunity.

*Lady B.* Not for the world; you see, I am dressed for the purpose. Step behind that stump of shrubs, and you shall see what an excellent actress I should have made. Away, away! [*Exit Oldworth, Lady B. retires.*

*Enter* DUPELY.

*Dupe.* Where the devil is Sir Harry? This is certainly the place where I was appointed to find him; but I suppose I shall spring him and his bride from under a rose-bush by-and-by, like two pheasants in pairing time. (*Observing Lady B.*) Ha! is that a dress for the day, or is she one of the natives of this extraordinary region? Oh, I see now, it is all pure Arcadian; her eyes have been used to nothing but daisy-hunting;—but what a neck she has! How beautifully nature works when she is not spoiled by a d——d town stay-maker! What a pity she is so awkward! I hope she is not foolish.

(*During this observation he keeps his eyes fixed upon her; Lady B. looks first at him, then at herself; unpins her nosegay, and, with an air of naïveté, presents it to him.*)

*Lady B.* You seem to wish for my nosegay, sir; it is much at your service.

(*Offers the flowers, and curtseys awkwardly.*)

*Dupe.* Oh! the charming innocent! A thousand thanks, my fair one; I accept it as a faint image of your own sweets. To whom am I so much obliged?

*Lady B.* To the garden-man, to be sure; he has made flowers to grow all over the garden, and they smell so sweet!—pray smell 'em; they are charming sweet, I assure you, and have such fine colours! La! you are a fine nosegay yourself, I think.

(*Simpers, and looks at him.*)

*Dupe.* Exquisite simplicity! (*Aside.*) Ah! I knew at first glance you were a compound of innocence and sensibility.

*Lady B.* Lack-a-daisy heart! How could you hit upon my temper so exactly?

*Dupe.* By a certain instinct I have; for I have seen few or none of the sort before. But, my dear girl, what is your name and situation?

*Lady B.* Situation!

*Dupe.* Ay—what are you?

*Lady B.* I am a bridemaid.

*Dupe.* But when you are not a bridemaid, what is your way of life? How do you pass your time?

*Lady B.* I rise with the lark, keep my hands always employed, dance upon a holiday, and eat brown bread with content.

*Dupe.* Oh, the delicious description!—beechen shades, bleating flocks, and pipes and pastorals. What an acquisition to my fame, as well as pleasure, to carry off this quintessence of *champêtre!* I'll do it. (*Aside.*)

*Lady B.* (*Examines him.*) And, pray, what may you be? for I never saw anything so out of the way in all my life—He, he, he!

(*Simpering.*)

*Dupe.* I, my dear? I am a gentleman.

*Lady B.* What a fine gentleman! Bless

me! what a thing it is! Ha, ha, ha! I never saw anything so comical in all my life. Ha, ha, ha! And this is a fine gentleman, of which I have heard so much.

*Dupe.* What is the matter, my dear? Is there anything ridiculous about me, that makes you laugh? What have you heard of fine gentlemen, my sweet innocence?

*Lady B.* That they are as gaudy as peacocks, as mischievous as jays, as chattering as magpies, as wild as hawks.

*Dupe.* And as loving as sparrows.

*Lady B.* I know you are very loving—of yourselves. Ha, ha, ha! You are a sort of birds that flock but never pair.

*Dupe.* Why, you are satirical, my fairest; and have you heard anything else of fine gentlemen?

*Lady B.* Yes, a great deal more; that they take wives for fortunes, and mistresses for show; squander their money among tailors, barbers, cooks, and fiddlers; pawn their honour to sharpers and their estates to Jews; and, at last, run to foreign countries to repair a pale face, a flimsy carcass, and an empty pocket:—that's a fine gentleman for you!

*Dupe.* Pray, my dear, what is really your name? (*Surprised.*)

*Lady B.* My name is Philly.

(*Resuming her simplicity.*)

*Dupe.* Philly!

*Lady B.* Philly Nettletop, of the vale.

*Dupe.* And pray, my sweet Philly, where did you learn this character of a fine gentleman?

*Lady B.* Oh! I learnt it with my catechism. Mr. Oldworth has taught it to all the young maidens hereabout.

*Dupe.* So it is from Mr. Oldworth, is it, my charming innocence, that you have learnt to be so afraid of fine gentlemen?

(*Significantly.*)

*Lady B.* No, not at all afraid; I believe you are perfectly harmless if one treats you right, as I do our young mastiff at home.

*Dupe.* And how is that, pray?

*Lady B.* Why, while one keeps at a distance he frisks, and he flies, and he barks, and tears, and grumbles, and makes a sad rout about it. Lord! you'd think he would devour one at a mouthful; but if one does but walk boldly up and look him in the face, and ask him what he wants, he drops his ears and runs away directly.

*Dupe.* Well said, rural simplicity, again. Well, but, my dear heavenly creature, don't commit such a sin as to waste your youth and your charms upon a set of rustics here. Fly with me to the true region of pleasure. My chaise and four shall be ready at the back gate of the park, and we will take the opportunity, when all the servants are drunk, as they certainly will be, and the company is gone tired to bed.

*Lady B.* (*Fondly.*) And would you really love me dearly now, Saturdays, and Sundays, and all?

*Dupe.* Oh! this will do, I see. (*Aside.*)

*Lady B.* You'll forget all this prittle-prattle gibberish to me now, as soon as you see the fine strange ladies, by-and-by; there's Lady Bab Lardoon, I think they call her, from London.

*Dupe.* Lady Bab Lardoon, indeed! I should as soon be in love with the figure of the great mogul at the back of a pack of cards; if she has anything to do with hearts, it must be when they are trumps, and she pulls them out of her pocket.[1] No, sweet Philly; thank heaven, that gave me insight into the sex, and reserved me for a woman in her native charms; here alone she is to be found, and paradise is on her lips. (*Struggling to kiss her.*)

*Enter* HURRY, *a servant.*

*Hurry.* Oh! Lady Bab, I come to call your ladyship—Lord! I thought they never kissed at a wedding till after the ceremony.

(*Going. Dupely stares. Lady B. laughs.*)

*Dupe.* Stay, Hurry. Who were you looking for?

*Hurry.* Why, I came with a message for Lady Bab Larder, and would have carried her answer, but you stopped her mouth.

*Dupe.* Who—what—who? This is Philly Nettletop.

*Hurry.* Philly Fiddlestick! 'Tis Lady Bab Larder, I tell you. Do you think I don't know her because she has got a new dress.

[*Exit.*

*Dupe.* Lady Bab Lardoon!

*Lady B.* No, no; Philly Nettletop.

*Dupe.* Here's a d——d scrape! (*Aside.*)

*Lady B.* In every capacity, sir, a rural innocent, Mr. Oldworth's mistress, or the great mogul, equally grateful for your favourable opinion. (*With a low curtsey.*)

*Enter* OLDWORTH, *master of the house, and* SIR HARRY GROVEBY, *laughing.*

Mr. Oldworth, give me leave to present to you

[1] She was said to be particularly fond of the gaming table.

a gentleman remarkable for second sight. He knows all women by instinct—

*Sir H.* From a princess to a figurante, from a vintage to a may-pole; I am rejoiced I came in time for the catastrophe.

*Lady B.* Mr. Oldworth, there is your travelled man for you, and I think I have given a pretty good account of him.

(*Pointing at Dupely, who is disconcerted.*)

*Old.* Come, come, my good folks, you have both acquitted yourselves admirably. Mr. Dupely must forgive the innocent deceit; and you, Lady Bab, like a generous conqueror, should bear the triumph moderately.

SONG.

Encompass'd in an angel's frame,
An angel's virtues lay;
Too soon did heav'n assert the claim,
And call its own away.

My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
Must never more return!
What now shall fill these widow'd arms?
Ah me! my Anna's urn.

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# CHARLOTTE BROOKE.

BORN 1740 — DIED 1793.

[Charlotte Brooke was the daughter of Henry Brooke author of *Gustavus Vasa*, and was born in 1740. At an early age she exhibited a passion for books, which for a time was interrupted by a desire to go upon the stage. Luckily her father prevailed upon her to forego this intention, and returning once more to her books she studied more passionately than ever. Frequently, while the rest of the family were in bed, she would steal down stairs to the study, there to lose herself in her beloved antiquities. In this way she was led to the study of the Irish language, and in less than two years from commencing she found herself mistress of it. From reading Irish poetry and admiring its beauties, she proceeded to translate it into English, one of her earliest efforts being a song and monody by Carolan, which appeared in Walker's *Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards*. These were widely admired, and encouraged by this, and by the advice of friends, she set herself to collect and translate such works of Irish poets as she could procure and were found worthy of appearing in an English dress. The result was her *Reliques of Irish Poetry*, which appeared in 1788. This work may well take rank with Percy's *Reliques*, not only for its intrinsic worth, but because of the influence it has had on the study of the almost forgotten poets who had written in the Irish language.

Miss Brooke's other works were: *Dialogue between a Lady and her Pupils; The School for Christians*, 1791; *Natural History, &c.*, 1796; *Emma or the Foundling of the Wood*, a novel, 1803; and *Belesarius*, a tragedy.]

## TO A WARRIOR.

TRANSLATION FROM THE OLD IRISH.

Resistless as the spirit of the night,
In storms and terrors drest,
Withering the force of every hostile breast,
Rush on the ranks of fight!—
Youth of fierce deeds and noble soul!
Rend, scatter wide the foe!
Swift forward rush, and lay the waving pride
Of yon high ensigns low!
Thine be the battle, thine the sway!
On—on to Cairbre hew thy conquering way,
And let thy deathful arm dash safety from his side!
As the proud wave, on whose broad back
The storm its burden heaves,
Drives on the scattered wreck
Its ruin leaves;
So let thy sweeping progress roll,
Fierce, resistless, rapid, strong;
Pour, like the billow of the flood, o'erwhelming might along.

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## OH, GIVE ME SIGHT!

Like Bartimeus, Lord, I came,
To meet thy healing word;
To call upon thy gracious name,
And cry to be restored.

Across thy path my limbs I laid,
With trembling hope elate,
And there in conscious rags array'd
A poor blind beggar sate.

I did not ask the alms of gold,
For sight alone I cried;
Sight! sight a Saviour to behold!
And feel his power applied.

The more the crowd rebuked my prayer
And gave it to the wind,
The more I cried thy grace to share,
Thy mercy to the blind.

At length I heard a pitying voice,
Pilgrim, he calls, "Arise!"
Poor pilgrim, let thy heart rejoice,
He hears thee and replies.

Up at the word with joy I bound
(My cure in hope begun),
And cast my garment on the ground,
That faster I may run.

But the "What wilt thou?" yet delays,
Nor yet I view the light,
Till faith once more with fervour prays,
O give me, give me sight!

Transport! 'tis done! I view that face!
That face of love divine,
I gaze the witness of his grace,
And see a Saviour mine.

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# HENRY FLOOD.

Born 1732 — Died 1791.

[Henry Flood, one of that illustrious group of Irish orators who flourished in the latter half of the eighteenth century, was the son of the Right Hon. Warden Flood, Chief-justice of the Court of King's Bench in Ireland, and was born in 1732, in the family mansion near Kilkenny. He was early sent to school, on leaving which he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he stayed but a short time, and about 1749 was sent to Oxford. Here, however, he made little progress in his education. His handsome figure and agreeable manners, coupled with the expectation of succeeding to a large fortune, gave him easy access to a certain portion of fashionable society, and left him too much inclined to neglect the mental culture which could alone fit him to occupy an honourable position in the world. His tutor Dr. Markham, afterwards Archbishop of York, endeavoured to stimulate his pupil's ambition in the right direction by introducing him among men of education, where he might become sensible of his inferiority. The plan was successful: the young man's *amour-propre* was touched, and he now devoted the greater part of his time to real work with so much assiduity and success, that ere long he could take a share in those literary discussions which before he had dreaded. To the study of the exact sciences he added that of the Greek and Latin authors, more especially of the orators. At the end of two years he graduated, and immediately after entered his name in the Temple, where he remained for several years engaged in the study of the law.

Flood's parliamentary career began in 1760, when he returned to Ireland and took his seat in the Irish House of Commons as member for Kilkenny, his native county—a seat which he exchanged for that of Callan, in the same county, in the new parliament of 1761. The time of his entrance on political life was a critical one in the history of his country. Bribery and corruption were rife, and the house was so much under the control of the British government that its independence was only in name. Flood took a bold stand against this state of affairs, and he soon formed a party who advocated the freedom of the Irish Parliament, and sought to overthrow the prevailing system of bribery. He became eminently distinguished for his eloquence, and the zeal and perseverance with which he advocated every measure that he regarded as beneficial to his country. He endeavoured to obtain the repeal of a law dating from the time of Henry VII., called Poynings' law, by which the British government had the power of altering or rejecting all the bills of the Irish legislature. He succeeded in carrying the octennial bill, by which the duration of any parliament was limited to eight years, a reform which was considered of great political advantage to Ireland; and he strenuously advocated the establishment of a native militia in Ireland as a balance against the presence of a standing army. After leading the opposition for some years, Flood changed his tactics, alternately supporting or opposing the measures brought forward by successive administrations up to 1780, as he considered them beneficial or otherwise; and this line of conduct no doubt frequently drew upon him the charge of political inconsistency. In 1774 he had accepted the lucra-

tive post of one of the Vice-treasurers of Ireland, but it was only on condition of maintaining his principles, and when he found this no longer possible he resigned in 1781, and appeared once more as the opponent of government. But the old fervour of his eloquence, so long dormant, seemed slow to rouse, and he is said never to have spoken again with the power he had shown in earlier days. About this time Yelverton brought in a bill for the repeal of Poynings' law, and Flood, while supporting the measure, complained that "after a service of twenty years in the study of this particular question," it had now been taken out of his hands. "The honourable gentleman is erecting a temple of Liberty," he said; "I hope that at least I shall be allowed a niche in the fane." Yelverton replied by reminding him that in law "if a man should separate from his wife, desert, and abandon her for seven years, another might then take her and give her his protection."

The opposition in the Irish House of Commons was now possessed of two leaders, and the natural result ensued. Flood and Grattan quarrelled: the more violent of the party sided with Flood, the more moderate with Grattan, and several passages of arms took place in the house. One of these occurred in 1783, and was carried to a degree of animosity seldom equalled. Grattan, fixing his eyes upon Flood, exclaimed, "You have great talents, but you have infamously sold them! for years you have kept silence that you might make gain! I declare before your country, before the whole world, before yourself, that you are a dishonest man!" Flood replied, but such was the strain of his invective that the speaker interfered, and only allowed his justification to be made several days afterwards.

After this period the party adhering to Grattan gradually gained ascendency, and Flood turned his thoughts to England. Through the influence of the Duke of Chandos he became member for Winchester, and took his seat in the British House of Commons in December, 1783. Owing to the reputation which he had acquired in Ireland, great things were expected from him. But his first appearance proved a failure, and this ever after crippled his success. Entering the house towards the end of an important debate on Mr. Fox's East India Bill, and when tired by a long journey, he was imprudent enough to attempt to speak on a subject of which at the very outset he confessed himself ignorant. His vigour failed him; his speech was tedious and awkward in delivery, though correct enough in diction; his eloquence seemed utterly to have left him, and he could only produce dry worn-out arguments, based on general principles, and not on warm living facts.

Soon after this, and before he had time to recover his reputation, a dissolution of parliament took place, and the Duke of Chandos refusing his support, Flood betook himself to the borough of Seaford. In the new parliament he made several weighty and successful speeches, and was fast acquiring a good position in the house, when in 1790 he made the false move of introducing a reform bill. The time was most inopportune, as revolution and not reform was what was hoped for on one side and feared on the other. As a consequence the two great parties combined against him at the next election, and he was left without a seat. Stung to the quick, and suffering at the same time from an attack of gout, he retired to his estate of Farmley near Kilkenny. At this place a fire broke out, and, though still suffering from illness, in the excitement he exposed himself, and was attacked by pleurisy, which carried him off on the 2d of December, 1791.

In 1763 Flood had married Lady Frances Beresford, a lady who brought him fortune as well as a wide and influential connection. In 1769, whilst member for Callan, he had an unfortunate dispute with his colleague Mr. Agar, and in a duel which ensued the latter was killed. For this Flood was tried and acquitted at the spring assizes of 1770 in Kilkenny. By his will he bequeathed property to the value of £5000 to the University of Dublin, but this bequest was ultimately set aside by an appeal to the law of mortmain, and his descendants now hold the property.

As an orator Flood has been as highly praised by his friends as he has been fiercely blamed by his enemies; but there must have been no small charm in his eloquence when it made his audience forget his rasping voice and irritating habit of lowering it at the end of his sentences. On this point an old biographer says, "The eloquence of Flood was remarkable for the force of its reasoning, for the purity and richness of its style, full of images and of classic allusions. He showed to more advantage in reply than in attack: woe indeed to the adversary who provoked his sarcasm!" However famous he was in his native parliament, there can be no doubt that he was there soon overshadowed by the towering figure of Grattan, between whom and Flood there were few things in common. Grattan's moving

power was an enthusiastic love of country and a poetic nature, while Flood's was to a great extent vanity, although it must be admitted that he was a warm and undeviating lover of truth and honesty. As an author Flood at intervals dallied with the muses. While at Oxford he wrote a poem on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, one stanza of which was afterwards echoed by Gray in his *Elegy*. His *Pindaric Ode to Fame* is nervous and vigorous, and his poem on the discovery of America contains several good passages. In addition to original work, he also translated two speeches of Æschines, and the Crown Oration of Demosthenes, after the latter of whom he tried to model his own style.

Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, in his *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, says of Flood:—"There is something inexpressibly melancholy in the life of this man. . . . Though he attained to a position which, before him, had been unknown in Ireland; though the unanimous verdict of his contemporaries pronounced him to be one of the greatest intellects that ever adorned the Irish Parliament; and though there is not a single act of his life which may not be construed in a sense perfectly in harmony with honour and with patriotism, yet his career presents one long series of disappointments and reverses. At an age when most statesmen are in the zenith of their influence he sunk into political impotence. The party he had formed discarded him as its leader. The reputation he so dearly prized was clouded and assailed; the principles he had sown germinated and fructified indeed, but others reaped their fruit; and he is now scarcely remembered except as the object of a powerful invective in Ireland, and as an example of a deplorable failure in England. A few pages of oratory, which probably at best only represent the substance of his speeches, a few youthful poems, a few laboured letters, and a biography so meagre and unsatisfactory that it scarcely gives us any insight into his character, are all that remain of Henry Flood."]

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## FLOOD'S REPLY TO GRATTAN'S INVECTIVE.[1]

I rise, sir, in defence of an injured character; and when I recall the aspersions of that night,—while I despise them, they shall be recalled only to be disproved. As I have endeavoured to defend the rights of this country for four-and-twenty years, I hope the house will permit me to defend my reputation. My public life, sir, has been divided into three parts—and it has been despatched by three epithets. The first part, that which preceded Lord Harcourt's administration; the next, which passed between Lord Harcourt's and Lord Carlisle's; and the third, which is subsequent. The first has a summary justice done it by being said to be "intemperate,"—the second is treated in like manner by being said to be "venal,"—and the conduct of the third is said to be that of an "incendiary." . . .

With respect to that period of my life which is despatched by the word "intemperate," I beg the house would consider the difficult situation of public men if such is to be their treatment. That period takes in a number of administrations, in which the public were pleased to give me the sentence of their approbation. Sir, it includes, for I wish to speak to facts, not to take it up on epithets, the administrations of the Duke of Bedford, Lord Halifax, the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Hertford, and Lord Townshend. Now, sir, as to the fact of "intemperate," I wish to state to you how that stands, and let the honourable member see how plain a tale will put him down. Of those five administrations there were three to which I was so far from giving an "intemperate" opposition, that I could not be said in any sense of the word to oppose them at all—I mean the three first. I certainly voted against the secretary (Mr. Hamilton) of the day, but oftener voted with him. In Lord Hertford's administration I had attained a certain view, and a decided opinion of what was fit in my mind to be done for Ireland. I had fixed on three great objects of public utility. I endeavoured to attain them with that spirit and energy with which it is my character and nature to act and to speak,—as I must take the disadvantages of my nature, I will take the advantages of it too,—they were resisted by that administration. What was the consequence? A conflict arose between that administration and me: but that conflict ought not to be called opposition on my part; no, it ought rather to be called opposition on theirs. I was the propounder—they resisted my propositions. This may be called a conflict with, not an opposition to that administration. What were those three great objects? One was to prove that the constitution of parliament in this kingdom

[1] A speech delivered in the Irish parliament in 1783 in reply to the attack on him by Mr. Grattan.

did still exist; that it had not been taken away by the law of poynings, but that it was by an infamous perversion of that statute by which the constitution had suffered. The second was the establishment of a constitutional military force in superaddition to that of a standing army,—the only idea that ever occurred in England, or in any free country in Europe, was that of a constitutional militia. The third great object I took up, as necessary for Ireland, was a law for limiting the duration of parliaments in this country. These were three great, salutary, and noble projects, worthy of an enlarged mind. I pursued them with ardour, I do not deny it, but I did not pursue them with intemperance. I am sure I did not appear to the public to do so, since they gave my exertions many flattering testimonies of their approbation; there is another proof, however, that I was not "intemperate" —I was successful. Intemperance and miscarriage are apt to go together, but temperance and success are associated by nature. This is my plain history with regard to that period. The clumsiness or virulence of invective may require to be sheathed in a brilliancy of figures, but plain truth and plain sense are best delivered in simple language.

I now come to that period in which Lord Harcourt governed, and which is stigmatized by the word "venal." If every man who accepts an office is "venal" and an "apostate," I certainly cannot acquit myself of the charge, nor is it necessary. If it be a crime universally, let it be universally ascribed; but it is not fair that one set of men should be treated by that honourable member as great friends and lovers of their country, notwithstanding they are in office, and another set of men should be treated as enemies and apostates. What is the truth? Everything of this sort depends on the principles on which office is taken, and on which it is retained. With regard to myself let no man imagine I am preaching up a doctrine for my own convenience; there is no man in this house less concerned in the propagation of it. . . . I beg leave to state briefly the manner in which I accepted the vice-treasurership:—

It was offered me in the most honourable manner, with an assurance not only of being a placeman for my own profit, but a minister for the benefit of my country. My answer was that I thought in a constitution such as the British an intercourse between the prince and the subject ought to be honourable. The circumstance of being a minister ought to redound to a man's credit, though I lament to say it often happens otherwise; men in office frequently forget those principles which they maintained before. I mentioned the public principles which I held, and added, if consistently with them, from an atom of which I could not depart, I could be of service to his majesty's government, I was ready to render it. I now speak in the presence of men who know what I say. After the appointment had come over to this kingdom, I sent in writing to the chief governor that I could not accept it unless on my own stipulations. Thus, sir, I took office. . . .

In Lord Harcourt's administration what did I do? I had the board of commissioners reduced to one, by which a saving of twenty thousand pounds a year was effected. I went further, I insisted on having every altered money bill thrown out, and privy-council bills not defended by the crown. Thus, instead of giving sanction to the measures I had opposed, my conduct was in fact to register my principles in the records of the court—to make the privy-council witness the privileges of a parliament, and give final energy to the tenets with which I commenced my public life. The right honourable member who has censured me, in order to depreciate that economy said, "that we had swept with the feather of economy the pens and paper off our table:" a pointed and brilliant expression is far from a just argument. This country had no reason to be ashamed of that species of economy, when the great nation of Britain had been obliged to descend to a system as minute; it was not my fault if infinitely more was not done. If administrations were wrong on the *absentee-tax*, they were wrong with the prejudices of half a century—they were wrong with every great writer that has treated of Irish affairs. . . . To show that I was not under any undue influence of office, when the disposition of the house was made to alter on the absentee-tax, and when the administration yielded to the violence of parliament, I appeal to the consciousness and public testimony of many present whether I did *veer and turn with the secretary*, or whether I did not make a manly stand in its favour. After having pledged myself to the public I would rather break with a million of administrations than retract; I not only adhered to that principle, but, by a singular instance of exertion, found it a second time under the consideration of this house. . . .

The third, commencing with Lord Carlisle's

administration, in which my conduct has been slandered as "incendiary." There was not a single instance in which the honourable gentleman (Mr. Grattan) did not co-operate. If I am an incendiary, I will gladly accept of the society of that right honourable member, under the same appellation. If I was an incendiary it was for moving what the parliaments of both kingdoms have since given their sanction to. If that is to be an incendiary, God grant that I may continue so. Now, sir, I do not know that my dismission from office was thought any disgrace to me; I do not think this house or the nation thought me dishonoured. The first day I declared those sentiments for which I was dismissed I thought it was my honour. Many very honourable and worthy gentlemen, one of whom is since dead, except in the grateful memory of his country—one who thought me so little the character of an "incendiary," that he crossed the house, together with others, to congratulate me on the honour of my conduct, and to embrace me in open parliament. At that moment I surely stood free of the imputation of an "incendiary!" But this beloved character (Mr. Burgh), over whose life nor over whose grave envy never hovered—He was a man wishing ardently to serve his country, but not to monopolize the service—wishing to partake and to communicate the glory of what passed!—He gave me in his motion for "free-trade," a full participation of the honour. On a subsequent occasion he said,—I remember the words well, they are traced with a pencil of gratitude on my heart,—"That I was a man whom the most lucrative office of the land had never warped in point of integrity." The words were marked, and I am sure I repeat them fairly; they are words I should be proud to have inscribed on my tomb. Consider the man from whom they came; consider the situation of the persons concerned, and it adds and multiplies the honour. My noble friend—I beg pardon, he did not live to be ennobled by patent, but he was ennobled by nature—was thus situated: he had found himself obliged to surrender his office and enter into active opposition to that government from whom he had obtained it; at the same time I remained in office, though under the circumstance of having sent in my resignation. That he did not know, but, careless to everything save honour and justice, he gave way to those sentiments of his heart, and he approved.

I have received this day from the united delegates of the province of Connaught an approbation, "WITH ONE VOICE," as they emphatically express it, of that conduct that has been slandered by the epithet of "incendiary." An assemblage not one of whom I have ever seen, not one of whom I have even a chance of doing a service for, and, therefore, could have nothing in contemplation but the doing an act of justice. Sir, I had a similar expression of approbation from another province—Ulster. Therefore, if I am an incendiary, all Connaught are incendiaries—all Ulster are incendiaries! With two provinces at my back, and the parliament of England in my favour (by the act of remuneration), I think I need not fear this solitary accusation. . . .

It has been said by the right honourable member (Mr. Grattan) that "I am an outcast of government and of my prince;" it was certainly, sir, an extraordinary transaction, but it likewise happened to Mr. Pultney and the Duke of Devonshire; therefore it is not a decisive proof of a reprobated or factious character, and it is the first time it has been mentioned to disadvantage. . . . Sir, you have heard the accusation of the right honourable member. I appeal to you if I am that suppositious character he has drawn, if I am that character in any degree. I do not deprecate your justice, but I demand it. I exhort you for the honour of this house, I exhort you for the honour of your country, to rid yourselves of a member who would be unworthy to sit among you.

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## A DEFENCE OF THE VOLUNTEERS.[1]

Sir, I have not mentioned the bill as being the measure of any set of men or body of men whomsoever. I am as free to enter into the discussion of the bill as any gentleman in this house, and with as little prepossession of what I shall propose. I prefer it to the house as the bill of my right honourable friend who seconded me,—will you receive it from us?

(After a short pause Mr. Flood continued:) In the last parliament it was ordered "That leave be given for the more equal representation of the people in parliament;" this was in the Duke of Portland's administration, an administration the right honourable gentleman (Mr. Yelverton) professes to admire, and which he will not suspect of overturning the constitution.

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[1] A speech delivered in the Irish parliament in 1783.

I own, from the turn which has been given to this question, I enter on it with the deepest anxiety, armed with the authority of a precedent I did not think any one would be so desperate as to give such violent opposition to the simple introduction of a bill. I now rise for the first time to speak to the subject, and I call on every man, auditor or spectator, in the house or in the galleries, to remember this truth,—that if the volunteers are introduced in this debate, it is not I who do so. The right honourable gentleman says, "If the volunteers have approved it he will oppose it;" but I say I bring it in as a member of this house supported by the powerful aid of my right honourable friend (Mr. Brownlow) who sits behind me. We bring it in as members of parliament, never mentioning the volunteers. I ask you, will you receive it from us—from us, your members, neither intending by anything within doors or without to intimidate or overawe you? I ask, will you—will you receive it as our bill, or will you conjure up a military phantom of interposition to affright yourselves?

I have not introduced the volunteers, but if they are aspersed I will defend their character against all the world. By whom were the commerce and the constitution of this country recovered?—By the volunteers!

Why did not the right honourable gentleman make a declaration against them when they lined our streets—when parliament passed through the ranks of those virtuous armed men to demand the rights of an insulted nation? Are they different men at this day, or is the right honourable gentleman different? He was then one of their body, he is now their accuser! He who saw the streets lined, who rejoiced, who partook in their glory, is now their accuser! Are they less wise, less brave, less ardent in their country's cause, or has their admirable conduct made him their enemy? May they not say, We have not changed, but you have changed? The right honourable gentleman cannot bear to hear of volunteers; but I will ask him, and I will have a *starling taught to halloo in his ear*—Who gave you the free-trade? who got you the free constitution? who made you a nation? The volunteers!

If they were the men you now describe them, why did you accept of their service? why did you not then accuse them? If they were so dangerous, why did you pass through their ranks with your speaker at your head to demand a constitution? why did you not then fear the ills you now apprehend?

## ON A COMMERCIAL TREATY WITH FRANCE.[1]

One thing at least I think is clear, that France is one of the last countries in Europe with which you ought to have engaged; yet by this treaty you will make her the first, though she has taken care not to make you so. What is the consequence? She can now do against you what you cannot retaliate against her. She can use her influence with Spain—Is she not doing it?—With America—Is she not doing it?—and in every other country with which she communicates, to prevent them from entering into engagements with you. How easily can she prevail on them to insist upon preliminaries to which you cannot accede, and yet to which, if you do not accede, they will not negotiate. What follows? A decline of communication between you and those powers. And what follows from that? That what those powers must import from you they will choose to import indirectly through France rather than directly from you. Thus for so much she would become the medium and carrier of your trade, a circumstance in my mind devoutly to be deprecated. What is at present your confidence as to America? Is it not that she must return to you for the sake of that long credit which France cannot afford to her. But what will be the operation of this treaty? It will give English credit to France in the first instance, and in the second France can give it to America. Thus it will deprive you of your only advantage as to America, and transfer it to your rival, who has every other advantage. Thus it will cement the connection between France and America, and perpetuate the disconnection between those states and Great Britain, whilst in Europe it will rivet the confederacy between France and Spain, and unrivet that between Great Britain and Portugal, if it does not even add it as a link to the chain of the house of Bourbon. As to Ireland, what is its policy? It shows more favour to France than was shown the other day to Ireland. And what does it do next? It sends France into Ireland to colonize in her towns, to line her western coast and the Atlantic, to become the medium between certain classes of her people and America, to encourage emigration in peace and separation in war.

[1] From a speech delivered in the British parliament (1787), in reply to Mr. Pitt, whose commercial system Flood combated.

Now turn your eyes to the East. What did France do in 1748? She made the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the day after she fortified in America. The day after this treaty she will fortify in Asia. What will follow? If she cannot rival your cotton manufacture in Europe, she will undo it in Asia. She will admit Asiatic cottons free from duty. She can do it without even an infraction of this treaty, for even that has not been guarded against by your negotiator. But she cannot do it without the ruin of your European manufactures. Would not this be an acceptable measure in Asia, I ask? If she were to contend with you for Bengal (which one day she will), could she do it upon a better foundation? With her intrigues among the Asiatic powers; with the connivance or co-operation of the Dutch, recruited and fortified as she then would be, might not your Asiatic Empire tremble? Is it so secure in its nature as to bid defiance to assault? Or is any man so credulous as to believe that to the glory of having stripped you of America, she would not wish to accumulate the renown of depriving you of Asia too? I am no reviler of France. I honour her genius, I honour her activity; but whilst I honour France I am devoted to Great Britain. Time and circumstances have made us rivals; let us be as generous rivals as you will; but let us not be counterfeiting friends.

. . . . . .

No man glories more than I do in the mighty exertions of this great nation in the last war, whilst no man more regrets the principle and the event of it. But I am not so credulous as to believe that our failure has rendered us more formidable to France. On the other hand, I see no reason to despond. For if Queen Elizabeth, amidst all her distresses, could place this country at the head of Europe, as the common friend to justice and as the common enemy to oppression; if Oliver Cromwell, with the stain of usurper on his head, could continue this kingdom in the situation in which it had been placed by Elizabeth; and if both of them could do this without the aid of America, I do not see why we should despond now.

With these glories before my eyes, and remembering how nobly they have been augmented within these hundred years, I stand in astonishment at the preamble of this treaty, which calls on us, in a tone of triumph, to reverse the system of that century. I cannot help asking myself who these men are who thus summon a mighty nation to renounce its honours and to abdicate its superiority. But be they who they may, if they ask me to depose Great Britain, and to put France into the throne of Europe, I answer, No. If they ask me to repeal the revolution, I answer, No. Or the liberty that came with it, or the glory that followed it, or the maxims of government that have cherished and adorned them both, I continue to answer by a reiterated negative. I confide that you will do the same, and I conclude.

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## EXTRACT FROM "PINDARIC ODE TO FAME."

O mighty Fame!
Thou for whom Cæsar restless fought,
And Regulus his godlike suffering sought:
What can the sense of mortals tame,
And nature's deepest murmurings hush,
That thus on death they rush;
That horror thus, and anguish they control,
Lull'd by thy airy power which lifts the daring soul.

The female spirit still,
And timorous of ill,
In softest climes, by thy almighty will,
Dauntless can mount the funeral pyre,
And by a husband's side expire;
No unbecoming human fear
The exalted sacrifice delays,
In youth and beauty's flowering year,
Serene she mingles with the blaze.

The Indian on the burning iron bound,
By busy tortures compass'd round,
Beholds thee, and is pleased,
With towering frenzy seized;
Tells them they know not how to kill,
Demands a torment fit for man to feel,
And dictates some new pang, some more envenom'd wound.

The hall of Odin rang.—
Amidst the barbarous clang
Of boastful chiefs and dire alarms,
The warrior hears thy magic cry,
Thundering—"To arms! to arms!"
Struck by the sound, behold him fly,
O'er the steep mountain's icy bar,
And drive before him Shout and Pain,
And Slaughter mad, the dogs of war;
Then of his bootless trophies vain,
Back to the hall of Death return,
And brood upon the name which his wide ruins earn.

. . . . . .

Hence that unquenched lust,
In noblest minds the noblest deeds to dare;
That, should they sink in dust,
Their memory may renounce this fleeting doom;
And, shaking oft the tomb,
May wander through the living air,
And traverse earth with their renown,
And eternize their date, by an immortal crown.

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# CHARLES MACKLIN.

BORN 1690 — DIED 1797.

[Charles Macklin, or Maclaughlin, as he ought properly to be called, was born in Westmeath in the year 1690. Foote states that his parents were so poor that he never was taught to read; but in this the comedian was probably only gratifying the spitefulness of his nature, for Macklin's biographer Kirkman distinctly states that his parents were respectable and possessed of considerable property, most of which, however, they afterwards lost through the confusion of the times. In 1704 his father died, and in 1707 his mother "married a second husband, who opened a tavern in Werburgh Street," Dublin. Macklin was at this time at a boarding-school at Island Bridge, not far from Dublin; but in 1708, being infected with a love for the stage, he and two other youths ran off to London. From London he was brought back to Dublin by his mother, and for a time he acted as badgeman to Trinity College. Again, however, he went to London, this time in company with a friend, who intended to provide for him, but he abruptly left his friend and joined a company of low players who performed at Hockly-in-the-Hole. Again he was sought out and brought home by his mother, but the roving propensity was too strong in him, and he left home once more and joined a strolling company at Bristol. After this, for about a dozen years he followed the life of a strolling player, enduring all its hardships and wisely learning the lessons it had to teach. In 1725 he came to London and was engaged by Mr. Rich in Lincoln's Inn Fields, but was dismissed after one season because his tone was too natural and not of the tragic kind. In 1730 he was again engaged in this theatre for a short time; during the winter of 1733 he appeared at Drury Lane, and at the commencement of the season in 1734 he was engaged by the new manager, and his theatrical career, so far as the public were concerned, really began. In 1735 he had a dispute with a fellow-actor, whom in the heat of passion he wounded in the eye. The actor died, and Macklin was tried and found guilty of manslaughter. In January, 1736, however, he resumed his post in the theatre, and for some years thereafter continued to perform in that house with satisfaction to both manager and public. In 1743 the irregularities of the manager caused Garrick, Macklin, and the other actors to engage to stand by each other till all had justice done them, binding themselves to enter into no agreement or compromise separately. After a time, however, the majority accepted the manager's terms, and a little later Garrick very shabbily deserted his companion in the fight and followed their example. Macklin was thus left alone to be the scape-goat of the rest, and he and his wife were dismissed from all their engagements. Before this time he had established his reputation as an actor by his natural performance of Shylock, which had hitherto been played farcically by a low comedian. It is said that once while he was performing this character a gentleman in the pit exclaimed, "This is the Jew which Shakspere drew." Deprived of his employment, he now collected together a number of novices in the art, including Foote and Hill, and opened the Haymarket Theatre, with their help, in February, 1744. For four or five months he kept this theatre open, but afterwards he made his peace with the manager of Drury Lane and was again engaged.

In January, 1746, Macklin made his first appearance as an author in a hastily written tragedy entitled *King Henry the Seventh.* The play was almost if not altogether a failure, yet in April of the same year he had the courage to appear before the public again with a farce entitled *A Will or No Will; or, a Bone for the Lawyers.* In April, 1748, he produced *The Club of Fortune Hunters; or, the Widow Bewitched.* This, like its predecessors, was anything but a success. At the end of the season he accepted an engagement from Sheridan in Dublin Theatre at a high figure, but

they soon disagreed, and he returned to England and was for a time manager of a company of comedians at Chester. In the winter of 1750 he returned to London, and was at once engaged at Covent Garden. For three seasons he performed at Covent Garden, and on the 20th December, 1753, he took his farewell of the stage, having determined, old as he was, to adopt a new career in life.

This was the establishment of a tavern in Covent Garden on a new principle. Ladies were invited to attend it, lecture-rooms were fitted up, and lectures on subjects in arts, sciences, history, literature, &c., were delivered. At first the novelty of the thing caused it to appear successful, but after a time its utter failure became only too apparent, and Macklin had to return to the stage. In 1757 he went to Ireland with Barry. On December 28, 1758, his wife died, and in December, 1759, he returned to Drury Lane. Soon after this appeared the first of his really successful plays, *Love à la Mode*. This met with opposition for a night or two, but it forced its way into favour, and was afterwards, according to a writer in *The European Magazine*, "received with unbounded applause."

Still continuing on the stage, in 1761 he produced *The Married Libertine*, a comparative failure; and 1764 his master-piece *The True-born Scotchman*, afterwards called *The Man of the World*. In November, 1767, appeared his farce *The Irish Fine Lady*, which lived only a single night. On the 28th of November, 1788, while performing in the character of Sir Pertinax MacSycophant, his memory failed him. On the 10th January, 1789, the same thing happened while he was engaged with Shylock, but after an affecting speech to the audience he recovered himself and completed his part. On the 7th of May following he attempted to perform Shylock in his own benefit, but another actor had to take his place, and he was led off the stage never to appear on it again. At the age of almost a hundred he was thus thrown upon the world, but his friends stood by him, and a subscription was started for the publication of his two popular pieces, *Love à la Mode* and *The Man of the World*. This produced altogether over £2600, with which an annuity was purchased and his more immediate wants supplied. For the remainder of his life he visited the theatre almost every night, where he sat unable to hear and apparently unconscious of anything. At last, at the great age of a hundred and seven years, his life flickered out on the 11th of July, 1797. He was buried in St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

Of Macklin's writings only his *Love à la Mode* and *The Man of the World* have lived, and these are almost as well known to-day as when the author died. Their language is plain and natural in the extreme, and the delineation of character which they contain is of the highest kind. In all the wide field of dramatic literature we know of nothing to excel Sir Pertinax MacSycophant, a character which the people of Scotland have long ago wisely refused to look on as a satire of themselves, but as a type of a class of men that may be found in every nation under the sun. Sir Archibald MacSarcasm in *Love à la Mode* is also a capital character; as are also Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan and the little Jew Mordecai. Betty too, the sly mischief-maker, so virtuous, yet so full of evil innuendos, is also true to nature; and, indeed, scarcely a character in the two plays but is worthy of careful study and first-class acting.]

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### A MISCHIEF-MAKER.[1]

[Sidney is a chaplain in the house of Sir Pertinax MacSycophant. Constantia is a poor dependant of the family whom everybody, including Charles Egerton the son of Sir Pertinax, likes so well that the maid Betty determines to find some fault in her, and now she at length thinks she has good foundation for a story which she tells the chaplain as follows.]

SIDNEY *solus*. *Enter* BETTY.

*Betty*. (*Running up to Sidney.*) I beg pardon for my intrusion, sir; I hope, sir, I don't disturb your reverence.

*Sid*. Not in the least, Mrs. Betty.

*Betty*. I humbly beg you will excuse me, sir; but I wanted to break my mind to your honour about a scruple that lies upon my conscience; and indeed I should not have presumed to trouble you, sir, but that I know you are my young master's friend, and my old master's friend, and, indeed, a friend to the whole family (*curtsying very low*); for, to give you your due, sir, you are as good a preacher as ever went into a pulpit.

*Sid*. Ha, ha, ha! do you think so, Mrs. Betty?

*Betty*. Ay, in truth do I; and as good a

[1] This and the next scene are from *The Man of the World*.

gentleman, too, as ever came into a family, and one that never gives a servant a bad word, nor that does any one an ill turn, neither behind their back nor before their face.

*Sid.* Ha, ha, ha! why, you are a mighty well-spoken woman, Mrs. Betty; and I am mightily beholden to you for your good character of me.

*Betty.* Indeed, it is no more than you deserve, and what all the world and all the servants say of you.

*Sid.* I am much obliged to them, Mrs. Betty; but, pray, what are your commands with me?

*Betty.* Why, I'll tell you, sir;—to be sure, I am but a servant, as a body may say, and every tub should stand upon its own bottom; but—(*she looks about cautiously*)—my young master is now in the china-room, in close conference with Miss Constantia. I know what they are about, but that is no business of mine; and, therefore, I made bold to listen a little; because, you know, sir, one would be sure, before one took away anybody's reputation.

*Sid.* Very true, Mrs. Betty; very true, indeed.

*Betty.* O! heavens forbid that I should take away any young woman's good name, unless I had a good reason for it; but, sir (*with great solemnity*), if I am in this place alive, as I listened with my ear close to the door I heard my young master ask Miss Constantia the plain marriage question; upon which I started and trembled, nay, my very conscience stirred within me so, that I could not help peeping through the key-hole.

*Sid.* Ha, ha, ha! and so your conscience made you peep through the key-hole, Mrs. Betty?

*Betty.* It did, indeed, sir; and there I saw my young master upon his knees—Lord bless us! and what do you think he was doing?—kissing her hand as if he would eat it; and protesting and assuring her he knew that you, sir, would consent to the match; and then the tears ran down her cheeks as fast—

*Sid.* Ay!

*Betty.* They did indeed. I would not tell your reverence a lie for the world.

*Sid.* I believe it, Mrs. Betty; and what di Constantia say to all this?

*Betty.* Oh!—oh! she is sly enough; she looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth; but all is not gold that glitters; smooth water, you know, sir, runs deepest. I am sorry my young master makes such a fool of himself; but, um!—take my word for it, he is not the man; for, though she looks as modest as a maid at a christening—(*hesitating*)—yet—ah! —when sweethearts meet in the dusk of the evening, and stay together a whole hour in the dark grove, and embrace, and kiss, and weep at parting—why, then, you know, sir, it is easy to guess all the rest.

*Sid.* Why, did Constantia meet anybody in this manner?

*Betty.* (*Starting with surprise.*) O! heavens! I beg, sir, you will not misapprehend me; for I assure you I do not believe they did any harm; that is, not in the grove; at least not when I was there; and she may be honestly married for aught I know. O! lud, sir, I would not say an ill thing of Miss Constantia for the world. I only say that they did meet in the dark walk; and I think I know what's what, when I see it, as well as another.

*Sid.* No doubt you do, Mrs. Betty.

*Betty.* (*Going and returning.*) I do indeed, sir; and so, your servant, sir. But I hope your worship won't mention my name in this business, or that you had an item from me.

*Sid.* I shall not, Mrs. Betty.

*Betty.* For indeed, sir, I am no busybody, nor do I love fending nor proving; and I assure you, sir, I hate all tittling and tattling, and gossiping, and backbiting, and taking away a person's good name.

*Sid.* I observe you do, Mrs. Betty.

*Betty.* I do indeed, sir; I am the farthest from it in the world.

*Sid.* I dare say you are.

*Betty.* I am indeed, sir; and so your humble servant.

*Sid.* Your servant, Mrs. Betty.

*Betty.* (*Aside, in great exultation.*) So! I see he believes every word I say—that's charming. I'll do her business for her, I'm resolved. [*Exit.*

[But he did not believe her, and it turned out that the gentleman Constantia met in the grove was her father, returned after a long absence, and hiding from his creditors.]

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## HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD.

[Sir Pertinax lectures his son Charles Egerton on his conduct towards Lord Lumbercourt, whose daughter he intends him to marry.]

*Scene, a Library.*

*Enter* Sir Pertinax *and* Egerton.

*Sir P.* (*In warm resentment.*) Zounds! sir,

I will not hear a word about it: I insist upon it you are wrong; you should have paid your court till my lord, and not have scrupled swallowing a bumper or twa, or twenty till oblige him.

*Eger.* Sir, I did drink his toast in a bumper.

*Sir P.* Yes, you did; but how, how? just as a bairn takes physic; with aversions and wry faces, which my lord observed: then, to mend the matter, the moment that he and the colonel got intill a drunken dispute about religion, you slyly slunged away.

*Eger.* I thought, sir, it was time to go when my lord insisted upon half-pint bumpers.

*Sir P.* Sir, that was not levelled at you, but at the colonel, in order to try his bottom; but they aw agreed that you and I should drink out of sma' glasses.

*Eger.* But, sir, I beg pardon: I did not choose to drink any more.

*Sir P.* But, zoons! sir, I tell you there was a necessity for your drinking more.

*Eger.* A necessity! in what respect, pray, sir?

*Sir P.* Why, sir, I have a certain point to carry, independent of the lawyers, with my lord, in this agreement of your marriage; about which I am afraid we shall have a warm squabble; and therefore I wanted your assistance in it.

*Eger.* But how, sir, could my drinking contribute to assist you in your squabble?

*Sir P.* Yes, sir, it would have contributed —and greatly have contributed to assist me.

*Eger.* How so, sir?

*Sir P.* Nay, sir, it might have prevented the squabble entirely; for as my lord is proud of you for a son-in-law, and is fond of your little French songs, your stories, and your bonmots when you are in the humour; and guin you had but staid, and been a little jolly, and drank half a score bumpers with him, till he had got a little tipsy, I am sure, when we had him in that mood, we might have settled the point as I could wish it among ourselves, before the lawyers came: but now, sir, I do not ken what will be the consequence.

*Eger.* But when a man is intoxicated, would that have been a seasonable time to settle business, sir?

*Sir P.* The most seasonable, sir; for, sir, when my lord is in his cups his suspicion is asleep, and his heart is aw jollity, fun, and guid fellowship; and, sir, can there be a happier moment than that for a bargain, or to settle a dispute with a friend? What is it you shrug up your shoulders at, sir?

*Eger.* At my own ignorance, sir; for I understand neither the philosophy nor the morality of your doctrine.

*Sir P.* I know you do not, sir; and, what is worse, you never will understand it, as you proceed; in one word, Charles, I have often told you, and now again I tell you, once for aw, that the manœuvres of pliability are as necessary to rise in the world as wrangling and logical subtlety are to rise at the bar: why, you see, sir, I have acquired a noble fortune, a princely fortune: and how do you think I raised it?

*Eger.* Doubtless, sir, by your abilities.

*Sir P.* Doubtless, sir, you are a blockhead: nae, sir, I'll tell you how I raised it; sir, I raised it—by booing (*bows ridiculously low*), by booing: sir, I never could stand straight in the presence of a great mon, but always booed, and booed, and booed—as it were by instinct.

*Eger.* How do you mean by instinct, sir?

*Sir P.* How do I mean by instinct! Why, sir, I mean by—by—by the instinct of interest, sir, which is the universal instinct of mankind. Sir, it is wonderful to think what a cordial, what an amicable—nay, what an infallible influence booing has upon the pride and vanity of human nature. Charles, answer me sincerely, have you a mind to be convinced of the force of my doctrine by example and demonstration?

*Eger.* Certainly, sir.

*Sir P.* Then, sir, as the greatest favour I can confer upon you, I'll give you a short sketch of the stages of my booing, as an excitement, and a landmark for you to boo by, and as an infallible nostrum for a man of the world to rise in the world.

*Eger.* Sir, I shall be proud to profit by your experience.

*Sir P.* Vary weel, sir; sit ye down, then, sit you down here. (*They sit down.*) And now, sir, you must recall to your thoughts that your grandfather was a mon whose penurious income of captain's half-pay was the sum total of his fortune; and, sir, aw my provision 'ra him was a modicum of Latin, an expertness in arithmetic, and a short system of worldly counsel, the principal ingredients of which were, a persevering industry, a rigid economy, a smooth tongue, a pliability of temper, and a constant attention to make every mon well pleased with himself.

*Eger.* Very prudent advice, sir.

*Sir P.* Therefore, sir, I lay it before you. Now, sir, with these materials I set out a raw-

boned stripling fra the north, to try my fortune with them here in the south; and my first step in the world was a beggarly clerkship in Sawney Gordon's counting-house, here in the city of London: which you'll say afforded but a barren sort of a prospect.

*Eger.* It was not a very fertile one, indeed, sir.

*Sir P.* The reverse, the reverse: weel, sir, seeing myself in this unprofitable situation, I reflected deeply; I cast about my thoughts morning, noon, and night, and marked every mon, and every mode of prosperity; at last I concluded that a matrimonial adventure, prudently conducted, would be the readiest gait I could gang for the bettering of my condition; and accordingly I set about it. Now, sir, in this pursuit, beauty! beauty! ah! beauty often struck my een, and played about my heart, and fluttered, and beat, and knocked, and knocked, but the devil an entrance I ever let it get; for I observed, sir, that beauty is, generally,—a proud, vain, saucy, expensive, impertinent sort of a commodity.

*Eger.* Very justly observed.

*Sir P.* And therefore, sir, I left it to prodigals and coxcombs, that could afford to pay for it; and in its stead, sir, mark!—I looked out for an ancient, weel-jointured, superannuated dowager; a consumptive, toothless, phthisicy, wealthy widow; or a shrivelled, cadaverous piece of deformity, in the shape of an izzard, or an appersi-and—or, in short, ainything, ainything that had the siller—the siller—for that, sir, was the north star of my affections. Do you take me, sir? was nae that right?

*Eger.* O! doubtless, doubtless, sir.

*Sir P.* Now, sir, where do you think I ganged to look for this woman with the siller? nae till court, nae till playhouses or assemblies; nae, sir, I ganged till the kirk, till the Anabaptist, Independent, Bradlonian, and Muggletonian meetings; till the morning and evening service of churches and chapels of ease, and till the midnight, melting, conciliating love-feasts of the Methodists; and there, sir, at last I fell upon an old, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden, that looked—ha, ha, ha! she looked just like a skeleton in a surgeon's glass case. Now, sir, this miserable object was religiously angry with herself and aw the world: had nae comfort but in metaphysical visions and supernatural deliriums—ha, ha, ha! Sir, she was as mad—as mad as a Bedlamite.

*Eger.* Not improbable, sir: there are numbers of poor creatures in the same condition.

*Sir P.* O! numbers—numbers. Now, sir, this cracked creature used to pray, and sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep, and wail, and gnash her teeth constantly morning and evening at the tabernacle in Moorfields. And as soon as I found she had the siller, aha! good traith, I plumped me down upon my knees, close by her—cheek by jowl—and prayed, and sighed, and sung, and groaned, and gnashed my teeth as vehemently as she could do for the life of her; ay, and turned up the whites of mine een, till the strings awmost cracked again. I watched her motions, handed her till her chair, waited on her home, got most religiously intimate with her in a week: married her in a fortnight, buried her in a month, touched the siller, and with a deep suit of mourning, a melancholy port, a sorrowful visage, and a joyful heart, I began the world again (*rises*); and this, sir, was the first boo, that is, the first effectual boo, I ever made till the vanity of human nature. Now, sir, do you understand this doctrine?

*Eger.* Perfectly well, sir.

*Sir P.* Ay, but was it not right? was it not ingenious, and weel hit off?

*Eger.* Certainly, sir: extremely well.

*Sir P.* My next boo, sir, was till your ain mother, whom I ran away with fra the boarding-school; by the interest of whose family I got a guid smart place in the treasury; and, sir, my vary next step was intill parliament, the which I entered with as ardent and as determined an ambition as ever agitated the heart of Cæsar himself. Sir, I booed, and watched, and hearkened, and ran about, backwards and forwards, and attended, and dangled upon the then great mon, till I got into the vary bowels of his confidence; and then, sir, I wriggled, and wrought, and wriggled, till I wriggled myself among the very thick of them. Ha! I got my snack of the clothing, the foraging, the contracts, the lottery tickets, and all the political bonuses, till at length, sir, I became a much wealthier man than one half of the golden calves I had been so long a-booing to: and was nae that booing to some purpose?

*Eger.* It was indeed, sir.

*Sir P.* But are you convinced of the guid effects and of the utility of booing?

*Eger.* Thoroughly, sir.

*Sir P.* Sir, it is infallible. But, Charles, ah! while I was thus booing, and wriggling, and raising this princely fortune, ah! I met

with many heartsores and disappointments fra the want of literature, eloquence, and other popular abeeleties. Sir, guin I could but have spoken in the house, I should have done the deed in half the time, but the instant I opened my mouth there they aw fell a-laughing at me; aw which deficiencies, sir, I determined, at any expense, to have supplied by the polished education of a son, who I hoped would one day raise the house of MacSycophant till the highest pitch of ministerial ambition. This, sir, is my plan: I have done my part of it, nature has done hers; you are popular, you are eloquent, aw parties like and respect you, and now, sir, it only remains for you to be directed—completion follows.

[Egerton, however, was not to be directed to please his father, but married Constantia, after some plotting and counter-plotting among the principal parties concerned.]

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## A BEVY OF LOVERS.

(FROM "LOVE À LA MODE.")

CHARLOTTE *solus*. *Enter* MORDECAI.

*Mor.* (*Singing an Italian air, and addressing Charlotte fantastically.*) Voi sete molto cortese! anima mia! Here let me kneel and pay my softest adoration; and thus, and thus, in amorous transport, breathe my last!

(*Kisses her hand.*)

*Char.* Ha, ha, ha! softly, softly! You would not, surely, breathe your last yet, Mr. Mordecai?

*Mor.* Why, no, madam; I would live a little longer for your sake. (*Bowing very low.*)

*Char.* Ha, ha, ha! you are infinitely polite; but a truce with your gallantry. Why, you are as gay as the sun; I think I never saw anything better fancied than that suit of yours, Mr. Mordecai.

*Mor.* Ha, ha!—a-well enough; just as my tailor fancied. Ha, ha, ha! Do you like it, madam?

*Char.* Quite elegant! I don't know any one about town deserves the title of beau better than Mr. Mordecai.

*Mor.* Oh! dear madam, you are very obliging.

*Char.* I think you are called Beau Mordecai by everybody.

*Mor.* Yes, madam; they do distinguish me by that title, but I don't think I merit the honour.

*Char.* Nobody more; for I think you are always by far the finest man in town. But, do you know that I never heard of your extraordinary court, the other night at the opera, to Miss Sprightly?

*Mor.* Oh, heavens! madam, how can you be so severe? That the woman has designs, I steadfastly believe; but as to me—oh!

*Char.* Ha, ha, ha! Nay, nay, you must not deny it, for my intelligence is from very good hands.

*Mor.* Pray, who may that be?

*Char.* Sir Archy MacSarcasm.

*Mor.* Oh, shocking! the common Pasquin of the town; besides, madam, you know he's my rival, and not very remarkable for his veracity in his narrations.

*Char.* Ha, ha, ha! I cannot say he's a religious observer of truth, but his humour always amends for his invention. You must allow he has humour, Mr. Mordecai.

*Mor.* O cuor mio! How can you think so? Bating his scandal, dull, dull as an alderman after six pounds of turtle, four bottles of port, and twelve pipes of tobacco.

*Char.* Ha, ha, ha! Oh! surfeiting, surfeiting!

*Mor.* The man, indeed, has something droll, something ridiculous in him; his abominable Scots accent, his grotesque visage almost buried in snuff, the roll of his eyes and twist of his mouth, his strange, inhuman laugh, his tremendous periwig, and his manner altogether, indeed, has something so caricaturely risible in it, that—ha, ha, ha!—may I die, madam, if I don't take him for a mountebank-doctor at a Dutch fair.

*Char.* Oh, oh! what a picture has he drawn!

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir Archy MacSarcasm is below, madam.

*Char.* Show him up. [*Exit servant.*

*Mor.* Don't you think, madam, he is a horrid, foul-mouthed, uncouth fellow? He is worse to me, madam, than assafœtida, or a tallow-chandler's shop in the dog-days; his filthy high-dried poisons me, and his scandal is grosser than a hackney news-writer's; madam, he is as much despised by his own countrymen as by the rest of the world. The better sort of Scotland never keep him company; but that is entre nous, entre nous.

*Sir A.* (*Without.*) Randol, bid Sawney be here wi' the chariot at aught o'clock exactly.

*Enter* Sir Archy MacSarcasm. (*Mordecai runs up to embrace him.*)

Ha, ha, ha! my chield o' circumcision, gie's a wag o' yer loof; hoo d'ye do, my bonny Eesraelite?

*Mor.* Always at your service, Sir Archy. He stinks worse than a Scotch snuff-shop. (*Aside.*)

*Sir A.* Weel, Mordecai, I see you are as deeligent in the service o' yer mistress as in the service o' yer leuking-glass, for yer face and yer thoughts are a' turned upon the ane or the ither.

*Mor.* And I see your wit, Sir Archy, like a lawyer's tongue, will never retain its usual politeness and good-nature.

*Char.* (*Coming forward.*) Ha, ha, ha! Civil and witty on both sides, Sir Archy, your most obedient. (*Curtseys.*)

*Sir A.* Ten thoosand pardons, madam, I didna observe ye; I hope I see yer ladyship weel. Ah! ye look like a diveenity. (*Bowing awkwardly and low.*)

*Char.* Sir Archy, this is immensely gallant.

*Sir A.* Weel, madam, I see my friend Mordecai here is determined to tak' awa' the prize frae' us a'. Ha, ha, ha! He is tricked out in a' the colours o' the rainboo.

*Char.* Mr. Mordecai is always well dressed, Sir Archy.

*Sir A.* Upon honour, he is as fine as a jay. Turn about, mon, turn about; let us view yer finery; stap alang, and let us see yer shapes; he has a bonny march wi' him; vary weel, vary elegant. Ha, ha, ha! Guid troth! I think I never saw a tooth-drawer better dressed in a' my life. (*Admiring Mordecai's dress.*)

*Char.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Mor.* You are very polite, sir.

*Char.* But, Sir Archy, what has become of my Irish lover, your friend Sir Callaghan? I hope he dines here.

*Sir A.* Ah, ha! guid faith, will he! I hae brought him alang wi' me.

. . . . . .

*Sir C.* (*Without.*) Is Sir Archibald MacSarcasm and the lady this way, do you say, young man?

*Servant.* (*Without.*) Yes, sir.

*Sir C.* (*Without.*) Then, I'll trouble you with no further ceremony.

*Enter* Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan.

Madam, I am your most devoted and most obedient humble servant, and am proud to have the honour of kissing your fair hand this morning. (*Salutes Charlotte.*)

*Char.* Sir Callaghan, your humble servant. I am sorry to hear we are likely to lose you. I was in hopes the campaign had been quite over in Germany for this winter.

*Sir C.* Yes, madam, it was quite over, but it began again: a true genius never loves to quit the field till he has left himself nothing to do; for then, you know, madam, he can keep it with more safety.

*Sir A.* Well, but, Sir Callaghan, just as ye entered the apartment the lady was urging she should like it mightily gin ye wad favour her wi' a slight narrative of the late transactions and battles in Germany.

*Char.* If Sir Callaghan would be so obliging.

*Sir C.* Oh! dear madam, don't ax me.

*Char.* Sir, I beg pardon; I would not press anything that I thought might be disagreeable to you.

*Sir C.* Oh! dear madam, it is not for that; but it rebuts a man of honour to be talking to ladies of battles, and sieges, and skirmages; it looks like gasconading and making the fanfaron. Besides, madam, I give you my honour, there is no such thing in nature as making a true description of a battle.

*Char.* How so, sir?

*Sir C.* Why, madam, there is much doing everywhere, there is no knowing what is done anywhere; for every man has his own part to look after, which is as much as he can do, without minding what other people are about. Then, madam, there is such drumming and trumpeting, firing and smoking, fighting and rattling everywhere; and such an uproar of courage and slaughter in every man's mind; and such a delightful confusion altogether, that you can no more give an account of it than you can of the stars in the sky.

*Sir A.* As I shall answer it, I think it a very descriptive account that he gives of a battle.

*Char.* Admirable! and very entertaining.

*Mor.* Oh, delightful!

*Sir A.* Mordecai, ask him some questions; to him, to him, mon! hae a little fun wi' him; smoke him, smoke him; rally him, mon, rally him. (*Apart to Mordecai.*)

*Mor.* I'll do it, I'll do it; yes, I will smoke the captain. (*Apart.*) Well, and pray, Sir Callaghan, how many might you kill in a battle?

*Sir C.* Sir?

*Mor.* I say, sir, how many might you have killed in any one battle?

*Sir C.* Kill! Hum! Why, I generally kill more in a battle than a coward would choose to look upon, or than an impertinent fellow would be able to eat. Ha! are you answered, Mr. Mordecai?

*Mor.* Yes—yes, sir, I am answered. He is a devilish droll fellow; vastly queer.

*Sir A.* Yes, he is vary queer. But ye were vary sharp upon him. Odswuns! at him again, at him again; have another cut at him. [*Apart.*

*Mor.* Yes, I will have another cut at him. [*Apart.*

*Sir A.* Do, do. He'll bring himsel' intill a d——d scrape presently. [*Aside.*

*Mor.* (*Going to Sir C. and sneering at him.*) He, he, he! But, harkye! Sir Callaghan—he, he, he!—give me leave to tell you now, if I were a general—

*Sir C.* You a general! 'Faith! then, you would make a very pretty general. (*Turns Mordecai about.*) Pray, madam, look at the general. Ha, ha, ha!

*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir C.* Oh! my dear Mr. Mordecai, be advised, and don't prate about generals; it is a very hard trade to learn, and requires being in the field late and early, a great many frosty nights and scorching days, to be able to eat and drink, and laugh, and rejoice, with danger on one side of you and death on the other; and a hundred things beside, that you know no more of than I do of being high-priest of a synagogue; so hold your tongue about generals, Mr. Mordecai, and go and mind your lottery-tickets, and your cent. per cent. in Change Alley.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir A.* Ha, ha, ha! He hath tickled up the Eesraelite: he has gi'en it the Moabite o' baith sides o' his lugs.

*Char.* But, Sir Callaghan, sure, you must have been in imminent danger in the variety of actions you must have gone through?

*Sir C.* Oh! to be sure, madam; who would be a soldier without danger? Danger, madam, is a soldier's greatest glory, and death his best reward.

*Mor.* Ha, ha, ha! That is an excellent bull. Death a reward! Pray, Sir Callaghan, no offence, I hope; how do you make death being a reward?

*Sir C.* How! Why, don't you know that?

*Mor.* Not I, upon honour!

*Sir C.* Why, a soldier's death in the field of battle is a monument of fame, that makes him as much alive as Cæsar, or Alexander, or any dead hero of them all.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Char.* Very well explained, Sir Callaghan.

*Sir C.* Why, madam, when the history of the English campaigns in America comes to be written, there is your own brave young general, that died in the field of battle before Quebec, will be alive to the end of the world.

*Char.* You are right, Sir Callaghan; his virtues, and those of his fellow-soldiers in that action, will be remembered by their country while Britain or British gratitude has a being.

*Sir A.* Oh! the Highlanders did good service in that action; they cut them, and slashed them, and whapt them aboot, and played the vary deevil wi' them, sir. There's nae sic thing as standing a Highlander's Andrew Ferara; they will slaughie aff a fallow's head at a dash slap: it was that did the business at Quebec.

*Sir C.* I dare say they were not idle, for they are tight fellows. Give me your hand, Sir Archy; I assure you, your countrymen are good soldiers; ay, and so are ours, too.

*Char.* Well, Sir Callaghan, I assure you, I am charmed with your heroism, and greatly obliged to you for your account. Come, Mr. Mordecai, we will go down to Sir Theodore, for I think I heard his coach stop.

*Mor.* Madam, I attend you with pleasure; will you honour with the tip of your ladyship's wedding-finger? Sir Callaghan, your servant; yours, yours; look here—here.

[*Exit with Char.*

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# WALTER HUSSEY BURGH.

Born 1742 — Died 1783.

[Walter Hussey Burgh, an eminent lawyer and distinguished member of the Irish parliament under the leadership of Grattan, was born in the county of Kildare on the 23d of August, 1742. Although a man of great eloquence, refinement, and wit, and one who sacrificed preferment in office to the love of country, yet scarcely anything of his has

come down to us except a few poems and paragraphs from his speeches scattered through the memoirs of the leading men of his time.

The date of his entering Dublin University is unknown, but he was distinguished during his college course for his classical proficiency as well as pure literary taste and poetic talent. On the death of a maternal uncle he inherited his estates in county Limerick, and added the name of Hussey to his own. In 1768 he was called to the bar, and shortly afterwards nominated by the Duke of Leinster to a borough in his gift, and as a member of the Irish parliament he took a leading part in the opposition to the government of Lord Townshend. His early oratory was too full of classical imagery and his style too ornate; but in a short time, as he began to throw his heart more earnestly into his work, these defects entirely disappeared.

Under the administration of Lord Buckingham he obtained the rank of prime sergeant or first law-officer of Ireland, an office which his popularity at the bar, in parliament, and among the people peculiarly fitted him to fill. In 1779 he was returned as member for the University of Dublin, shortly before the discussion on free-trade was brought before the Irish parliament. The Irish were contending for the right of trading directly from their own ports to the British colonies and to countries with which England was at peace. The English law at the time compelled Irish merchants to send their goods to England, to be there shipped from her ports and in her ships to their foreign destinations. "No human foresight could have predicted," says Sir Jonah Barrington in his *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*, "the blow which the British cabinet was about to receive by one single sentence, or have foreseen that that single sentence would be the composition of the first law-officer of the Irish government." The speech of the lord-lieutenant was of a temporizing character and cautiously worded, so as neither entirely to crush the hope of free-trade nor compromise the British government. Grattan proposed in a lengthy address that a representation should be made to his majesty of the state of the country in consequence of the want of free-trade. Some of the members opposed this motion. Then Mr. Hussey Burgh rose and declared that "the high office he possessed could hold no competition with his principles and his conscience, and that he should consider the relinquishment of his gown only a just sacrifice upon the altar of his country." After some further representations he concluded a stirring debate by the memorable words, "It is not by temporary expedients, but by free-trade alone, that this nation is now to be saved from impending ruin." "The effect of this speech," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "was altogether indescribable; . . . the character, the talents, the eloquence of this great man bore down every symptom of further resistance; many of the usual supporters of government, and some of the viceroy's immediate connections, instantly followed his example, and in a moment the victory was decisive; not a single negative could the minister procure, and Mr. Burgh's amendment passed unanimously amidst a tumult of joy and exultation."

The same year (1779), while the subject of free-trade was still held a matter of debate, a member proposed that the annual grant towards the general expenses of the empire, in return for free-trade, should be limited to six months, and spoke of Ireland as being at peace. Hussey Burgh answered, "Talk not to me of peace. Ireland is not at peace, it is smothered in war. England has sown her laws as dragons' teeth, and they have sprung up as armed men." "Never yet," says Mr. Froude, "had Grattan so moved the Irish House of Commons as it was moved at these words. From the floor the applause rose to the gallery. From the gallery it was thundered to the crowd at the door. From the door it rung through the city. As the tumult calmed down Hussey Burgh rose again, and, amidst a renewed burst of cheers, declared that he resigned the office he held under the crown."

In the social reunions which were so common during the last century in Ireland Hussey Burgh took a prominent place. His wit would enliven the dullest subject, and his eloquence create interest in the coldest listener. He was also a member of that jovial community "The Monks of the Screw"[1] at the time Curran was prior, and the meetings held in Kevin Street, Dublin. Notwithstanding his opposition to government his professional character stood so high that in 1782 he was appointed chief-baron of the exchequer; but he did not long enjoy this position, for he died on the 29th September in the following year, aged forty-one. His poetical pieces have never been collected, and except a few stray specimens are now lost.

[1] See the notice of J. P. Curran on p. 4, vol. ii.

Burgh's one notable fault seems to have been a love of display. He used to ride out in an equipage drawn by six horses with three outriders, and in consequence of this and other forms of extravagance his family were left in embarrassment. Grattan, however, obtained a grant from parliament for their relief. Of his great rectitude in times of bribery and corruption Lord Temple says: "No one had more decidedly that inflexible and constitutional integrity which the times and circumstances peculiarly called for." "He did not live to be ennobled by patent, he was ennobled by nature," said Flood. Mr. Grattan thus portrays him: "He was a man singularly gifted—with great talent, great variety, wit, oratory, and logic; he, too, had his weakness—but he had the pride of genius also; he strove to raise his country along with himself, and never sought to build his elevation on the degradation of Ireland. I moved an amendment for a free export; he moved a better amendment, and he lost his place. I moved a declaration of right. 'With my last breath will I support the right of the Irish parliament,' was his note to me when I applied to him for his support. He lost the chance of recovering his place, and his way to the seals, for which he might have bartered. *The gates of promotion were shut on him as those of glory opened.*"]

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## EXTRACT FROM SPEECH

DELIVERED IN IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS, NOV. 1779.

You have but two nights ago declared against new taxes by a majority of 123, and have left the ministers supported only by 47 votes; if you now go back and accede to the proposed grant for two years, your compliance will add insult to the injuries already done to your ill-fated country; you strike a dagger into your own bosom, and destroy the fair prospect of commercial hope, because if the minister can, in the course of two days, render void the animated spirit and patriotic stability of this house, and procure a majority, the British minister will treat our applications for free-trade with contempt. When the interests of the government and the people are contrary they secretly operate against each other; such a state is but smothered war. I shall be a friend alike to the minister and the people, according as I find their desires guided by justice; but at such a crisis as this the people must be kept in good temper, even to the indulgence of their caprices. The usurped authority of a foreign parliament has kept up the most wicked laws that a jealous, monopolizing, ungrateful spirit could devise, to restrain the bounty of Providence and enslave a nation whose inhabitants are recorded to be a brave, loyal, and generous people; by the code of English laws, to answer the most sordid views, they have been treated with a savage cruelty; the words penalty, punishment, and Ireland are synonymous, they are marked in blood on the margin of their statutes; and though time may have softened the calamities of the nation, the baneful and destructive influence of those laws have borne her down to a state of Egyptian bondage. Talk not to me of peace. Ireland is not at peace, it is smothered in war. England has sown her laws as dragons' teeth, and they have sprung up as armed men.

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## THE WOUNDED BIRD.

The wounded bird! the wounded bird!
With broken wing and blood-stained feather,
Where'er its plaintive cry is heard,
With levelled guns the fowlers gather;
Along the reedy shore it creeps,
With startled eye and head low bending,
Or dives amid the silver deeps,
To 'scape the dreadful death impending.
Alas! alas! its wiles are vain,
Its life-stream flows in ruddy rain.

My love-struck heart! my love-struck heart!
Thou, too, like the poor bird art wounded.
Within thee rankles love's keen dart,
And with love's snares thou art surrounded.
Bird-like I plunge amid life's sea,
But, like the fowler, love pursuing
Mocks all my schemes for liberty,
And hurls new darts my soul subduing;
Like thee, poor bird, my heart is ta'en,
Like thine, its hopes of flight are vain.

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## SEE! WICKLOW'S HILLS.

See! Wicklow's hoary hills are white with snow;
Scarce can the labouring woods the weight sustain;
The rivers cease to flow,
Curbed with an icy chain.

Revive that dying blaze, and never spare
Your choicest flask of vintage "'fifty-seven;"
To drink shall be our care—
The rest we leave to Heaven.

Let not the morrow's ills thy thoughts employ,
But count the passing hours for present gains;
Nor shun love's gentle joy,
Whilst rosy youth remains.

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### THE TOUPEE.

Canst thou, too, Alice, condescend,
That monstrous height of head to wear;
And tresses, such as thine, to blend,
Dear injured locks! with foreign hair?

The efforts of the nicest art
But hide some native grace in thee;
Then let thy charms control the heart,
In their own sweet simplicity.

In rocks and wilds the arbutus grows—
What flowers unsown the fields display;
The stream, untaught, how well it knows
To trace the windings of its way.

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## EDMUND BURKE.

Born 1730—Died 1797.

[Edmund Burke—one of Ireland's greatest sons, illustrious as a statesman, orator, and writer—was born in Arran Quay, Dublin, on the 1st of January, 1730. His father was an attorney in large practice and good reputation. His mother was a Nagle of Castletown Roche in the county of Cork, and held firmly to the Roman Catholic religion of her family, while his father was a Protestant, in which religion Edmund was brought up. There can be no doubt, however, that the difference in religion between the parents, which has so often been the cause of unmitigated evil, had in his case a beneficial effect, allaying bigotry and opening his mind to broader views on the question of opposing religious opinions.

In his early youth Burke was of a sickly constitution, and being unable to take exercise like other children, he read a great deal, and so got far in advance of those of his own age. He first attended a village school at Castletown Roche, kept by one O'Halloran, who brought him on so far as to read the Latin grammar. At twelve he was sent to the school of a Quaker named Shackleton, at Ballytore, in county Kildare. Here he distinguished himself by a close study of the classical writers ancient and modern, and at fourteen, when he entered Trinity College, he was unusually well read for a boy of that age. In his college career Burke did not distinguish himself beyond ordinary students, though in 1746, or two years after entry, he obtained a scholarship. He was discursive in his reading, and given to sudden and impulsive changes in his studies, being at one time devoted to history, at another to mathematics, now to metaphysics, and again to poetry. This fitfulness, though it may have interfered with the success of his academic career, doubtless made him all the better suited for the wide stage on which he was to play so great a part in after life.

On the 21st of April, 1747, a club was formed of four members, Burke being one of them. This was the germ of the celebrated Historical Society, and here he put forth his opinions on historic characters, paintings, and the wide range of subjects of which he was master, without fear of the judgment or criticism of his audience, and thus gained that very boldness which afterwards rendered him so unmanageable in debate. In 1748 he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and soon after left the university. In 1750 he proceeded to London, his name having already been entered as a student at the Middle Temple. But, instead of studying for the law, he paid visits to the House of Commons as if drawn there by some powerful instinct, made speeches at the Robin Hood Society, and contributed to the periodicals so as to eke out the small allowance granted him by his father. At this last occupation he worked so hard that his health, never very good, began to suffer. His physician Dr. Nugent advised rest and quiet, and invited him to his own house. There he received the kindest treatment; and, more important still, an attachment sprang up between him and the physician's daughter, resulting in a marriage which proved exceptionally happy. This resulted no doubt from Mrs. Burke's character, which, we are told, was "soft, gentle, reasonable, and obliging." She was also noted for managing her husband's affairs with prudence and discretion. No

wonder Burke declared that, in all the most anxious moments of his public life, every care vanished the moment he entered his own house.

Though contributing largely to the periodicals of the day the first of his essays, so far as is known, that attained to any great distinction was his *Vindication of Natural Society*, which appeared anonymously in the spring of 1756. This work exhibited so complete though ironical an imitation of Lord Bolingbroke's style that many persons were deceived by it, not perceiving Burke's intention, which was to prove that the same arguments which were employed by his lordship for the destruction of religion might be employed with equal success for the subversion of government. Before the end of the same year Burke published his celebrated work, *A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*, which, by the elegance of its language and the spirit of philosophical investigation displayed in it, advanced him to a first place among writers on taste and criticism. Johnson praised it highly, and Blair, Hume, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other eminent men sought the friendship of the gifted author. His father, who had been indignant at his son's desertion of the law, was so pleased with the work that he sent him a present of £100 as a proof of his admiration and approval. In 1758, still devotedly attached to the study of history, he proposed to Dodsley the publication of the *Annual Register*, and the proposal being entertained, an arrangement was made under which Burke wrote the historical part of the work for many years.

In 1761 his political career properly commenced. In that year he went to Ireland as private secretary to William Gerard Hamilton (of single-speech memory), who was at the time chief secretary to the lord-lieutenant. For his services he was rewarded with a pension of £300, but after a time he threw it up as inconsistent with his personal independence. In 1765 he returned to London, and in the same year was introduced to the Marquis of Rockingham, who, on becoming prime minister, appointed him private secretary. In 1766, through the influence of Lord Verney, he became member for the borough of Wendover, and took his seat in that house which he was afterwards so greatly to influence and adorn. His first speech was on American affairs, and was praised by Pitt. In it he advised the Rockingham administration to repeal the stamp act which so irritated the Americans, but at the same time to pass an act declaratory of the right of Great Britain to tax her colonies. The compromise which he advised was carried out; but the ministry soon after resigned to give place to Mr. Pitt. Upon this Burke wrote his *Short Account of a Late Short Administration*. In this year (1768) Mr. Burke thus writes to a friend: "I have purchased a house (Beaconsfield) with an estate of about 600 acres of land in Buckinghamshire, twenty-four miles from London, where I now am. It is a place exceedingly pleasant, and I propose (God willing) to become a farmer in good earnest. You who are classical will not be displeased to hear that it was formerly the seat of Waller the poet, whose house, or part of it, makes at present the farmhouse within a hundred yards of me." During the Wilkes excitement he opposed the violent measures adopted against the firebrand, and in 1770 he published his *Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents*, which contains a copious statement of his ideas on the English constitution. He also took a prominent part in the debates on the liberty of the press, strongly supporting those who wished to curtail the power of the crown. In 1774 he was chosen member for Bristol, and it is to his credit that he subsequently ventured to give offence to his Bristol friends by his support of the Irish petition for free-trade and for moderating the penal statute, which was felt so intolerable by his countrymen. On the 19th of April in this year he made a powerful speech on the repeal of the tea duty in America. This speech was "one of the greatest to which any assembly had ever listened, replete with philosophy, and adorned with the most gorgeous diction," and it raised Burke at once into the position of first orator in the house.

In March, 1775, he introduced his famous "Thirteen Propositions for Quieting the Troubles in America," and delivered another great speech, in which he pointed out how, on the grounds of expediency alone, concession to the colonists' demands was the wiser course. In 1777 he again appeared in advocacy of the cause of the colonies; but the hour for conciliation was past, and his speeches on the subject were only able reasoning and eloquence wasted. In 1783 Lord Rockingham again came into power, and Burke was appointed to the well-paid post of paymaster-general, together with a seat at the council board. On the death of Rockingham he

EDMUND BURKE

*After the Painting by G. ROMNEY*

resigned his post and joined the coalition with Fox and North. This coalition defeated Shelburne, who had taken Rockingham's place, and on the 2d of April entered office, Burke becoming once more paymaster-general. But the ministry was short-lived, being defeated on the India bill in December of the same year, and Mr. Pitt succeeded to the helm of state.

In 1784 Burke, who had for a long time viewed the career of Warren Hastings in India with indignation, commenced his famous attack upon that individual. No sooner had Hastings returned to England than Burke took steps towards his impeachment. He had studied Indian affairs with assiduous care, and was thus enabled to make the great speeches with which he began his attack not only eloquent, but full of information such as no other member of the house could impart. However, for a time he made little way against the large majority opposed to him, and it was the 13th February, 1788, before the great trial commenced. As every one knows it lasted for six years, and was the cause of some of the most eloquent speeches by Burke and others ever uttered in Westminster Hall. The trial brought Burke increase of fame as an orator, but rather lessened him in the popular opinion, and the final result was the acquittal of the "haughty criminal."

In 1789 and 1790 Burke vigorously opposed the extreme views of the men who in France were apparently dragging the whole fabric of society to ruin. In November of the latter year he published his famous pamphlet *Reflections on the French Revolution*. It exhibits both the merits and defects of the writer, and contains much justness of argument, profundity of observation, and beauty of style, but it is equally obvious that he commits the very fault which he intended to reprobate in his *Vindication of Natural Society*, by making his arguments applicable to the defence of all establishments, however tyrannical, and the censure of every popular struggle for liberty, whatever the oppression. The pamphlet had an unprecedented sale. Within one year 19,000 copies were sold in England, and about as many more, translated into French, on the Continent. Its richness of diction and felicity of illustration caused it to be read by thousands who would have cared nothing for a dry philosophical treatise. But while it had multitudes of enthusiastic admirers, it met also with several formidable critics, and brought forth in reply Sir James Mackintosh's *Vindiciae Gallicae* and Thomas Paine's famous *Rights of Man*. Burke followed it up by a *Letter to a Member of the National Assembly*, in 1791, *An Appeal from the New Whigs to the Old*, and *Thoughts on a Regicide Peace*. The publication of his views on the proceedings of the French revolutionists was of course highly distasteful to their English sympathizers, and soon brought about a complete estrangement between Burke and his former political friends Fox and Sheridan. In May, 1791, the celebrated scene between him and Fox in the House of Commons took place, which resulted in a breach never again repaired. In 1792 he published a *Letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe on the Propriety of Admitting Roman Catholics to the Elective Franchise*, and in 1794 withdrew from parliament, being succeeded in the representation of Malton by his only son, a youth of great promise. This son died soon after, and the shock was so great that Burke never fully recovered from it. At the express wish of the king, who with his court had assumed a very friendly attitude towards Burke, because of his views on the French revolution, a pension of £3700 per annum was settled upon him in 1795. For the acceptance of this he was fiercely attacked in the House of Lords. His *Letter to a Noble Lord*, full of biting sarcasm, and at the same time lofty resentment, was in answer to this attack.

The remaining two years of his life were spent in retirement, but his pen was not idle. Educational and philanthropic measures were noted and commented on, and his latest publication was on the affairs of his native land, at that time fast approaching a crisis. In the February of 1797 his health began to decline, and a visit to Bath was ordered. After a sojourn of about four months, no visible change for the better was effected, and in May he returned to his family seat at Beaconsfield, where he died on July 8th of the same year. His remains were buried at Beaconsfield by his own desire, as he said, "near to the bodies of my dearest brother and my dearest son, in all humility praying that as we have lived in perfect unity together, we may together have a part in the resurrection of the just."

Macaulay distinctly pronounces Burke, "in aptitude of comprehension, and richness of imagination, superior to every orator, ancient or modern." "With the exception of his writings upon the French revolution," says Lord Brougham, "an exception itself to be qualified and restricted, it would be difficult to find any

statesman of any age whose opinions were more habitually marked by moderation; by a constant regard to the result of actual experience, as well as the dictates of an enlarged reason; by a fixed determination always to be practical, at the time he was giving scope to the most extensive general views; by a cautious and prudent abstinence from all extremes, and especially from those towards which the general complexion of his political principles tended, he felt the more necessity for being on his guard against the seduction." "As a writer he was of the first class, and excelled in every kind of prose composition, the extraordinary depth of his detached views, the penetrating sagacity which he occasionally applies to the affairs of men and their motives, and the curious felicity of expression with which he unfolds principles, and traces resemblances and relations, are separately the gift of few, and in their union probably without an example. When he is handling any one matter we perceive that we are conversing with a reasoner and a teacher to whom almost every other branch of knowledge is familiar. His views range over all the cognate subjects; his reasonings are derived from principles applicable to other matters as well as the one in hand; arguments pour in from all sides as well as those which start up under our feet, the natural growth of the path he is leading us over; while to throw light around our steps, and either explore its darker places, or serve for our recreation, illustrations are fetched from a thousand quarters; and an imagination marvellously quick to descry unthought of resemblances pours forth the stores which a lore yet more marvellous has gathered from all ages and nations, and arts and tongues. We are, in respect of the argument, reminded of Bacon's multifarious knowledge, and the exuberance of his learned fancy; while the many-lettered diction recalls to mind the first of English poets and his immortal verse, rich with the spoils of all sciences and all times. . . . He now moves on with the composed air, the even dignified pace of the historian; and unfolds his facts in a narrative so easy, and yet so correct, that you plainly perceive he wanted only the dismissal of other pursuits to have rivalled Livy or Hume. But soon this advance is interrupted, and he stops to display his powers of description, when the boldness of his design is only matched by the beauty of his colouring. He then skirmishes for a space, and puts in motion all the lighter arms of wit; sometimes not unmingled with drollery, sometimes bordering upon farce. His main battery is now opened, and a tempest bursts forth of every weapon of attack, invective, abuse, irony, sarcasm, simile drawn out to allegory, allusion, quotation, fable, parable, anathema." The great statesman Fox says: "If I were to put all the political information that I have ever gained from books, and all that I have learned from science, or that the knowledge of the world and its affairs have taught me, into one scale, and the improvement I have derived from the conversation and teachings of Edmund Burke into the other, the latter would preponderate."

Within the massive railings in front of Trinity College, Dublin, stand on either side the magnificent statues of Edmund Burke and Oliver Goldsmith, both executed by the eminent sculptor J. H. Foley, R.A. An edition of Burke's works and correspondence, we believe the most complete published, appeared in 1852 in eight volumes.]

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## GRADUAL VARIATION.[1]

But as perfectly beautiful bodies are not composed of angular parts, so their parts never continue long in the same right line. They vary their direction every moment, and they change under the eye by a deviation continually carrying on, but for whose beginning or end you will find it difficult to ascertain a point. The view of a beautiful bird will illustrate this observation. Here we see the head increasing insensibly to the middle, from whence it lessens gradually until it mixes with the neck; the neck loses itself in a larger swell, which continues to the middle of the body, when the whole decreases again to the tail; the tail takes a new direction; but it soon varies its new course; it blends again with the other parts; and the line is perpetually changing, above, below, upon every side. In this description I have before me the idea of a dove; it agrees very well with most of the conditions of beauty. It is smooth and downy; its parts are (to use that expression) melted into one another; you are presented with no sudden protuberance through the whole, and yet the whole is continually changing. Observe that part of a beautiful woman where she is perhaps the most beautiful,

[1] This extract is from *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful.*

about the neck and breasts; the smoothness; the softness; the easy and insensible swell; the variety of the surface, which is never for the smallest space the same: the deceitful maze, through which the unsteady eye slides giddily, without knowing where to fix or whither it is carried. Is not this a demonstration of that change of surface, continual, and yet hardly perceptible at any point, which forms one of the great constituents of beauty? It gives me no small pleasure to find that I can strengthen my theory in this point by the opinion of the very ingenious Mr. Hogarth, whose idea of the line of beauty I take in general to be extremely just. But the idea of variation, without attending so accurately to the *manner* of the variation, has led him to consider angular figures as beautiful: these figures, it is true, vary greatly; yet they vary in a sudden and broken manner; and I do not find any natural object which is angular and at the same time beautiful. Indeed few natural objects are entirely angular. But I think those which approach the most nearly to it are the ugliest. I must add too, that, so far as I could observe of nature, though the varied line is that alone in which complete beauty is found, yet there is no particular line which is always found in the most completely beautiful, and which is therefore beautiful in preference to all other lines. At least I never could observe it.

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## QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what an heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

This mixed system of opinion and sentiment had its origin in the ancient chivalry; and the principle, though varied in its appearance by the varying state of human affairs, subsisted and influenced through a long succession of generations, even to the time we live in. If it should ever be totally extinguished, the loss I fear will be great. It is this which has given its character to modern Europe. It is this which has distinguished it under all its forms of government, and distinguished it to its advantage, from the states of Asia, and possibly from those states which flourished in the most brilliant periods of the antique world. It was this which, without confounding ranks, had produced a noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations of social life. It was this opinion which mitigated kings into companions, and raised private men to be fellows with kings. Without force or opposition it subdued the fierceness of pride and power; it obliged sovereigns to submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a dominating vanquisher of laws to be subdued by manners.

But now all is to be changed. All the pleasing illusions, which made power gentle and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off. All the superadded ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the

heart owns and the understanding ratifies as necessary to cover the defects of our naked shivering nature, and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation, are to be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion.

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## EXTRACTS FROM THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

Hastings, the lieutenant of a British monarch, claiming absolute dominion! From whom, in the name of all that was strange, could he derive, or how had he the audacity to claim, such authority? He could not have derived it from the East India Company, for they had it not to confer. He could not have received it from his sovereign, for the sovereign had it not to bestow. It could not have been given by either house of parliament—for it was unknown to the British constitution! Yet Mr. Hastings, acting under the assumption of this power, had avowed his rejection of British acts of parliament, had gloried in the success which he pretended to derive from their violation, and had on every occasion attempted to justify the exercise of arbitrary power in its greatest extent. Having thus avowedly acted in opposition to the laws of Great Britain, he sought a shield in vain in other laws and other usages. Would he appeal to the Mahomedan law for his justification? In the whole Koran there was not a single text which could justify the power he had assumed. Would he appeal to the Gentoo code? Vain there the effort also; a system of stricter justice, or more pure morality, did not exist. It was, therefore, equal whether he fled for shelter to a British court of justice or a Gentoo pagoda: he in either instance stood convicted as a daring violator of the laws. And what, my lords, is opposed to all this practice of tyrants and usurpers, which Mr. Hastings takes for his rule and guidance? He endeavours to find deviations from legal government, and then instructs his counsel to say that I have asserted there is no such thing as arbitrary power in the East. But, my lords, we all know that there has been arbitrary power in India; that tyrants have usurped it; and that in some instances princes, otherwise meritorious, have violated the liberties of the people, and have been lawfully deposed for such violation. I do not deny that there are robberies on Hounslow Heath; that there are such things as forgeries, burglaries, and murders; but I say that these acts are against law, and whoever commits them commits illegal acts. When a man is to defend himself against a charge of crime, it is not instances of similar violation of law that are to be the standard of his defence. A man may as well say, "I robbed upon Hounslow Heath, but hundreds robbed there before me:" to which I answer, "The law has forbidden you to rob there, and I will hang you for having violated the law, notwithstanding the long list of similar violations which you have produced as precedents." No doubt princes have violated the laws of this country; they have suffered for it. Nobles have violated the law: their privileges have not protected them from punishment. Common people have violated the law; they have hanged for it. I know no human being exempt from the law. The law is a security of the people of England; it is the security of the people of India; it is the security of every person that is governed, and of every person that governs. There is but one law for all, namely, that law which governs all law, the law of our Creator, the law of humanity, justice, equity—the law of nature and of nations. So far as any laws fortify this primeval law, and give it more precision, more energy, more effect by their declarations, such laws enter into the sanctuary, and participate in the sacredness of its character. But the man who quotes as precedents the abuses of tyrants and robbers, pollutes the very fountain of justice, destroys the foundation of all law, and thereby removes the only safeguard against evil men, whether governing or governed—the guard which prevents governors from becoming tyrants, and the governed from becoming rebels.

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Debi Sing and his instruments suspected, and in a few cases they suspected justly, that the country people had purloined from their own estates, and had hidden in secret places in the circumjacent deserts, some small reserve of their own grain to maintain themselves during the unproductive months of the year, and to leave some hope for a future season. But the under tyrants knew that the demands of Mr. Hastings would admit no plea for delay, much less for subtraction of his bribe, and that he would not abate a shilling of it to the wants of the whole human race. These hoards, real or supposed, not being discovered by menaces and imprisonment, they fell upon the last resource, the naked bodies of the people. And here, my lords, began such a

scene of cruelties and tortures, as I believe no history has ever presented to the indignation of the world; such as I am sure, in the most barbarous ages, no politic tyranny, no fanatic persecution has ever yet exceeded. Mr. Patterson, the commissioner appointed to inquire into the state of the country, makes his own apology and mine for opening this scene of horrors to you in the following words: "That the punishments inflicted upon the ryots both of Rungpore and Dinagepore for non-payment were in many instances of such a nature that I would rather wish to draw a veil over them than shock your feelings by the detail. But that, however disagreeable the task may be to myself, it is absolutely necessary for the sake of justice, humanity, and the honour of government that they should be exposed, to be prevented in future."

My lords, they began by winding cords round the fingers of the unhappy freeholders of those provinces, until they clung to and were almost incorporated with one another; and then they hammered wedges of iron between them, until, regardless of the cries of the sufferers, they had bruised to pieces, and for ever crippled those poor, honest, innocent, laborious hands, which had never been raised to their mouths but with a penurious and scanty proportion of the fruits of their own soil; but those fruits (denied to the wants of their own children) have for more than fifteen years past furnished the investment for our trade with China, and been sent annually out, and without recompense, to purchase for us that delicate meal, with which your lordships, and all this auditory, and all this country have begun every day for these fifteen years at their expense. To those beneficent hands that labour for our benefit the return of the British government has been cords and wedges. But there is a place where these crippled and disabled hands will act with resistless power. What is it that they will not pull down, when they are lifted to heaven against their oppressors? Then what can withstand such hands? Can the power that crushed and destroyed them? Powerful in prayer, let us at least deprecate, and thus endeavour to secure ourselves from the vengeance which these mashed and disabled hands may pull down upon us. My lords, it is an awful consideration. Let us think of it.

But to pursue this melancholy but necessary detail. I am next to open to your lordships what I am hereafter to prove, that the most substantial and leading yeomen, the responsible farmers, the parochial magistrates and chiefs of villages, were tied two and two by the legs together; and their tormentors throwing them with their heads downwards over a bar, beat them on the soles of the feet with ratans, until the nails fell from their toes; and then attacking them at their heads, as they hung downward as before at their feet, they beat them with sticks and other instruments of blind fury, until the blood gushed out at their eyes, mouths, and noses.

Not thinking that the ordinary whips and cudgels, even so administered, were sufficient, to others (and often also to the same, who had suffered as I have stated) they applied, instead of ratan and bamboo, whips made of the branches of the bale-tree—a tree full of sharp and strong thorns, which tear the skin and lacerate the flesh far worse than ordinary scourges.

For others, exploring with a searching and inquisitive malice, stimulated by an insatiate rapacity, all the devious paths of nature for whatever is most unfriendly to man, they made rods of a plant highly caustic and poisonous, called *bechettea*, every wound of which festers and gangrenes, adds double and treble to the present torture, leaves a crust of leprous sores upon the body, and often ends in the destruction of life itself.

At night these poor innocent sufferers, those martyrs of avarice and extortion, were brought into dungeons; and in the season when nature takes refuge in insensibility from all the miseries and cares which wait on life, they were three times scourged and made to reckon the watches of the night by periods and intervals of torment. They were then led out in the severe depth of winter—which there at certain seasons would be severe to any, to the Indians is most severe and almost intolerable—they were led out before break of day, and stiff and sore as they were with the bruises and wounds of the night, were plunged into water; and whilst their jaws clung together with the cold, and their bodies were rendered infinitely more sensible, the blows and stripes were renewed upon their backs; and then delivering them over to soldiers, they were sent into their farms and villages to discover where a few handfuls of grain might be found concealed, or to extract some loan from the remnants of compassion and courage not subdued in those who had reason to fear that their own turn of torment would be next, that they should succeed them in the same punishment, and that their very humanity, being taken as

a proof of their wealth, would subject them (as it did in many cases subject them) to the same inhuman tortures. After this circuit of the day through their plundered and ruined villages, they were remanded at night to the same prison; whipped as before at their return to the dungeon, and at morning whipped at their leaving it; and then sent as before to purchase, by begging in the day, the reiteration of the torture in the night. Days of menace, insult, and extortion—nights of bolts, fetters, and flagellation—succeeded to each other in the same round, and for a long time made up all the vicissitudes of life to these miserable people.

But there are persons whose fortitude could bear their own suffering; there are men who are hardened by their very pains; and the mind, strengthened even by the torments of the body, rises with a strong defiance against its oppressor. They were assaulted on the side of their sympathy. Children were scourged almost to death in the presence of their parents. This was not enough. The son and father were bound close together, face to face, and body to body, and in that situation cruelly lashed together, so that the blow which escaped the father fell upon the son, and the blow which missed the son wound over the back of the parent. The circumstances were combined by so subtle a cruelty, that every stroke which did not excruciate the sense should wound and lacerate the sentiments and affections of nature.

On the same principle, and for the same ends, virgins who had never seen the sun were dragged from the inmost sanctuaries of their houses. . . . Wives were torn from the arms of their husbands, and suffered the same flagitious wrongs, which were indeed hid in the bottoms of the dungeons, in which their honour and their liberty were buried together.

The women thus treated lost their caste. My lords, we are not here to commend or blame the institutions and prejudices of a whole race of people, radicated in them by a long succession of ages, on which no reason or argument, on which no vicissitudes of things, no mixture of men, or foreign conquests have been able to make the smallest impression. The aboriginal Gentoo inhabitants are all dispersed into tribes or castes, each caste, born to have an invariable rank, rights, and descriptions of employment; so that one caste cannot by any means pass into another. With the Gentoos certain impurities or disgraces, though without any guilt of the party, infer loss of caste; and when the highest caste (that of the Brahmin, which is not only noble but sacred) is lost, the person who loses it does not slide down into one lower but reputable—he is wholly driven from all honest society. All the relations of life are at once dissolved. His parents are no longer his parents; his wife is no longer his wife; his children, no longer his, are no longer to regard him as their father. It is something far worse than complete outlawry, complete attainder, and universal excommunication. It is a pollution even to touch him, and if he touches any of his old caste they are justified in putting him to death. Contagion, leprosy, plague, are not so much shunned. No honest occupation can be followed. He becomes an *Halichore*, if (which is rare) he survives that miserable degradation.

Your lordships will not wonder that these monstrous and oppressive demands, exacted with such tortures, threw the whole province into despair. They abandoned their crops on the ground. The people in a body would have fled out of its confines; but bands of soldiers invested the avenues of the province, and making a line of circumvallation, drove back those wretches, who sought exile as a relief, into the prison of their native soil. Not suffered to quit the district, they fled to the many wild thickets which oppression had scattered through it, and sought amongst the jungles and dens of tigers a refuge from the tyranny of Warren Hastings. Not able long to exist here, pressed at once by wild beasts and famine, the same despair drove them back; and seeking their last resource in arms, the most quiet, the most passive, the most timid of the human race rose up in an universal insurrection, and (what will always happen in popular tumults) the effects of the fury of the people fell on the meaner and sometimes the reluctant instruments of the tyranny, who in several places were massacred. The insurrection began in Rungpore, and soon spread its fire to the neighbouring provinces, which had been harassed by the same person with the same oppressions. The English chief in that province had been the silent witness, most probably the abettor and accomplice, of all these horrors. He called in first irregular, and then regular troops, who by dreadful and universal military execution got the better of the impotent resistance of unarmed and undisciplined despair. I am tired with the detail of the cruelties of peace. I spare you those of a cruel and inhuman war, and of the executions which, without law or process, or even the

shadow of authority, were ordered by the English revenue chief in that province.

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In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villany upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

My lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors, and I believe, my lords, that the sun in his beneficent progress round the world does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bonds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community—all the Commons of England resenting as their own the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. My lords, here we see virtually in the mind's eye that sacred majesty of the crown, under whose authority you sit, and whose power you exercise. We see in that invisible authority, what we all feel in reality and life, the beneficent powers and protecting justice of his majesty. We have here the heir-apparent to the crown, such as the fond wishes of the people of England wish an heir-apparent to the crown to be. We have here all the branches of the royal family in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject, offering a pledge in that situation for the support of the rights of the crown and the liberties of the people, both which extremities they touch. My lords, we have a great hereditary peerage here—those who have their own honour, the honour of their ancestors and of their posterity, to guard, and who will justify, as they always have justified, that provision in the constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office. My lords, we have here a new nobility, who have risen and exalted themselves by various merits, by great military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun; we have those who, by various civil merits and various civil talents, have been exalted to a situation which they well deserve, and in which they will justify the favour of their sovereign and the good opinion of their fellow-subjects, and make them rejoice to see those virtuous characters, that were the other day upon a level with them, now exalted above them in rank, but feeling with them in sympathy what they felt in common with them before. We have persons exalted from the practice of the law—from the place in which they administered high though subordinate justice—to a seat here, to enlighten with their knowledge and to strengthen with their votes those principles which have distinguished the courts in which they have presided.

My lords, you have here also the lights of our religion; you have the bishops of England. . . . You have the representatives of that religion which says that their God is love, that the very vital spirit of their institution is charity—a religion which so much hates oppression, that when the God whom we adore appeared in human form, he did not appear in a form of greatness and majesty, but in sympathy with the lowest of the people, and thereby made it a firm and ruling principle that their welfare was the object of all government, since the Person who was the Master of nature chose to appear himself in a subordinate situation. These are the considerations which influence them, which animate them, and will animate them, against all oppression, knowing that He who is called first among them and first among us all, both of the flock that is fed and of those who feed it, made himself the servant of all.

My lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this house. We know them, we reckon, rest, upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanours.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonoured.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose properties he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

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## CHATHAM AND TOWNSHEND.

(FROM THE SPEECH ON AMERICAN TAXATION, DELIVERED APRIL, 1774.)

I have done with the third period of your policy, that of your repeal, and the return of your ancient system and your ancient tranquillity and concord. Sir, this period was not as long as it was happy. Another scene was opened, and other actors appeared on the stage. The state, in the condition I have described it, was delivered into the hands of Lord Chatham—a great and celebrated name; a name that keeps the name of this country respectable in every other on the globe. It may be truly called,

Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat urbi.

Sir, the venerable age of this great man, his merited rank, his superior eloquence, his splendid qualities, his eminent services, the vast space he fills in the eye of mankind, and, more than all the rest, his fall from power, which, like death, canonizes and sanctifies a great character, will not suffer me to censure any part of his conduct. I am afraid to flatter him; I am sure I am not disposed to blame him. Let those who have betrayed him by their adulation insult him with their malevolence. But what I do not presume to censure I may have leave to lament. For a wise man he seemed to me at that time to be governed too much by general maxims. I speak with the freedom of history, and I hope without offence. One or two of these maxims, flowing from an opinion not the most indulgent to our unhappy species, and surely a little too general, led him into measures that were greatly mischievous to himself, and for that reason, among others, perhaps fatal to his country; measures the effects of which, I am afraid, are for ever incurable. He made an administration so checkered and speckled, he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tesselated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans; whigs and tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had assorted at the same boards stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, Sir, your name?—Sir, you have the advantage of me—Mr. Such-a-one—I beg a thousand pardons.—I venture to say, it did so happen that persons had a single office divided between them who had never spoken to each other in their lives, until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed.

Sir, in consequence of this arrangement, having put so much the larger part of his enemies and opposers into power, the confusion was such that his own principles could not possibly have any effect or influence in the conduct of affairs. If ever he fell into a fit of the gout, or if any other cause withdrew him from public cares, principles directly the contrary were sure to predominate. When he had executed his plan he had not an inch of ground to stand upon. When he had accomplished his scheme of administration he was no longer a minister.

When his face was hid but for a moment his whole system was on a wide sea without chart or compass. The gentlemen, his particular friends, who with the names of various departments of ministry were admitted to seem as if they acted a part under him, with a modesty that becomes all men, and with a confidence in him which was justified even in its extravagance by his superior abilities, had never in any instance presumed upon any opinion of their own. Deprived of his guiding influence they were whirled about, the sport of every gust, and easily driven into any port; and as those who joined with them in manning the vessel were the most directly opposite to his opinions, measures, and character, and far the most artful and powerful of the set, they easily prevailed so as to seize upon the vacant, unoccupied, and derelict minds of his friends; and instantly they turned the vessel wholly out of the course of his policy.

As if it were to insult as well as betray him, even long before the close of the first session of his administration, when everything was publicly transacted, and with great parade, in his name, they made an act declaring it highly just and expedient to raise a revenue in America. For even then, sir, even before this splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and for his hour became lord of the ascendant.

This light too is passed and set for ever. You understand, to be sure, that I speak of Charles Townshend, officially the reproducer of this fatal scheme; whom I cannot even now remember without some degree of sensibility. In truth, sir, he was the delight and ornament of this house, and the charm of every private society which he honoured with his presence. Perhaps there never arose in this country, nor in any country, a man of a more pointed and finished wit; and (where his passions were not concerned) of a more refined, exquisite, and penetrating judgment. If he had not so great a stock, as some have had who flourished formerly, of knowledge long treasured up, he knew better by far than any man I ever was acquainted with how to bring together within a short time all that was necessary to establish, to illustrate, and to decorate that side of the question he supported. He stated his matter skilfully and powerfully. He particularly excelled in a most luminous explanation and display of his subject. His style of argument was neither trite nor vulgar, nor subtle and abstruse. He hit the house just between wind and water. And not being troubled with too anxious a zeal for any matter in question, he was never more tedious or more earnest than the preconceived opinions and present temper of his hearers required; to whom he was always in perfect unison. He conformed exactly to the temper of the house; and he seemed to guide, because he was always sure to follow it.

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## THE DESOLATION OF THE CARNATIC.[1]

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance; and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic.—Then ensued a scene of woe the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from their flaming villages in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities. But escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

The alms of the settlement in this dreadful exigency were certainly liberal; and all was done by charity that private charity could do: but it was a people in beggary: it was a nation which stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance of our austerest fasts, silent, patient,

[1] From the speech on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts, delivered February, 1785.

resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by an hundred a day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India. I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow-citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is: but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum; these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting; they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

For eighteen months without intermission this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead uniform silence reigned over the whole region. With the inconsiderable exceptions of the narrow vicinage of some few forts, I wish to be understood as speaking literally. I mean to produce to you more than three witnesses, above all exception, who will support this assertion in its full extent. That hurricane of war passed through every part of the central provinces of the Carnatic. Six or seven districts to the north and to the south (and these not wholly untouched) escaped the general ravage.

The Carnatic is a country not much inferior in extent to England. Figure to yourself, Mr. Speaker, the land in whose representative chair you sit, figure to yourself the form and fashion of your sweet and cheerful country, from Thames to Trent north and south, and from the Irish to the German Sea east and west, emptied and embowelled (may God avert the omen of our crimes!) by so accomplished a desolation. Extend your imagination a little further, and then suppose your ministers taking a survey of this scene of waste and desolation; what would be your thoughts if you should be informed, that they were computing how much had been the amount of the excises, how much the customs, how much the land and malt tax, in order that they should charge (take it in the most favourable light) for public service, upon the relics of the satiated vengeance of relentless enemies, the whole of what England had yielded in the most exuberant seasons of peace and abundance? What would you call it? To call it tyranny, sublimed into madness, would be too faint an image; yet this very madness is the principle upon which the ministers at your right hand have proceeded in their estimate of the revenues of the Carnatic, when they were providing, not supply for the establishments of its protection, but rewards for the authors of its ruin.

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# ELIZABETH RYVES.

Died 1797.

[Of the early days of Elizabeth Ryves little or nothing is known beyond the fact that she was of a good Irish family. While young she lost her property through some trick of the law, and, having received a good education, determined to earn her living by her pen. With this view she removed to London, where in 1777 she wrote her first work, *The Prude*, a comic opera. The piece was a good one, but through want of proper introductions or from some other cause, it was not acted. Indeed, it is possible that the originality and high tone of the piece may have stood in its way. Miss Ryves' next work was *The Debt of Honour;* but the manager to whom she sent it kept it for some years, when he returned it to her, and it met with no greater success than her previous attempts.

Turning from the unpaying walk of dramatic literature she took to writing verses, a volume of which she published; but finding that she could get any amount of them

printed yet with small pay for the best, she turned her back upon poetry as upon the drama, and took to hack-work of another kind. In a garret at Islington she produced in rapid succession translations of Rousseau's *Social Compact*, Raynal's *Letter to the National Assembly*, and De la Choix's *Review of the Constitutions of Europe*. Once again financial success failed to attend her, and leaving Islington she returned to London. Though broken down in health and for a time dispirited, she now engaged on a translation of Froissart, but again had little profit for her labour. Still bearing up under her misfortunes she turned to another field, and in 1794 published *The Hermit of Snowden*, a novel of high merit and deeply pathetic.

When Dodsley gave up the management of *The Annual Register*, Miss Ryves, being well known as a person of wide reading and attainments, was engaged to conduct the historical and political departments. Notwithstanding this last engagement, however, she began to find it impossible to earn as much as would keep clothes on her body, a roof over her head, and sufficient food to eat. In her there must have been something of the generous improvidence of Goldsmith, for it is said that on one occasion she spent what money she had in buying a joint of meat for a destitute family that lodged in a room above her, while she herself went dinnerless. Desperate and absolute want at last brought on her end, which occurred in Store Street, London, on the 29th of April, 1797.

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### ODE TO SENSIBILITY.[1]

The sordid wretch who ne'er has known
To feel for miseries not his own,
Whose lazy pulse serenely beats
While injured worth her wrongs repeats;
Dead to each sense of joy or pain,
A useless link in nature's chain
May boast the calm which I disdain.

Give me a generous soul, that glows
With others' transports, others' woes,
Whose noble nature scorns to bend,
Tho' Fate her iron scourge extend,
But bravely bears the galling yoke,
And smiles superior to the stroke
With spirits free and mind unbroke.

Yet by compassion touched, not fear,
Sheds the soft sympathizing tear
In tribute to affliction's claim,
Or envied merit's wounded fame.
Let Stoics scoff'! I'd rather be
Thus curst with sensibility,
Than share their boasted apathy.

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### ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

Fond Love with all his winning wiles
Of tender looks and flattering smiles,
Of accents that might Juno charm,
Or Dian's colder ear alarm;
No more shall play the tyrant's part,
No more shall lord it o'er my heart.

To Friendship (sweet benignant power!)
I consecrate my humble bower,
My lute, my muse, my willing mind,
And fix her in my heart enshrined;
She, heaven-descended queen, shall be
My tutelar divinity.

Soft Peace descends to guard her reign
From anxious fear and jealous pain;
She no delusive hopes displays,
But calmly guides our tranquil days;
Refines our pleasure, soothes our care,
And gives the joys of Eden here.

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### SONG.

Tho' love and each harmonious maid
To gentle Sappho lent their aid,
Yet, deaf to her enchanting tongue,
Proud Phaon scorned her melting song.

Mistaken nymph! hadst thou adored
Fair Fortune, and her smiles implored;
Had she indulgent owned thy claim,
And given thee wealth instead of fame;

Tho' harsh thy voice, deformed and old,
Yet such th' omnipotence of gold,
The youth had soon confess'd thy charms,
And flown impatient to thy arms.

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### THE SYLPH LOVER.

A SONG.

Here in this fragrant bower I dwell,
  And nightly here repose,
My couch a lily's snowy bell,
  My canopy a rose.
The honey-dew each morn I sip
That hangs upon the violet's lip,

[1] This and the following pieces are from *Poems on Several Occasions*.

And like the bee, from flower to flower
I careless rove at noontide hour.

Regardless as I lately strayed
Along the myrtle grove,
Enchanting music round me played,
Soft as the voice of love.
Thus its sweet murmurs seem'd to say:
"Fond, thoughtless wanton, come away,
For while you rove a rival's charms
Wins thy Myrtilla to his arms."

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### EXTRACT FROM "THE HERMIT OF SNOWDEN."

[D'Israeli says in his *Calamities of Authors*, that "in the character of Lavinia our authoress, with all the melancholy sagacity of genius, foresaw and has described her own death: the dreadful solitude to which she was latterly condemned when in the last stage of her poverty, her frugal mode of life, her acute sensibility, her defrauded hopes, and her exalted fortitude."]

Lavinia's lodgings were about two miles from town, in an obscure situation. I was shown up to a mean apartment, where Lavinia was sitting at work, and in a dress which indicated the greatest economy. I inquired what success she had met with in her dramatic pursuits. She waved her head with a melancholy smile, replied "that her hopes of ever bringing any piece on the stage were now entirely over, for she found that more interest was necessary for the purpose than she could command, and that she had for that reason laid aside her comedy for ever. While she was talking came in a favourite dog of Lavinia's which I had used to caress. The creature sprang to my arms, and I received him with my usual fondness. Lavinia endeavoured to conceal a tear that trickled down her cheek. Afterward she said, "Now that I live entirely alone, I show Juno more attention than I used to do formerly; the heart wants something to be kind to, and it consoles us for the loss of society to see even an animal derive happiness from the endearments we bestow upon it."

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## THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

Born 1763 — Died 1798.

[Theobald Wolfe Tone was the central figure in the Society of United Irishmen formed in Belfast in 1791, and was known as one of the most daring revolutionary leaders among such men as Emmet, O'Conner, Russell, Neilson, Keogh, and others. He was born in Dublin, 20th June, 1763. His father was a coachmaker in good business; but the inheritance of a property in county Kildare, which he let to a younger brother, gave rise to an unfortunate lawsuit, which almost ruined him. Theobald tells us that his brothers as well as himself were remarkable for a wild daring spirit and love of adventure; and when he was sent to a school kept by a Mr. Darling, his master acknowledged that he possessed very remarkable talents combined with much want of application. Nothing could induce him to work but his great love of distinction, which even at this early age was a marked feature in his character. By the advice of this master Theobald was removed to the school of the Rev. W. Craig for the purpose of preparing for a university course, in which it was decided he would be sure to gain distinction. This demanded a sacrifice on the part of his father, who was now a poor man. It seems that the boy found he could master his week's lessons in three days, and with a number of the senior boys who adopted the same course he was in the habit of spending his spare time in attending the field-days, parades, and reviews of the soldiers in the Phœnix Park. Here he gained that love of a soldier's life which clung to him ever afterwards.

As the time approached for his entering the university his reluctance to do so increased, and only the firmness and determination of his father, combined with his refusal to assist him in any other course, at length prevailed. He was in his eighteenth year when he entered Trinity College, and he relates that although he worked with a will to prepare for his first examination, yet he happened to be examined by "an egregious dunce, who, instead of giving me the premium, which, as the best answerer, I undoubtedly merited, awarded it to another." He now determined to abandon

his studies, and urged his father to furnish him with means to take part in the American war. His father refused, and he says that, in revenge, for about twelve months he did not "go near the college, or open a book that was not a military one." But at length the persuasions of his friends, whom his rare charm of manner had attracted to him in his short college experience, had the desired effect, and he returned to his university, where, notwithstanding loss of time and occasional inattention, he gained in 1784 three premiums and a scholarship. About this time he made the acquaintance of a young lady named Matilda Witherington. She was very pretty, scarcely sixteen, and the heiress of her grandfather the Rev. Mr. Fanning, with whom she lived. They soon became mutually attached, and Tone asked the consent of her friends to their union. This was refused, and in 1785 they eloped and were married. The forgiveness of friends soon followed this step, and Tone now determined to adopt the law as a settled profession. In 1786 he graduated B.A., resigned his scholarship, and resolved to proceed to London for the purpose of prosecuting his law studies at the Temple. During his college career he had been elected to the highly honourable position of auditor in the Historical Society; he delivered one of the closing speeches from the chair, and gained several of the society's medals. Leaving his wife and child with his father, he arrived in London in January, 1787, and immediately entered his name as a student at law on the books of the Middle Temple; but this, he says, was all the progress he ever made in his profession. He endeavoured to maintain himself at this period by contributing to periodical literature, but was frequently indebted to the generosity of his friends for the means of support.

His brother William, who had been a servant of the East India Company, joined him the year after his arrival in London, and about this time Tone, in his then desperate circumstances, formed a plan which he thought might put him in the way to fame and fortune. This was the establishment of a military colony on one of the islands in the South Seas lately discovered by Cook. He drew up a statement of his plan and laid it before Mr. Pitt, giving as a reason for the proposed settlement that it would tend to "put a bridle on Spain in time of peace, and to annoy her grievously in that quarter in time of war." The great statesman, however, took no notice of this communication, which slight so annoyed Tone as to lead him to declare: "I made something like a vow, that if I ever had the opportunity, I would make Mr. Pitt sorry, and perhaps fortune may enable me to fulfil that resolution." A complaining letter from his father further irritated him, and he attempted to enlist in the Indian service. He was too late at that time, but was promised a chance in the following year. He did not wait for this, however, but returned to Dublin, and in 1789 was called to the bar, although almost entirely ignorant of law. His wife's grandfather presented him with £500, and to make up for his deficiency in law one of his first acts was to purchase £100 worth of law-books out of this timely gift. His legal career was short, and although he had wide acquaintance among the members of the profession, and had achieved a tolerable measure of success, yet his hatred of it increased, and he turned to politics as a relief. His first political essay was a pamphlet in defence of the Whig Club. This was highly successful; the club had it reprinted, and elected Mr. Tone a member. About this time he made the acquaintance of Thomas Russell, an ensign, whose "identity of sentiment" formed a tie between them which lasted for life. Tone's devotion to politics now led to the discovery, which he says he might have found in the pages of Swift or Molyneux, "that Ireland would never be either free, prosperous, or happy, until she was independent, and that independence was unattainable while the connection with England existed."

In the summer of 1790 he took a little cottage at a place called Irishtown on the seacoast. Here he spent some pleasant months in the society of his family and his friend Russell. An appearance of disturbance from Spain led Russell to advise him again to lay his proposal for the military colony before government. This time he was treated with some consideration, but nothing resulted from it. Tone thus speaks of the intention of Russell and himself had the plan been adopted: "We were both determined on going out with the expedition, in which case, instead of planning revolutions in our own country, we might be now perhaps carrying on a privateering war (for which I think we both have talents) on the coast of Spanish America." In the winter of this year Tone and his friends formed a political and literary club in Belfast; and, among other pamphlets written at this time, he published *An Argument on Behalf of the Catholics of Ireland.* In this he pleaded for equal rights and the advisability of a union

for the common cause, such as he afterwards effected in the Society of United Irishmen. This work brought him into notice, which resulted in his election as paid secretary of the Catholic committee. About the same time he visited Belfast "in order to assist in framing the first club of United Irishmen." This body, which soon spread itself all over Ireland, was ostensibly pledged to union in pursuit of reform; but the real design, for a long time only known to the leaders, was to effect a revolution and establish a republic. The progress of the French revolution stirred up the minds of the people more and more; the Rev. William Jackson came over as an emissary from the French government to sound the Irish people and find how far they were prepared for rebellion. Tone was in close communication with him from the first, and offered to undertake a mission to France to arrange matters; Jackson, however, revealed his object to an English attorney named Cockayne, who betrayed him to government, and in April, 1794, he was arrested. Tone was also implicated; but by the intervention of Lord Kilwarden and other powerful friends, he was permitted to leave Ireland so soon as he could arrange his affairs. The Catholic committee presented him with £300, with which he paid his debts, and in June, 1795, he sailed with his wife, sister, and three children for America. The voyage was not without adventure; they were boarded by a British cruiser, and fifty of the passengers and all but one of the seamen pressed into the naval service. Only the entreaties of Tone's wife and sister prevented him being carried off with the others. They arrived safely at Philadelphia. Here he met Hamilton Rowan and Dr. Reynolds. By the former he was presented to Citizen Adet, the French ambassador at Philadelphia. He at once laid before him his plan for the invasion of Ireland, which was favourably received, and at the ambassador's request he drew up a memorial for presentation to the French government.

Tone now seems to have had some idea of settling down as an American farmer; but in the autumn he received letters from Keogh, Russell, and others, detailing the great progress of the cause in Ireland, and urging him to proceed to France at once, and endeavour to secure her aid in the impending struggle. Mrs. Tone, instead of throwing obstacles in his way, encouraged him to proceed in his duty to his country, and so on the 1st of January, 1796, he left for Paris with introduction to the government from Adet. Arrived in Paris, he found in the republican government the realization of his most sanguine dreams. He was met on all sides with a flattering reception, and was created a *chef de brigade*. After much delay, negotiations, and an interview with Bonaparte, the details of the invasion were settled. He embarked on the 16th December, 1796, in the *Indomitable*, one of a fleet of forty-three vessels carrying 15,000 troops and a large supply of arms and ammunition,—General Hoche holding the military, and Admiral Morand de Galles the naval command. But the weather, which had so often befriended England, again came to her aid; the ships were scattered; the admiral's vessel was separated from the rest of the fleet, and dense fogs seemed to protect the coast. On the 21st they were off Cape Clear, and only thirty sail to be seen. The intended descent on Bantry was impossible, as violent snowstorms prevented them communicating with the shore. Tone anxiously urged the French commander to put him on shore in Sligo Bay, with the Legion des Francs and as many officers as would volunteer for the service. But the commander would not consent to this, and after the fleet had been tossed about for six days within a few hundred yards of the shore, and was now reduced to fourteen sail through a perfect hurricane, the vessels made the best of their way to Brest, where, after a highly dangerous passage, they arrived on the 1st January, 1797. Tone says in his journal, "Well, England has not had such an escape since the Spanish Armada; and that expedition, like ours, was defeated by the weather."

Tone was now raised to the rank of adjutant-general to the army of the Sambre and Meuse under the command of his friend General Clarke. His wife and family, after many difficulties, arrived in Paris, but he was not long to enjoy the reunion. In 1798 the news of the arrest of his friends and the breaking out of the insurrection in Ireland reached him. This caused intense excitement among the Irish refugees in Paris, and Tone made great efforts to organize an expedition. In this critical state, while the French government were considering, their general, Humbert, with a thousand men, effected a landing in Killala Bay. Matthew Tone (Theobald's brother), Teeling, and Sullivan were the three Irishmen who accompanied this expedition. Humbert landed, stormed the town, and held it till the appearance of General Lake with 20,000 men. After a gallant resistance they were obliged to surrender as prisoners of war. Tone

and Teeling were executed in Dublin, and Sullivan, who passed as a Frenchman, escaped. Another attempt was made by the mass of the United Irishmen in Paris with Napper Tandy as leader. They managed to land at Rathlin and issued a few proclamations; but, hearing of the failure of Humbert's expedition, they escaped to Norway. The third expedition, commanded by General Hardy, consisted of only one sail of the line and eight frigates, containing 3000 men. Wolfe Tone had little or no hope of success; but although failure was almost certain death to him, he set out with this expedition, which started on the 20th of September, 1798. He assured his wife on parting that should death overtake him he would never submit to die by the halter. The admiral of the fleet, Bompart, to avoid the British men-of-war, sailed to the north-east, and after their number was reduced by contrary winds to the *Hoche*, the admiral's ship, in which Tone sailed, and three frigates, they arrived in Lough Swilly on the 11th October, 1798. At daybreak the English fleet, which had been on the look-out, was seen bearing down upon them, and the tide having ebbed it was impossible for the seventy-four to escape. The admiral at once signalled to the smaller vessels to fly, and urged Tone to save himself by going on board one of them. He answered, "Shall it be said that I fled while the French were fighting the battles of my country?" The *Hoche* was soon surrounded, and attacked by the *Robust* and *Magnanime*, and shortly after by three others. For six hours the engagement continued, shot pouring in on all sides. Tone commanded a battery and fought with courage and bravery. At length, when the *Hoche* could not reply with a single gun, her masts, rigging, and hull shattered, and 5 feet of water in her hold, she struck. All the other vessels which had fled were captured except two frigates and the *Biche*, in which the admiral had urged Tone to escape.

The French officers who survived were made prisoners, with Tone among them. He had so completely identified himself in language and manner with Frenchmen that he was not at first recognized. The French officers were invited to breakfast with the Earl of Cavan, and Sir George Hill, who had been a fellow-student of Tone's in Trinity College, recognized him, and gave information to Lord Cavan. He was at once arrested, fettered, and sent to Dublin, and on the 10th of November, 1798, he was tried by court-martial. Tone neither objected to the court as illegal, since he had no commission in the British army, nor offered any defence, but fully admitted "all the facts alleged." He made one request: "I ask that the court shall adjudge me the death of a soldier, and let me be shot by a platoon of grenadiers. I request this indulgence rather in consideration of the uniform I wear—the uniform of a *chef de brigade* in the French army—than from any personal regard to myself. In order to evince my claim to this favour, I beg that the court may take the trouble to peruse my commission and letters of service in the French army." Tone's request was refused by Lord Cornwallis, and two days after he was sentenced to be hanged within forty-eight hours.

Mr. Tone's friends, with the purpose of gaining time in hopes that the French government might interfere, moved for a trial in the civil courts. Through the influence of John Philpot Curran, Lord Kilwarden granted a writ of *habeas corpus* to remove the prisoner from the custody of the military. But all this was rendered useless by Tone himself. He wrote to his wife and to the French Directory, and then severed a blood-vessel in his neck with a penknife. On the morning appointed for his execution he was found still living, but weak from loss of blood. To the surgeon, who was at once in attendance, he said, "I find that I am but a bad anatomist." He lingered for several days in agony, and when the surgeon told him that death would ensue on a single movement, Tone at once answered, "I can yet find words to thank you, sir. It is the most welcome news you could give me. What should I wish to live for?" These were his last words; he instantly expired, 19th November, 1798. His body was given to a kinsman and buried in Bodenstown churchyard, county Kildare. An ample record of Tone's life is contained in the *Memoirs*, written by himself and continued by his son, with his political writings, published in Philadelphia in 1826.]

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## ESSAY ON THE STATE OF IRELAND IN 1720.

READ BEFORE THE POLITICAL CLUB FORMED IN DUBLIN IN 1790.

In inquiring into the subject of this essay I shall take a short view of the state of this country at the time of her greatest abasement; I mean about the time when she was supposed to be fettered for ever by the famous act of

the 6th of George I., and I shall draw my facts from the most indisputable authority, that of Swift.

It is a favourite cant under which many conceal their idleness, and many their corruption, to cry that there is in the genius of the people of this country, and particularly among the lower ranks, a spirit of pride, laziness, and dishonesty, which stifles all tendency to improvement, and will for ever keep us a subordinate nation of hewers of wood and drawers of water. It may be worth while a little to consider this opinion, because, if it be well founded, to know it so may save me and other well-wishers to Ireland the hopeless labour of endeavouring to excite a nation of idle thieves to honesty and industry; and if it be not, it is an error the removal of which will not only wipe away an old stigma, but in a great degree facilitate the way to future improvement. If we can find any cause, different from an inherent depravity in the people, and abundantly sufficient to account for the backwardness of this country compared with England, I hope no man will volunteer national disgrace so far as to prefer that hypothesis which, by degrading his country, degrades himself.

Idleness is a ready accusation in the mouth of him whose corruption denies to the poor the means of labour. "Ye are idle," said Pharaoh to the Israelites when he demanded bricks of them and withheld the straw. . . .

Yet, surely misrule, and ignorance, and oppression in the government are means sufficient to plunge and to keep any nation in ignorance and poverty, without blaspheming Providence by imputing innate and immovable depravity to millions of God's creatures. It is, at least, an hypothesis more honourable to human nature; let us try if it be not more consonant to the reality of things. Let us see the state of Ireland in different periods, and let us refer those periods to the maxims and practice of her then government.

To begin with the first grand criterion of the prosperity of a nation. In 1724 the population of Ireland was 1,500,000, and in 1672 1,100,000, so that in fifty-two years it was increased but one-third, after a civil war. The rental of the whole kingdom was computed at £2,000,000 annually, of which, by absentees, about £700,000 went to England. The revenue was £400,000 per annum; the current cash was £500,000, which in 1727 was reduced to less than £200,000; and the balance of trade with England, the only nation to which we could trade, was in our disfavour about £1,000,000 annually. Such were the resources of Ireland in 1724.

Commerce we had none, or what was worse than none, an exportation of raw materials for half their value; an importation of the same materials wrought up at an immense profit to the English manufacturer; the indispensable necessaries of life bartered for luxuries for our men and fopperies for our women; not only the wine, and coffee, and silk, and cotton, but the very corn we consumed was imported from England.

Our benches were filled with English lawyers; our bishoprics with English divines; our custom-house with English commissioners; all offices of state filled, three deep, with Englishmen in possession, Englishmen in reversion, and Englishmen in expectancy. The majority of these not only aliens, but absentees, and not only absentees, but busily and actively employed against that country on whose vitals and in whose blood they were rioting in ease and luxury. Every proposal for the advantage of Ireland was held a direct attack on the interests of England. Swift's pamphlet on the expediency of wearing our own manufactures exposed the printer to a prosecution, in which the jury were sent back by the chief-justice nine times, till they were brow-beaten, and bullied, and wearied into a special verdict, leaving the printer to the mercy of the judge.

The famous project of Wood is known to every one; it is unnecessary to go into the objections against it, but it is curious to see the mode in which that ruinous plan was endeavoured to be forced down our throats. Immediately on its promulgation the two Houses of Parliament, the privy-council, the merchants, the traders, the manufacturers, the grand-juries of the whole kingdom, by votes, resolutions, and addresses testified their dread and abhorrence of the plan. What was the conduct of the English minister? He calls a committee of the English council together; he examines Mr. Wood on one side, and two or three prepared, obscure, and interested witnesses on the other; he nonsuits the whole Irish nation; thus committed with Mr. William Wood, he puts forth a proclamation, commanding all persons to receive his halfpence in payment, and calls the votes of the Houses of Lords and Commons and the resolutions of the Privy-council of Ireland a clamour. But Swift had by this time raised a spirit not to be laid by the anathema of the British minister;

the project was driven as far as the verge of civil war; there it was stopped; and this was the first signal triumph of the virtue of the people in Ireland.

In one of his inimitable letters on the subject of Wood's halfpence, Swift, with a daring and a generous indignation worthy of a better age and country, had touched on the imaginary dependence of Ireland on England. The bare mention of a doubt on the subject had an instantaneous effect on the nerves of the English government here. A proclamation was issued offering £300 for the author; the printer was thrown into jail; the grand-jury were tampered with to present the letter, and, on their refusing to do so, were dissolved in a rage by the chief-justice, a step without a precedent, save one, which happened in the time of James II., and was followed by an immediate censure of the House of Commons of England. Yet all that Swift had said was that, "under God, he could be content to depend only on the king his sovereign, and the laws of his own country; that the Parliament of England had sometimes enacted laws binding Ireland, but that obedience to them was but the result of necessity, inasmuch as eleven men well armed will certainly subdue one man in his shirt, be his cause ever so righteous, and that, by the laws of God, of nature, and of nations, Irishmen were, and ought to be, as free as their brethren in England" We, who live at this day, see nothing like sedition, privy conspiracy, or rebellion in all this; and we may bless God for it; but in 1724 the case was very different. The printer was prosecuted, and died in jail; Swift escaped, because it was impossible to bring it home to him; and so little were the minds of men prepared for such opinions, that, in a paper addressed to the grand-jury who were to sit on the bills of indictment, Swift is obliged to take shelter under past services, and admit that the words which were taken up by government as offensive were the result of inadvertency and unwariness.

The famous act of the 6th of George I., Swift, with all his intrepidity, does no more than obscurely hint at, a crying testimony to the miserable depression of spirit in this country, when the last rivet, driven into her fetters and clenched, as England hoped, for ever could not excite more than an indistinct and half-suppressed murmur.

From this brief sketch it appears that no prospect could be more hopeless than that the star of liberty should again arise in Ireland. If, notwithstanding the impenetrable cloud in which she seemed buried for ever, she has yet broke forth with renovated splendour, and again kindled the spirit of the people, surely it is a grand *fact*, overbearing at once the efforts of thousands of corrupt cavillers, who cry out that this is not a nation capable of political virtue or steady exertion.

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## INTERVIEWS WITH BUONAPARTE.

(EXTRACTS FROM TONE'S JOURNAL, DECEMBER, 1797.)

General Desaix brought Lewines and me this morning and introduced us to Buonaparte, at his house in the Rue Chanteraine. He lives in the greatest simplicity; his house is small, but neat, and all the furniture and ornaments in the most classical taste. He is about five feet six inches high, slender, and well made, but stoops considerably; he looks at least ten years older than he is, owing to the great fatigues he underwent in his immortal campaign of Italy. His face is that of a profound thinker, but bears no mark of that great enthusiasm and unceasing activity by which he has been so much distinguished. It is rather, to my mind, the countenance of a mathematician than of a general. He has a fine eye, and a great firmness about his mouth; he speaks low and hollow. So much for his manner and figure. We had not much discourse with him, and what little there was, was between him and Lewines, to whom, as our ambassador, I gave the *pas*. We told him that Tennant was about to depart for Ireland, and was ready to charge himself with his orders if he had any to give. He desired us to bring him the same evening, and so we took our leave. In the evening we returned with Tennant, and Lewines had a good deal of conversation with him; that is to say, he *insensed* him a good deal into Irish affairs, of which he appears a good deal uninformed; for example, he seems convinced that our population is not more than two millions, which is nonsense. Buonaparte listened, but said very little. When all this was finished, he desired that Tennant might put off his departure for a few days, and then, turning to me, asked whether I was not an adjutant-general. To which I answered, that I had the honour to be attached to General Hoche in that capacity. He then asked me where I had learned to speak French. To which I

replied, that I had learned the little that I knew since my arrival in France, about twenty months ago. He then desired us to return the next evening but one, at the same hour, and so we parted. As to my French I am ignorant whether it was the purity or barbarism of my diction which drew his attention, and as I shall never inquire it must remain as an historical doubt, to be investigated by the learned of future ages.

*January 6th.*—Saw Buonaparte this evening with Lewines, who delivered him a whole sheaf of papers relative to Ireland, including my two memorials of 1795, great part of which stands good yet. After Lewines had had a good deal of discourse with him, I mentioned the affair of M'Kenna, who desires to be employed as secretary. Buonaparte observed that he believed the world thought he had fifty secretaries, whereas he had but one; of course there was an end of that business; however, he bid me see what the man was fit for, and let him know. I took this opportunity to mention the desire all the refugee United Irishmen, now in Paris, had to bear a part in the expedition, and the utility they would be of in case of a landing in Ireland. He answered that they would all be undoubtedly, and desired me to give him in, for that purpose, a list of their names. Finally, I spoke of myself, telling him that General Desaix had informed me that I was carried on the tableau of the *Armée d'Angleterre;* he said I was. I then observed that I did not pretend to be of the smallest use to him whilst we were in France, but that I hoped to be serviceable to him on the other side of the water; that I did not give myself at all to him for a military man, having neither the knowledge nor the experience that would justify me in charging myself with any function. "*Mais vous êtes brave*," said he, interrupting me. I replied that, when the occasion presented itself, that would appear. "*Eh bien*," said he, "*cela suffit.*" We then took our leave. . . .

We have now seen the greatest man in Europe three times, and I am astonished to think how little I have to record about him. I am sure I wrote ten times as much about my first interview with Charles de la Croix, but then I was a greenhorn; I am now a little used to see great men, and great statesmen, and great generals, and that has, in some degree, broke down my admiration. Yet, after all, it is a droll thing that I should become acquainted with Buonaparte. This time twelve months I arrived in Brest from my expedition to Bantry Bay. Well, the third time, they say, is the charm. My next chance, I hope, will be with the *Armée d'Angleterre.—Allons! Vive la République!*

*April 1st.*—Lewines waited yesterday on Merlin, who is President of the Directory for this *Trimestre*, and presented him a letter of introduction from Talleyrand. Merlin received him with great civility and attention. Lewines pressed him as far as he could with propriety on the necessity of sending succours to Ireland the earliest possible moment, especially on account of the late arrestations; and he took that occasion to impress him with a sense of the merit and services of the men for whom he interested himself so much on every account, public and personal. Merlin replied that, as to the time or place of succour he could tell him nothing, it being *the secret of the state;* that, as to the danger of his friends, he was sincerely sorry for the situation of so many brave and virtuous patriots; that, however, though he could not enter into the details of the intended expedition, he would tell him thus much to comfort him, "*That France never would grant a peace to England on any terms short of the independence of Ireland.*" This is grand news. It is far more direct and explicit than any assurance we have yet got. Lewines made the proper acknowledgments, and then ran off to me to communicate the news. The fact is, whatever the rest of our countrymen here may think, Lewines is doing his business here fair and well, and like a man of honour. I wish others of them whom I could name had half as good principles.

*May 20th.*—During my stay in Paris I read in the English papers a long account from the *Dublin Journal* of a visitation held by the chancellor in Trinity College, the result of which was the expulsion of nineteen students, and the suspension for three years of my friend Whitley Stokes. His crime was, having communicated to Sampson, who communicated to Lord Moira, a paper which he had previously transmitted to the lord-lieutenant, and which contained the account of some atrocious enormities committed by the British troops in the south of Ireland. Far less than that would suffice to destroy him in the chancellor's opinion, who, by-the-by, has had an eye upon him this long time; for I remember he summoned Stokes before the secret committee long before I left Ireland. I do not know whether to be vexed or pleased at this event, as it regards Whitley; I only wish he had taken his part more decidedly; for, as it is, he is destroyed

with one party, and I am by no means clear that he is saved with the other. He, like Parsons and Moira, have either their consciences too scrupulous, or their minds too little enlarged, to embrace the only line of conduct in times like ours. They must be with the people or against them, and that for the whole, or they must be content to go down without the satisfaction of serving or pleasing any party.

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# CHARLES JOHNSTONE.

Born 1719 — Died 1800.

[Charles Johnstone, a satirist of such power as to be called by Sir Walter Scott "a prose Juvenal," was born in the county of Limerick in the year 1719, and is said to have been descended from the Johnstones of Annandale in Scotland. Of his early career little is known, except that he had the benefit of a classical education, that he studied for the bar, and that on being called he chose to practise in England. Being affected with a degree of deafness he was principally engaged as a chamber counsel, and was comparatively successful. Notwithstanding his defect of hearing, in general society he was welcomed as a lively and companionable man.

About 1759, while on a visit to Lord Mount Edgecumbe in Devonshire, Johnstone amused his leisure hours by the production of a rude sketch of his first work. This appeared in 1760 under the title of *Chrysal; or, The Adventures of a Guinea*, and is a political romance not unlike the *Diable Boiteux*. As it set forth in strong colours the secret history of some political intrigues on the Continent, and contained piquant sketches of celebrated living characters, it became at once a success, and a second edition, with additions, was produced and disposed of almost immediately. In 1761 a third edition, with such further additions as increased the work to four volumes, was issued and disposed of.

Encouraged by this success Johnstone continued to use his pen, and in 1762 published another satire entitled *The Reverie, or a Flight to the Paradise of Fools*. This was followed in 1774 by *The History of Arsaces, Prince of Betlis*, a sort of political romance. In 1775 appeared *The Pilgrim, or a Picture of Life;* and in 1781, *The History of John Juniper, Esquire, alias Juniper Jack*, a romance of low life, as its name would almost indicate.

By this time, as was to be expected, the interest in his satirical works had somewhat subsided, and his other works having been only moderately successful, Johnstone determined to try his fortune in another part of the world, and accordingly in 1782 started for India. On his way thither he was shipwrecked, but his life was saved, and he finally reached Bengal. In India, as at home, he still continued to write, but there his work was chiefly for newspapers, and appeared over the signature of "Onciropolos." In a short time he became one of the joint proprietors of a Bengal paper, and acquired a considerable fortune before his death, which occurred in 1800.

In a comparison of Johnstone and Le Sage Sir Walter Scott has the following remarks:— "As Le Sage renders vice ludicrous, Johnstone seems to paint even folly as detestable as well as ludicrous. His Herald and Auctioneer are among his lightest characters, but their determined roguery and greediness render them hateful even while they are comic." In another place Scott says of Johnstone: "His language is firm and energetic, his power of personifying character striking and forcible, and the persons of his narrative move, breathe, and speak in all the freshness of life. His sentiments are in general those of the bold, high-minded, and indignant censor of a loose and corrupted age; yet it cannot be denied that Johnstone, in his hatred and contempt for the more degenerate vices of ingratitude, avarice, and baseness of every kind, shows but too much disposition to favour Churchill and other libertines, who thought fit to practise open looseness of manners, because, they said, it was better than hypocrisy."]

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## POET AND PUBLISHER.[1]

My new master was one of those aspiring geniuses whom desperate circumstances drive to push at everything, and court consequences

[1] This extract is from *Chrysal.*

the bare apprehension of which terrifies men who have some character and fortune to lose out of their senses. He was that evening to meet at a tavern an author the boldness and beauty of whose writings had for some time engaged the public attention in a particular manner, and made his numerous admirers tremble for his safety.

As he happened to outstay his time, my master's importance took offence at a freedom which he thought so much out of character.

"This is very pretty, truly!" (said he, walking back and forward in a chafe), "that I should wait an hour for an author. It was his business to have been here first and waited for me, but he is so puffed up of late that he has quite forgot himself. Booksellers seldom meet with such insolence from authors. I should serve him right to go away and disappoint him. But would not that disappoint myself more? He is come into such vogue lately that the best man in the trade would be glad to get him. Well, if he does not do what I want, I know not who can! Fools may be frightened at the thoughts of a cart's tail or a pillory, I know better things. Where they come in a popular cause nothing sets a man's name up to such advantage, and that's the first step towards making a fortune; as for the danger, it is only a mere bugbear while the mob is on my side. And therefore I will go on without fear, if I am not bought off. A pension or a pillory is the word."

These heroic meditations were interrupted by the entrance of the author, who, throwing himself carelessly into a chair, "I believe I have made you wait," said he, "but I could not help it. I was obliged to stay to kick a puppy of a printer who had been impertinent; as I am to meet company directly, so let me hear what you have to say."

"I thought, sir," answered my master with an air of offended importance, "you had appointed me to meet you here on business, and business, you know, cannot be hurried over so soon."

"Don't mention business to me, I hate the very name of it, and as to any that can possibly be between you and me, it may be done in five minutes as well as five years; so speak directly, and without further preamble, for all your finesse could have no effect upon me, even if I would submit to let you try it."

"Finesse, sir! I do not know what you mean! I defy the world to charge me with ever having been guilty of any. The business I desired to meet you upon was about a poem I was informed you had ready for the press, and which I should be glad to treat with you for."—

"Well, sir, and what will you give me for it? Be quick, for I cannot wait to make many words."

"What! before I have seen it? It is impossible for me to say till I have looked it over and can judge what it is, and how much it will make."

"As to your judging what it is, that must depend upon inspiration, which I imagine you will scarcely make pretence to till you turn Methodist at least; but for what it will make here it is, and you may judge of that while I go down stairs for a few minutes."

Saying which he gave him a handful of loose papers and left the room.

The first thing my master did when left thus to form his judgment of a work of genius was to number the pages, and then the lines in a page or two, by the time he had done which the author returned, and, taking the papers out of his hand, "Well, sir," said he, "and what is the result of your judgment?"

"Why, really, sir," answered my master after some pause, "I hardly know what to say; I have cast off the copy, and do not think that it will make more than a shilling, however pompously printed."

"What you think it will make is not the matter, but what you will give me for it. I sell my work by the quality, not the quantity."

"I do not doubt the quality of them in the least; but considering how much the trade is overstocked at present, and what a mere drug poetry has long been, I am a good deal at a loss what to offer, as I should be unwilling to give you or any gentleman offence by seeming to undervalue your works. What do you think of five guineas? I do not imagine that more can be given for so little, nor, indeed, should I be fond of giving even that but in compliment to you; I have had full twice as much for two many a time."

"Much good may your bargain do you, sir; but I will not take less than fifty for mine in compliment to you, or any bookseller alive; and so, sir, I desire to know without more words (for I told you before that your eloquence would be thrown away upon me!) whether you will give that, as I am in haste to go to company much more agreeable to me than yours."—

"What, sir! fifty guineas for scarce five

hundred lines! Such a thing was never heard of in the trade."—

"Confound your trade, and you together! Here, waiter! what is to pay?"—

"But, dear sir! why will you be in such a hurry? can you not give yourself and me time to consider a little? Perhaps we might come nearer to each other!"—

"I have told you before, and I repeat it again, that I will have so much, and that without more words."—

"You are very peremptory, sir, but you know your own value, and therefore in hopes you will let me have more for my money next time, I will venture to give you your price now, though really if it was not for your name I could not possibly do it, but to be sure that is worth a shilling extraordinary, I own."

"Which is twelve pence more than yours ever will be, unless to the ordinary of Newgate.—But come! give me the money, I want to go to my company."—

"Well, sir, this is a hasty bargain, but I take it upon your word, and don't doubt but there is merit in it, to answer such a price. Satire, sir! keen satire, and so plain that he who runs may read, as the saying is, is the thing now o' days. Where there is any doubt or difficulty in the application it takes off the pleasure from the generality of readers. That, sir, is your great merit. Satire must be personal, or it will never do."—

"Personal! that mine never shall be. Vices, not persons, are the objects of my satire; though, where I find the former, I never spare the latter, be the rank and character in life what it will."

My master had by this time counted out his money (among which I was), which the author took without telling over, and then went to his company, leaving the bookseller scarcely more pleased with his bargain than mortified at the cavalier treatment he had met in making it.

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# ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

Born 1735 — Died 1800.

[Isaac Bickerstaff, a name well known in dramatic literature, was born of a respectable family in the year 1735. In 1746 he became page to Lord Chesterfield when that nobleman was appointed Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and later on in life he was an officer of marines. From this post he was dismissed for some dishonourable action, when he left his country and died abroad, the exact time and place being both uncertain, although the date of his death is generally said to be 1800.

Of comedies, farces, operas, &c., Bickerstaff produced in his time some twenty-two, a large proportion of which were highly successful. His three good old-fashioned English comic operas, *Love in a Village*, *The Maid of the Mill*, and *Lionel and Clarissa*, are declared by a clever yet sober critic to be "of the first class, which will continue to be popular as long as the language in which they are written lasts." *Love in a Village*, which appeared in 1762, and was played frequently during its first season, had a success nearly as great as *The Beggar's Opera* of an earlier period. Its reputation is still high, and it is yet retained as a stock piece on the English stage, although it is said to be at best only a clever compilation of scenes and incidents from a number of other plays. But Bickerstaff saw no harm in this, any more than our modern adapters do in conveying from the French; and if he stole, it must be said he dressed his kidnapped children in better clothes than they possessed before.

Of Bickerstaff's farces three at least, *The Padlock*, *The Sultan*, and *The Spoiled Child*, held the stage for a long time, and we ourselves remember seeing *The Padlock* acted at a country theatre. Though constantly producing light musical pieces, and excelling in them, Bickerstaff only once attempted oratorio. This piece was called *Judith*, set to music by Dr. Arne, and performed first at the Lock Hospital Chapel in February, 1764, and afterwards revived at the church of Stratford-on-Avon on the occasion of Garrick's foolish "Jubilee in honour of the memory of Shakspere," in 1769. In 1765 *The Maid of the Mill* was produced at Covent Garden, and ran the unusual period of thirty-five nights. It is chiefly founded on Richardson's novel *Pamela*, but "divested of the coarse scenes and indecency by which that moral and model lesson, as it has been called, is dis-

figured." His pieces *The Plain Dealer* and *The Hypocrite*, both alterations of other plays, the latter of Colley Cibber's *Nonjuror*, are well known, and still keep the stage. One of Bickerstaff's best comedies, *'Tis Well it's no Worse*, is founded on a Spanish original. Indeed, of all his works, only *Lionel and Clarissa* can be said to be thoroughly and completely original. Notwithstanding this, however, critics still continue to look on him as one of the most successful writers for the stage, an employment which he followed for over twenty years.]

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## A NOBLE LORD.

(FROM "THE MAID OF THE MILL.")

[Patty has been educated and brought up by Lord Aimworth's mother, who was very fond of her, and his lordship is equally so.]

LORD AIMWORTH *and* PATTY.

*Lord Aim.* I came hither, Patty, in consequence of our conversation this morning, to render your change of state as agreeable and happy as I could; but your father tells me you have fallen out with the farmer. Has anything happened since I saw you last to alter your good opinion of him?

*Patty.* No, my lord, I am in the same opinion now with regard to the farmer that I always was.

*Lord Aim.* I thought, Patty, you loved him. You told me—

*Patty.* My lord!

*Lord Aim.* Well, no matter; it seems I have been mistaken in that particular. Possibly your affections are engaged elsewhere. Let me but know the man that can make you happy and I swear—

*Patty.* Indeed, my lord, you take too much trouble upon my account.

*Lord Aim.* Perhaps, Patty, you love somebody so much beneath you you are ashamed to own it, but your esteem confers a value wherever it is placed. I was too harsh with you this morning; our inclinations are not in our own power, they master the wisest of us.

*Patty.* Pray, pray, my lord, talk not to me in this style. Consider me as one destined by birth and fortune to the meanest condition and offices, who has unhappily been apt to imbibe sentiments contrary to them! Let me conquer a heart where pride and vanity have usurped an improper rule; and learn to know myself, of whom I have been too long ignorant.

*Lord Aim.* Perhaps, Patty, you love some one so much above you you are afraid to own it. If so, be his rank what it will he is to be envied: for the love of a woman of virtue, beauty, and sentiment does honour to a monarch. What means that downcast look, those tears, those blushes? Dare you not confide in me? Do you think, Patty, you have a friend in the world would sympathize with you more sincerely than I?

*Patty.* What shall I answer? No, my lord, you have ever treated me with kindness, a generosity of which none but minds like yours are capable. You have been my instructor, my adviser, my protector; but, my lord, you have been too good: when our superiors forget the distance between us, we are sometimes led to forget it too. Had you been less condescending perhaps I had been happier.

*Lord Aim.* And have I, Patty, have I made you unhappy? I, who would sacrifice my own felicity to secure yours?

*Patty.* I beg, my lord, you will suffer me to be gone; only believe me sensible of all your favours, though unworthy of the smallest.

*Lord Aim.* How unworthy? You merit everything; my respect, my esteem, my friendship, and my love! Yes, I repeat, I avow it: your beauty, your modesty, your understanding, have made a conquest of my heart; but what a world do we live in! that while I own this; while I own a passion for you, founded on the justest, the noblest basis, I must at the same time confess the fear of that world, its taunts, its reproaches.

*Patty.* Ah! sir, think better of the creature you have raised than to suppose I ever entertained a hope tending to your dishonour: would that be a return for the favours I have received? Would that be a grateful reverence for the memory of her? Pity and pardon the disturbance of a mind that fears to inquire too minutely into its own sensations. I am unfortunate, my lord, but not criminal.

*Lord Aim.* Patty, we are both unfortunate; for my own part, I know not what to say to you, or what to propose to myself.

*Patty.* Then, my lord, 'tis mine to act as I ought. Yet while I am honoured with a place in your esteem, imagine me not insensible of so high a distinction, or capable of lightly turning my thoughts towards another.

*Lord Aim.* How cruel is my situation! I am here, Patty, to command you to marry the man who has given you so much uneasiness.

A NOBLE LORD

*Patty.* My lord, I am convinced it is for your credit and my safety it should be so. I hope I have not so ill profited by the lessons of your noble mother but I shall be able to do my duty whenever I am called to it; this will be my first support, time and reflection will complete the work.

[The farmer refuses to marry Patty because of hearing some scandal whispered as to her intimacy with Lord Aimworth. Fairfield, Patty's father, takes her up to the nobleman's house to complain of the slight, much against her will.]

*Lord Aim.* (*On hearing it says.*) I am sorry, Patty, you have had this mortification.

*Patty.* I am sorry, my lord, you have been troubled about it, but really it was against my consent.

*Fair.* Well, come, my child, we will not take up his honour's time any longer; let us be going towards home. Heaven prosper your lordship; the prayers of me and my family shall always attend you.

*Lord Aim.* Miller, come back. Patty, stay.

*Fair.* Has your lordship anything further to command us?

*Lord Aim.* Why, yes, Master Fairfield, I have a word or two still to say to you; in short, though you are satisfied in this affair, I am not; and you seem to forget the promise I made you, that since I had been the means of losing your daughter one husband, I would find her another.

*Fair.* Your honour is to do as you please.

*Lord Aim.* What say you, Patty, will you accept of a husband of my choosing?

*Patty.* My lord, I have no determinations; you are the best judge how I ought to act; whatever you command, I shall obey.

*Lord Aim.* Then, Patty, there is but one person I can offer you, and I wish for your sake he was more deserving. Take me.

*Patty.* Sir!

*Lord Aim.* From this moment our interests are one, as our hearts, and no earthly power shall ever divide us.

*Fair.* "O the gracious!" Patty—my lord—did I hear right! You sir, you marry a child of mine?

*Lord Aim.* Yes, my honest old man, in me you behold the husband designed for your daughter; and I am happy that by standing in the place of fortune, who has alone been wanting to her, I shall be able to set her merit in a light where its lustre will be rendered conspicuous.

*Fair.* But good noble sir, pray consider, don't go to put upon a silly old man, my daughter is unworthy. Patty, child, why don't you speak?

*Patty.* What can I say, father! what answer to such unlooked for, such unmerited, such unbounded generosity!—Yes, sir, as my father says, consider your noble friends, your relations; it must not, cannot be.

*Lord Aim.* It must, and shall. Friends! relations! from henceforth I have none that will not acknowledge you; and I am sure, when they become acquainted with your perfections, those whose suffrage I most esteem will rather admire the justice of my choice, than wonder at its singularity.

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## HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD.

(FROM "LIONEL AND CLARISSA.")

[Harman, who is a younger son of a good family and poor, makes the acquaintance of Colonel Oldboy's daughter Diana in London, and they fall in love. Harman manages to get an introduction from a friend, and comes down to the Colonel's country-house. He tells him all about his being in love, and his dread of the father refusing his consent because of his poverty, but of course conceals the name of the lady. On being pressed to name her he says she does not live far distant. The Colonel, who delights in a bit of intrigue, takes the matter in hand and urges Harman on as follows.]

HARMAN *and* DIANA *in conference.* DIANA *leaves by one door as* COLONEL OLDBOY *enters by another.*

*Col.* Heyday! What's the meaning of this? Who is it went out of the room there? Have you and my daughter been in conference, Mr. Harman?

*Har.* Yes, faith, sir; she has been taking me to task here very severely with regard to this affair. And she has said so much against it, and put it into such a strange light—

*Col.* A busy, impertinent baggage! Egad! I wish I had catched her meddling, and after I ordered her not! But you have sent to the girl, and you say she is ready to go with you. You must not disappoint her now.

*Har.* No, no, Colonel; I always have politeness enough to hear a lady's reasons; but constancy enough to keep a will of my own.

*Col.* Very well; now let me ask you, Don't

you think it would be proper, upon this occasion, to have a letter ready writ for the father, to let him know who has got his daughter, and so forth?

*Har.* Certainly, sir; and I'll write it directly.

*Col.* You write it! You be d——d! I won't trust you with it! I tell you, Harman, you'll commit some cursed blunder if you don't leave the management of this whole affair to me. I have writ the letter for you myself.

*Har.* Have you, sir?

*Col.* Ay! Here, read it. I think it's the thing. However, you are welcome to make any alteration.

*Har.* (*Reads.*) "Sir, I have loved your daughter a great while secretly. She assures me there is no hopes of your consenting to our marriage; I, therefore, take her without it. I am a gentleman who will use her well. And, when you consider the matter, I dare swear you will be willing to give her a fortune; if not, you shall find I dare behave myself like a man. A word to the wise. You must expect to hear from me in another style."

*Col.* Now, sir, I will tell you what you must do with this letter. As soon as you have got off with the girl, sir, send your servant back to leave it at the house, with orders to have it delivered to the old gentleman.

*Har.* Upon my honour, I will, Colonel.

*Col.* But, upon my honour, I don't believe you'll get the girl. Come, Harman; I'll bet you a buck and six dozen of Burgundy that you won't have spirit enough to bring this affair to a crisis!

*Har.* And I say, done first, Colonel.

*Col.* Then look into the court there, sir: a chaise, with four of the prettiest bay geldings in England, with two boys in scarlet and silver jackets, that will whisk you along.

*Har.* Boys, Colonel! Little cupids to transport me to the summit of my desires!

*Col.* Ay; but, for all that, it mayn't be amiss for me to talk to them a little out of the window for you. Dick, come hither. You are to go with this gentleman, and do whatever he bids you; and take into the chaise whoever he pleases; and drive like devils; do you hear? But be kind to the dumb beasts.

*Har.* Leave that to me, sir. And so, my dear Colonel— [*Bows and exit.*

. . . . . .

[The result of the Colonel's advice is as follows. Mr. Jessamy is the Colonel's son, who has been reared by an uncle, and whose name he has adopted.]

*Enter a Servant.*

*Col.* How now, you scoundrel, what do you want?

*Ser.* A letter, sir.

*Col.* A letter—from whom, sirrah?

*Ser.* The gentleman's servant, an't please your honour, that left this just now in the post-chaise; the gentleman my young lady went away with.

*Col.* Your young lady, sirrah! Your young lady went away with no gentleman, you dog. What gentleman? What young lady, sirrah?

*Mr. Jes.* There is some mystery in this. With your leave, sir, I'll open the letter: I believe it contains no secrets.

*Col.* What are you going to do, you jackanapes? You sha'n't open a letter of mine. Di—Diana. Somebody call my daughter to me there. (*Reads.*) "To John Oldboy, Esq. Sir, I have loved your daughter a great while secretly—consenting to our marriage—"

*Mr. Jes.* So, so.

*Col.* You villain! you dog! what is it you have brought me here?

*Ser.* Please your honour, if you'll have patience I'll tell your honour. As I told your honour before, the gentleman's servant that went off just now in the post-chaise came to the gate, and left it after his master was gone. I saw my young lady go into the chaise with the gentleman.

*Mr. Jes.* (*Takes up the letter the Colonel has thrown down.*) Why, this is your own hand.

*Col.* Call all the servants in the house, let horses be saddled directly; every one take a different road.

*Ser.* Why, your honour, Dick said it was by your own orders.

*Col.* My orders! you rascal? I thought he was going to run away with another gentleman's daughter. Di—Diana Oldboy.

[*Exit Servant.*

*Mr. Jes.* Don't waste your lungs to no purpose, sir; your daughter is half a dozen miles off by this time.

*Col.* Sirrah, you have been bribed to further the scheme of a pickpocket here.

*Mr. Jes.* Besides, the matter is entirely of your own contriving, as well as the letter and spirit of this elegant epistle.

*Col.* You are a coxcomb, and I'll disinherit you; the letter is none of my writing; it was writ by the devil, and the devil contrived it. Diana, Margaret, my lady Mary, William, John— [*Exit.*

*Mr. Jes.* I am very glad of this; prodigiously glad of it, upon my honour. He! he! he! It will be a jest this hundred years. (*Bell rings violently, on both sides.*) What's the matter now? Oh! her ladyship has heard of it, and is at her bell; and the Colonel answers her. A pretty duet; but a little too much upon the forte, methinks. It would be a diverting thing, now, to stand unseen at the old gentleman's elbow. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Colonel Oldboy, *with one boot, a great-coat on his arm, &c., followed by several Servants.*

*Col.* She's gone, by the Lord! fairly stole away, with that poaching, coney-catching rascal! However, I won't follow her; no, d——e; take my whip, and my cap, and my coat, and order the groom to unsaddle the horses; I won't follow her the length of a spur-leather. Come here, you sir, and pull off my boot (*whistles*); she has made a fool of me once, she sha'n't do it a second time. Not but I'll be revenged too, for I'll never give her sixpence; the disappointment will put the scoundrel out of temper, and he'll thrash her a dozen times a day. The thought pleases me; I hope he'll do it. What do you stand gaping and staring at, you impudent dogs? Are you laughing at me? I'll teach you to be merry at my expense— [*Exit in a rage.*

[Ultimately the Colonel makes the best of it, and forgives his daughter and Harman.]

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## MR. MAWWORM.[1]

Old Lady Lambert *and* Dr. Cantwell *in conference.*

*Enter* Mawworm.

*Old Lady L.* How do you do, Mr. Mawworm?

*Maw.* Thank your ladyship's axing, I'm but deadly poorish, indeed; the world and I can't agree—I have got the books, doctor, and Mrs. Grunt bid me give her sarvice to you, and thanks you for the eighteenpence.

*Dr. C.* Hush! friend Mawworm! not a word more; you know I hate to have my little charities blazed about: a poor widow, madam, to whom I sent my mite.

*Old Lady L.* Give her this. (*Offers a purse to Mawworm.*)

*Dr. C.* I'll take care it shall be given to her. (*Takes the purse.*)

*Old Lady L.* But what is the matter with you, Mr. Mawworm?

*Maw.* I don't know what's the matter with me; I'm breaking my heart; I think it's a sin to keep a shop.

*Old Lady L.* Why, if you think it's a sin, indeed; pray, what's your business?

*Maw.* We deals in grocery, tea, small-beer, charcoal, butter, brick-dust, and the like.

*Old Lady L.* Well; you must consult with your friendly director here.

*Maw.* I wants to go a-preaching.

*Old Lady L.* Do you?

*Maw.* I'm almost sure I have had a call.

*Old Lady L.* Ay!

*Maw.* I have made several sermons already. I does them extrumpery, because I can't write; and now the devils in our alley says as how my head's turned.

*Old Lady L.* Ay, devils indeed; but don't you mind them.

*Maw.* No, I don't; I rebukes them, and preaches to them, whether they will or not. We lets our house in lodgings to single men, and sometimes I gets them together, with one or two of the neighbours, and makes them all cry.

*Old Lady L.* Did you ever preach in public?

*Maw.* I got up on Kennington Common the last review day; but the boys threw brick-bracks at me, and pinned crackers to my tail; and I have been afraid to mount, your ladyship, ever since.

*Old Lady L.* Do you hear this, Doctor? throw brickbats at him, and pin crackers to his tail! Can these things be stood by?

*Maw.* I told them so; says I, I does nothing clandecently; I stands here contagious to his majesty's guards, and I charges you upon your apparels not to mislist me.

*Old Lady L.* And it had no effect?

*Maw.* No more than if I spoke to so many postesses; but if he advises me to go a-preaching, and quit my shop, I'll make an excressance farther into the country.

*Old Lady L.* An excursion you would say.

*Maw.* I am but a sheep, but my bleating shall be heard afar off, and that sheep shall become a shepherd; nay, if it be only, as it were, a shepherd's dog, to bark the stray lambs into the fold.

*Old Lady L.* He wants method, Doctor.

*Dr. C.* Yes, madam, but there is matter; and I despise not the ignorant.

*Maw.* He's a saint.

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[1] This is from *The Hypocrite.*

*Dr. C.* Oh!

*Old Lady L.* Oh!

*Maw.* If ever there was a saint, he's one. 'Till I went after him I was little better than the devil; my conscience was tanned with sin like a piece of neat's leather, and had no more feeling than the sole of my shoe; always a roving after fantastical delights; I used to go every Sunday evening to the Three Hats at Islington; it's a public-house; mayhap your ladyship may know it. I was a great lover of skittles too, but now I can't bear them.

*Old Lady L.* What a blessed reformation!

*Maw.* I believe, Doctor, you never know'd as how I was instigated one of the stewards of the Reforming Society. I convicted a man of five oaths, as last Thursday was a se'nnight, at the Pewter Platter in the Borough; and another of three, while he was playing trap-ball in St. George's Fields; I bought this waistcoat out of my share of the money.

*Old Lady L.* But how do you mind your business?

*Maw.* We have lost almost all our customers; because I keeps extorting them whenever they come into the shop.

*Old Lady L.* And how do you live?

*Maw.* Better than ever we did: while we were worldly-minded, my wife and I (for I am married to as likely a woman as you shall see in a thousand) could hardly make things do at all; but since this good man has brought us into the road of the righteous, we have always plenty of everything; and my wife goes as well dressed as a gentlewoman. We have had a child too.

*Old Lady L.* Merciful!

. . . . . .

*Maw.* And yet, if you would hear how the neighbours reviles my wife; saying as how she sets no store by me, because we have words now and then: but, as I says, if such was the case, would she ever have cut me down that there time as I was melancholy, and she found me hanging behind the door? I don't believe there's a wife in the parish would have done so by her husband.

*Dr. C.* I believe 'tis near dinner-time; and Sir John will require my attendance.

*Maw.* Oh! I am troublesome; nay, I only come to you, Doctor, with a message from Mrs. Grunt. I wish your ladyship heartily and heartily farewell: Doctor, a good day to you.

*Old Lady L.* Mr. Mawworm, call on me some time this afternoon; I want to have a little private discourse with you; and pray, my service to your spouse.

*Maw.* I will, madam; you are a malefactor to all goodness; I'll wait upon your ladyship; I will indeed. (*Going, returns.*) Oh! Doctor, that's true; Susy desired me to give her kind love and respects to you. [*Exit.*

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## TWO SONGS.

(FROM "THOMAS AND SALLY, OR THE SAILOR'S RETURN.")

My time how happy once and gay!
Oh! blithe I was as blithe could be;
But now I'm sad, ah, well-a-day!
For my true love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun;
Though all their arts are lost on me;
For I can never love but one,
And he, alas! has gone to sea.

They bid me to the wake, the fair,
To dances on the neighb'ring lea:
But how can I in pleasure share,
While my true love is out at sea?

The flowers droop till light's return,
The pigeon mourns its absent she;
So will I droop, so will I mourn,
Till my true love comes back from sea.

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How happy is the sailor's life,
From coast to coast to roam;
In every port he finds a wife,
In every land a home.
He loves to range, he's nowhere strange;
He ne'er will turn his back
To friend or foe; no, masters, no;
My life for honest Jack.

If saucy foes dare make a noise,
And to the sword appeal;
We out, and quickly larn 'em, boys,
With whom they have to deal.
We know no craft but 'fore and aft,
Lay on our strokes amain;
Then, if they're stout, for 'tother bout,
We drub 'em o'er again.

Or fair or foul, let Fortune blow,
Our hearts are never dull;
The pocket that to-day ebbs low,
To-morrow shall be full;
For if so be, we want, d'ye see?
A pluck of this here stuff;
In Indi—a, and Americ—a,
We're sure to find enough.

Then bless the king, and bless the state,
And bless our captains all;
And ne'er may chance unfortunate
The British fleet befall.
But prosp'rous gales, where'er she sails,
And ever may she ride,
Of sea and shore, till time's no more,
The terror and the pride.

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### WHAT ARE OUTWARD FORMS?

What are outward forms and shows,
To an honest heart compared?
Oft the rustic, wanting those,
Has the nobler portion shared.

Oft we see the homely flower,
Bearing, at the hedge's side,
Virtues of more sovereign power
Than the garden's gayest pride.

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### HOPE.

Hope! thou nurse of young desire,
Fairy promiser of joy,
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy.

Hope! thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind,
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find.

Kind deceiver, flatter still,
Deal out pleasures unpossest,
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest.

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## THOMAS DERMODY.

Born 1775 — Died 1802

[Thomas Dermody, who in some respects may be called the Chatterton of Ireland, was the son of a schoolmaster of considerable attainments, and was born at Ennis on the 17th of January, 1775. Pope wrote verses at twelve; Cowley received the applause of his friends at eleven; but young Dermody proved himself even more precocious, for at the age of ten he had accumulated more literary work than he cared to let the public see. At this early age, also, the boy had acquired a love for the bottle, an evil propensity which he is said to have inherited from his father, and which wrecked all his after life. This vice he seemed to abandon for a time in 1785, when a beloved brother died, and he himself determined to remain no longer at home. Whilst on a visit with his father at a friend's house, the young lad, without the least hint to any one and with only two shillings in his pocket, started off for the Irish metropolis. Here Dermody found himself in a new world, and spent his time in strolling about the bookstalls and booksellers' shops. One day, while reaching out his hand for a book, he was observed by the owner, who, fearful of a theft rather than a bargain, hastened out. He found Dermody poring over a Greek author, and after questioning him asked him down into his cellar. The man soon saw that he had discovered a scholar, and invited him to dinner. They dined together with mutual satisfaction, and it occurred to the host that this learned youth might teach his son Latin, a proposal which Dermody readily accepted. But he was not here long before his evil propensity began to show itself. The good-natured bookseller became anxious about him, and, feeling there was no hope of reformation in his own house, managed to procure for him another situation. In this new place he remained only a short time, but in it he had made the acquaintance of several collegians, notably Dr. Houlton, into whose house he was received. Here he remained for ten weeks.

It is impossible, and perhaps not desirable, to enter into all the incidents and details of Dermody's short and wretched life. He was constantly making new friends and again losing them. No sooner had he begun in some new position to prove his ability, than he also began to show his old evil habits. After having exhausted the round of his friends in domestic life, he managed to make the acquaintance of some players, among whom was Mr. Owenson, a gentleman distinguished by his humanity, who at once set about planning how to get for him an introduction to the college. Through him he was introduced to Dr. Young, who undertook the charge of

his studies. Soon, however, the devil seemed again to get the upper hand, and he began to skulk his studies and to deceive his friends. At last the truth came out, and Dermody was once more left in destitution. Not for long, however, for with rare good luck he was taken in hand by the Rev. Mr. Austin, who took him into his own house, introduced him to his friends, and by their advice opened a subscription for his future education and support. But at last he was discovered in some misconduct at Mr. Austin's for the third or fourth time, and the patience of that gentleman having been exhausted, he withdrew his favour from the youthful poet.

Again Mr. Owenson stood his friend, and introduced him to a Mr. Atkinson, who for a long time befriended him. A little later, on the recommendation of Mr. Atkinson, he was noticed and adopted by that "glory of her country" the Dowager Countess of Moira. At her desire and expense he was furnished with all necessaries, and placed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Boyd of Killeigh. Here he remained two years, during which time he greatly improved himself in the ancient languages, and acquired a competent knowledge of French and Italian. The countess saw with delight the progress being made by her protégé, but folly was so ingrained in his nature that he soon began to show himself as of old; and at length Lady Moira in a letter informed him that she could no longer be responsible for his expenses, and presented him with one last graceful donation.

Seeing that Killeigh was no longer a place for him, Dermody at once started off for Dublin. Here he began again his old course of life, which was now less pardonable, seeing that he was older and had added considerably to his education. On all sides he applied for contributions from his friends, and received at irregular intervals sums sufficient to have started him in life. Among others he applied to Lady Moira, and in spite of his previous misconduct he was received into partial favour and presented with a sum of money.

But he sank lower and lower, until he was again cast off by her ladyship and his other friends. Turning to politics as a richer or fresher field, he produced in 1793 a pamphlet entitled *The Rights of Justice, or Rational Liberty*, to which he added a well-written poem entitled "The Reform." Politics, however, he discovered to be of little or no use, and at last he took to that most ignoble of all callings the begging-letter writer. His position soon became unbearable, and he was on the point of starvation when he was rescued by Mr. Wolfe, then attorney-general and afterwards Lord Chief-justice Kilwarden. Through this gentleman he received many introductions, and he actually engaged apartments for him in the college, offered to pay all his expenses there, and allow him in addition £30 a year. Seldom is there a brighter chance for a youth of talent; but Dermody had come to love the gutter better than the drawing-room, and refused the offer. After this money began to come in slower and slower, and he determined to retire to a solitude and resign himself to despair; but he changed his mind and proposed to try London. Before getting away from Dublin, however, he enlisted in the army, and was bought off through the kindness of a friend. He again enlisted, and it was decided to leave him subject to the discipline of the ranks for some months. No plan could be wiser, for this discipline had such an effect upon him that he seemed to be quite reformed. In a short time he was advanced to the rank of corporal, then of sergeant, and in 1794 he embarked with the regiment for England, being then nineteen years of age, yet having more experience of human life and his own frailties than thousands at threescore and ten. In the short intervals of repose from his duties he did not now turn to the dram-shop, but found leisure to write "The Retrospect," a poem of no mean order. On arriving in England he came under the notice of the Earl of Moira, who, having become commander of the army destined for the coast of France, appointed Dermody to a second lieutenancy in the waggon corps. During the expedition he acted fairly well, and on its return he was put on the half-pay list.

He now determined to go to London, renounce his former follies, and begin a new life. But his resolutions were short-lived; his debaucheries were renewed, and at last, in despair, he took shelter in a miserable garret rented by a cobbler in a wretched part of the town. In January, 1800, he made known his condition to his old friend J. Grant Raymond, who afterwards wrote his biography. This gentleman extended some help to him, and impressed upon him that he must commence life as an author, and out of what he had already written produce a book at once. A volume was accordingly got together, for which he received a liberal sum. It was dedicated to his former friend Lady Moira, and contains among other poems "The Pursuit of

Patronage," in which he describes in pathetic and masterly style the distresses of those elder and illustrious sons of poesy whose writings have ennobled English literature. The money received for this work enabled him to live at ease for some time; but all his experiences had not given him prudence, and he was constantly falling backwards into the slough of despond. It is indeed sickening to follow the details of a life like his; friend after friend contributes to his necessities without avail. Through the influence of Mr. Pye he received several sums of money from the Royal Literary Fund, but his distress seemed to increase rather than lessen, and his health to grow worse and worse. By this time he had acquired fame as a poet; to this he now added the character of a powerful satirist by his "Battle of the Bards," an heroic poem in two cantos, the subject being a whimsical conflict in a bookseller's shop between Mr. Giffard, author of the *Baviad*, and the celebrated Peter Pindar.

His health was now so broken down that a change of air was absolutely necessary to keep him alive, and to attain this another volume of poems which he had been preparing was issued. The principal pieces in this collection are "The Extravaganza," which the author says "is perhaps the most original and fanciful poem I ever had sufficient powers to compose;" "The Pleasures of Poesy," which contains many beautiful passages; and "The Enthusiast," from which our extracts "Danger" and "Jealousy" are taken. But the profit he derived from this volume was small, and day by day matters grew worse. At last he found his way to a hovel in Wells Road, Sydenham, from whence a letter reached his friend Mr. Raymond, who visited him, and found him in a most wretched condition. Immediately the comforts which he required were ordered, and after some delay lodgings of a better kind procured. Into these he was to be removed the following day; but the last efforts of his kind friend were unavailing, for on that same evening he died, at the age of twenty-seven years and six months, a monument of genius misapplied and golden opportunities thrown away. He was buried in Lewisham churchyard, where a monument to his memory may yet be found, bearing a lengthy inscription.

The literary character of this extraordinary youth is thus drawn by Mr. Raymond: "His poetical powers may be said to have been intuitive, for some of his best pieces were composed before he had reached twelve years of age. His language was nervous, polished, and fluent. His wonderful classical knowledge, added to a memory uncommonly powerful and comprehensive, furnished him with allusions that were appropriate, combinations that were pleasing, and sentiments that were dignified. He had an inquisitive mind, but could never resist the temptations which offered to seduce him from his studies. No one ever wrote with greater facility; his mind was stored with such a fund of observation, such an accumulation of knowledge gathered from science and from nature, that his thoughts, when wanted, rushed upon him like a torrent, and he could compose with the rapidity with which another could transcribe. There is scarcely a style of composition in which he did not in some degree excel. The descriptive, the ludicrous, the didactic, the sublime,—each, when occasion required, he treated with skill, with acute remark, imposing humour, profound reflection, and lofty magnificence."]

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### WHEN I SAT BY MY FAIR.

When I sat by my fair, and she tremblingly told
  The soft wishes and doubts of her heart,
How quickly old Time, then, delightfully rolled,
  For love lent the plume from his dart!
From the blush of her cheek, how my bosom
    caught flame,
And her eyes spoke a fondness her lips would not
    name.

But her cheek, that once rivalled the summer's
    full rose,
  Now as April's sad primrose is pale;
In her eye, now, no bright sensibility glows,
  Though I breathe forth truth's rapturous tale;
And thy moments, old Time, that on downy feet fled,
Ah me! are now fettered, and weighty as lead.

Yet surely, though much of her passion is past,
  Some sparks of affection remain;
And the clouds, that her meek-beaming brow have
    o'ercast,
  May be melted in pity's soft rain.
If not, my wrung breast to distraction I bare;
For distraction itself is less hard than despair.

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### EVENING STAR.

Soft star, approaching slowly on the sky
  With solemn march, if e'er beneath thy beam,
Darkling, I heaved the deep impassioned sigh,
  Or bade the silent tear of feeling stream;

If e'er, with fancy's magic voice, I called
  Ten thousand sprites to tend thy sapphire car,
If e'er, by rushing darkness unappalled,
  I followed thy receding light afar,
Be gracious now: to this love-laboured bower,
  With thy bright clue conduct my promised fair;
Full on her face thy yellow radiance pour,
  And gild the flowing tissue of her hair;
So shall the nightingale her note prolong,
Wild warbling to thine ear our bridal song!

## THE SENSITIVE LINNET.

WRITTEN BEFORE DERMODY WAS TEN YEARS OF AGE.

My fond social linnet, to thee
  What dear winning charms did belong!
On my hand thou wouldst carol with glee,
  On my bosom attend to my song.
Sweet bird, in return for my strain,
Thou warbled'st thine own o'er again.

Love, jealous a bird should thus share
  My affections, shot speedy his dart:
To my swain now I sang every air;
  The linnet soon took it to heart.
Sweet bird, in how plaintive a strain
Thou warbled'st thine own jealous pain!

But faithless my lover I found,
  And in vain to forget him I tried:
The linnet perceived my heart's wound,
  He sickened, he drooped, and he died.
Sweet bird, why to death yield the strain?
Thy song would have lightened my pain.

## JEALOUSY.

Ah, who is she, of dark unsettled brow,
  That bleeding drags an angel-shape behind,
And quaffs the living gore! I know her now:
  'Tis Jealousy; that monster of the mind,
  In whom are thousand contraries combined.—
Now moping, melancholy, o'er the wild;
  Now fretful, rash, unreasoning, unconfin'd:
In Constancy's best blood her hands defil'd,
And strangling in its birth her own devoted child.

## LINES TO THE COUNTESS OF MOIRA.

Ah! deeds of tenderness to earth unknown,
Felt by her keener sense and heaven alone;
'Tis you that raise the mind with joy sincere,
And pour to God rich incense in a tear;
At pity's shrine with diffidence impart,
That noblest hecatomb, a feeling heart;
And in one sigh the mockeries outdo,
Of these that, saint-like, mourn to sin anew;
That treat the human ties with ranc'rous sport,
And quit the temple to adorn a court.

Deem'st thou ingrate or dead the shepherd boy,
  Erewhile who sung thee to the list'ning plain?
Still pausing on thy deeds with pensive joy,
  Ingratitude nor death has hush'd the strain.
Still drest in all her captivating hues,
  Smiling in tears, will languishingly steal
O'er my fantastic dream the well-loved muse,
  Like morn dim-blushing through its dewy veil.
Her wild flowers, bound into a simple wreath,
  Meekly she proffers to thy partial sight.
Oh, softly on their tender foliage breathe!
  Oh, save them from the critic's cruel blight!
Nurse the unfolding blooms with care benign,
And 'mid them weave one laurel leaf of thine.

## CONTENTMENT IN ADVERSITY

In a cold empty garret contented I sit,
With no spark to warm me but sparks of old wit:
On a crazy black stool doleful ditties I sing,
And, poor as a beggar, am blest as a king.
Then why should I envy the great folks and proud,
Since God has given me what he took from the crowd?
My pen is my sceptre; my night-cap my crown,
All circled with laurels so comely and brown;
Nor am I so powerless as people may think,
For, lo! like all kings, I can spill floods—of ink,
Fight armies of mice, tear huge spiders at will,
And murder whole fleets with the point of a quill.
*Way* the world as it list, I am still a queer *wag*,
And my noddle is full, though right hollow my bag.
No money I hoard up, for money is *dirt*,
And of that I've enough—very much to my hurt.
Yet should shillings hop in at some prosperous time,
They jingle so pretty I keep them to chime.
Some sages may prate of their saws out of season,
And *reason* on matters without rhyme or *reason*,
But I'm no such pagan or infidel grown
To Providence thwart by odd schemes of my own;
And surely, grave signors, 'twould seem very odd
For the lord of a garret to cross his Lord God.
No, no; he is just: not like poor earthly elves
That scrape up from others to cover themselves,
Who treat the bare drudget of genius with laughter,
And labour so here sure they think no hereafter;—
For certainly clay-cumber'd logs, ever counting,
As Dominic has it, "were ne'er made for mounting".
  "Here's a health, then, to Fate, and to Fortune her daughter
(Miss-fortune, I mean), though I'm sorry 'tis water.
Yet water itself, sirs, may toast such a madam;
For 'twas wine, beer, and rum in the fair days of Adam;
So why may not I, then, imagine it claret?
For his taste was as fine as his son's in a garret."

### ON SONGS.

Oh! tender songs!
Heart-heavings of the breast, that longs
Its best-beloved to meet;
You tell of love's delightful hours,
Of meetings amid jasmine bowers,
And vows, like perfume of young flowers,
As fleeting—but more sweet.

Oh! glorious songs!
That rouse the brave 'gainst tyrant wrongs,
Resounding near and far;
Mingled with trumpet and with drum,
Your spirit-stirring summons come,
And urge the hero from his home,
And arm him for the war.

Oh! mournful songs!
When sorrow's host, in gloomy throngs
Assail the widowed heart;
You sing, in softly soothing strain,
The praise of those whom death hath ta'en,
And tell that we shall meet again,
And meet no more to part.

Oh! lovely songs!
Breathings of heaven; to you belongs
The empire of the heart.
Enthroned in memory, still reign
O'er minds of prince, and peer, and swain,
With gentle power, that knows not wane,
Till thought and life depart.

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## ROBERT JEPHSON.

Born 1736 — Died 1803.

[Robert Jephson was born in 1736, and entered the army while young. He soon attained to the rank of captain; and in 1763, on the occasion of the reduction of the regiment, he retired on half-pay. Before this time he had turned his attention to literature, and made the acquaintance of William Gerard Hamilton, through whose influence he was introduced to Lord Townshend, by whom he was soon after made master of the horse. Charmed by his wit and satirical powers, his lordship also procured him a seat in the Irish House of Commons. Here he soon distinguished himself, and, being grateful for the favours he had received, he earnestly defended the acts of the government. On Lord Townshend's departure he also stood in the breach in defence of that nobleman, when he was attacked openly and rather ungenerously in February, 1774. In the debate on a bill to repeal or relax some of the cruel laws against Roman Catholics he "took a prominent part, and made a long and eloquent speech in their favour, quitting on that occasion his usual satirical turn which had obtained him the name of 'Mortal Momus!'"

Lord Harcourt, who succeeded Lord Townshend, either not caring for wit, or not liking to encourage the favourites of his predecessor, acted coldly towards Jephson, who, at the general election in 1776, was allowed to lose his seat. After a time, however, it was seen how useful Jephson's talents would be, and a seat was found for him at Old Leighlin, in county Carlow. Probably feeling that he was merely being made a tool of, Jephson now devoted himself more and more to literature, and rarely spoke in the house, and his parliamentary career may be said to have practically closed soon after this time.

His first play, *The Duke of Braganza*, was produced at Drury Lane in 1771, and at once proved him to be a dramatist of no mean power. Horace Walpole held a high opinion of it. It was soon followed by *The Law of Lombardy*, also a successful play; and *The Count of Narbonne*, which was his greatest success of any. Jephson's other dramatic works were *The Campaign; Julia, or the Italian Lover; Two Strings to your Bow;* and *The Conspiracy*. In 1794 he also produced a poetical work called *Roman Portraits*, which was highly spoken of at the time, and in the same year a capital satire on the French Revolution entitled *The Confessions of James Baptiste Couteau*. He also, in conjunction with Mr. Courtenay, the Rev. Mr. Boroughs, and others, produced a series of essays under the title of *The Batchelor*, which, says a writer in *Biographia Dramatica*, "succeeded in putting down and turning into ridicule the enemies to Lord Townshend's government, and enriched the world with a collection which, for general wit and humour, has rarely been equalled, perhaps never excelled." The same writer declares Jephson to have been "a man of taste, judgment, and good sense," which we can readily believe, and which his dramas abundantly show. Indeed these dramas contain writing in some places scarcely inferior to the

very best things of the kind in the English language.

Jephson died at Blackrock, near Dublin, on the 31st of May, 1803.]

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## A MIGHTY FIGHTER.

(FROM "TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.")

[Clara's brother has been betrothed when a child to Leonora. He dies, and Leonora's father is about to bestow her upon Ferdinand, whom she loves, when Clara appears and personates her brother, for an adventure of her own. She confides her disguise to Leonora.]

*Enter* CLARA *disguised as a man and* LEONORA.

*Cla.* I have told you my story; I rely upon your honour, you will not discover me.

*Leo.* Don't fear me. You have relieved me from such anxiety by your friendly confidence, that I would rather die than betray you; nay, what is still more, I would rather lose my lover.

*Cla.* Of that there can be no danger: let matters proceed to the utmost, the discovery of my sex.

*Leo.* But may I not tell Ferdinand?

*Cla.* No—pray indulge me; a secret burns in a single breast; it is just possible that two may keep it, but if 'tis known to a third, I might as well tell it to the crier, and have it proclaimed at the great door of every church in Granada.

*Leo.* Well, you shall be obeyed; depend upon it, I will be faithful to you. Men give themselves strange airs about our sex; we are so unaccustomed, they say, to be trusted, that our vanity of a confidence shows we are unworthy of it.

*Cla.* No matter what they say; I think half of their superiority lies in their beards and their doublets.

*Don Pedro.* (*Within.*) Leonora!

*Leo.* My father calls me; farewell, dear Clara! should you want my assistance, you know you may command me. [*Exit.*

*Enter* FERDINAND.

*Fer.* So, sir, I have found you. Do you know me, sir?

*Cla.* I have so many acquaintances whom I should wish not to know, that I don't like to answer that question suddenly.

*Fer.* Do you take me for a sharper, youngster!

*Cla.* Sharpers wear good clothes. [*Crosses.*

*Fer.* And puppies wear long swords. What means that piece of steel dangling there by thy effeminate side? Answer, stripling, canst thou fight for a lady?

*Cla.* (*Aside.*) He's a terrible fellow! I quake every inch of me; but I must put a good face upon it—I'll try what speaking big will do. (*Advancing to him.*) Why, yes, Captain Terrible! do you suppose I am to be daunted by your blustering?—Bless me! if a long stride, a fierce blow, and a loud voice, were mortal, which of us should live to twenty?—I'd have you to know, dam'me—

*Fer.* Draw your sword, draw your sword, thou amphibious thing! if you have the spirit of a man. [*Draws.*

*Cla.* Oh, lord! what will become of me? hold, hold, for heaven's sake! What, will nothing but fighting satisfy you? I'll do anything in reason. Don't be so hasty.

*Fer.* Oh! thou egregious dastard! you won't fight, then?

*Cla.* (*Aside.*) No, by no means. I'll settle this matter in another way. What will become of me?

*Fer.* Thy hand shakes so, thou wilt not be able to sign a paper, though it were ready for thee; therefore, observe what I say to you.

*Cla.* Yes, sir.

*Fer.* And if thou darest to disobey, or murmur at the smallest article—

*Cla.* Yes, sir.

*Fer.* First, then, own thou art a coward.

*Cla.* Yes, sir.

*Fer.* Unworthy of Leonora.

*Cla.* Yes, sir.

*Fer.* Return instantly to Salamanca.

*Cla.* (*Seeing Leonora.*) Ha, Leonora!—Not till I have chastised you for your insolence. (*Draws.*)

*Enter* LEONORA, *who runs between them.*

*Leo.* Heavens! what do I see? Fighting! For shame, Ferdinand! Draw your sword on a stranger?

*Fer.* Don't hold me! (*To Leo.*)

*Cla.* Hold him fast, madam; you can't do him a greater kindness.

*Fer.* (*Struggling.*) Dear Leonora!

*Cla.* Thou miserable coward! thou egregious dastard! thou poltroon! By what name shall I call thee?

*Fer.* Do you hear him, Leonora?

*Cla.* Hold him fast, madam; I am quite in

a fever with my rage at him. Madam, that fellow never should pretend to you. He was just ready to sign a paper I had prepared for him, renouncing all right and title to you.

*Fer.* (*To Leonora.*) By heaven, you injure me!

*Cla.* He had just consented to leave this city, and was actually upon his knees to me for mercy—

*Fer.* Can I bear this?

*Leo.* Patience, dear Ferdinand!

*Cla.* When, seeing you coming, he plucked up a little spirit, because he knew you would prevent us; and, drawing out his unwilling sword, which hung dangling like a dead weight by his side there, he began to flourish it about, just as I do now, madam. Hold him fast, madam—ha, ha!—Don Valiant, I shall catch you, sir, when there is nobody by to protect you—au revoir! Hold him fast—ha, ha, ha! [*Exit Clara.*

*Fer.* Nothing shall restrain me—loose me, or by my wrongs, I shall think you are confederate with him.

*Leo.* Dear Ferdinand, rely upon it you are mistaken.

*Fer.* 'Sdeath! weathercocks, wind, and feathers are nothing. Woman, woman is the true type of mutability—and to be false to me, for such a thing as that—I could cut such a man out of a sugared cake. I believe a confectioner made him.

*Leo.* Have you done yet?

*Fer.* No, nor ever shall till this mystery is cleared up to me.

*Leo.* That I cannot do.

*Fer.* Then, adieu—you shall see me no more, but you shall hear of me. I'll find your Narcissus, that precious flower-pot. I'll make him an example. All the wrongs I have suffered from you shall be revenged on him. [*Exit.*

*Leo.* (*Following him.*) Ferdinand, dear Ferdinand! [*Exit.*

[Leonora kept her friend's secret, and after Clara, in the disguise of her brother, had succeeded in her plot she discovered all, and Ferdinand and Leonora were made happy.]

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## MOST SEEMING FALSE.

(FROM "THE LAW OF LOMBARDY.")

[Bireno wishes to wed the Princess Sophia, so as to reign jointly with her. He finds she prefers Paladore, and, to insure her destruction and his own succession to the kingdom, he instigates her waiting woman Alinda, who is his mistress, to personate the princess. By this means he sends away her lover Paladore, and puts the princess in the power of the law.]

*Scene, a Garden.*—RINALDO, *a servant of* PALADORE.

*Rina.* He must pass this way: through the postern-gate
That leads here only, with distemper'd pace
I saw him hasten. Since the evening banquet
His wild demeanour has put on more change
Than yonder fickle planet in her orb.
Just now he seiz'd his sword, look'd at and pois'd it,
Then girt it round him, while his bloodshot eye,
And heaving bosom, spoke the big conception
Of some dire purpose. There is mischief towards;
I may perhaps prevent it: these tall shrubs
Will hide me from his view. Soft, soft, 'tis he.
[*Retires.*

*Enter* PALADORE.

*Pal.* Why do I shake thus? If, indeed, she's false,
I should rejoice to have the spell unbound
That chains me to delusion. He swears deeply:
But bad men's oaths are breath, and their base lies
With holiest adjurations stronger vouch'd
Than native truth, which, center'd in itself,
Rests in its simpleness; then this bold carriage
Urging the proof by test infallible,
The witness of my sight. Why, these combin'd
(Spite of my steady seeming), viper-tooth'd,
Gnaw at my constancy, and inward spread
Suggestions, which unmaster'd, soon would change
The ruddy heart to blackness. But, oh, shame!
These doubts are slander's liegers. Sweetest innocence!
That now, perhaps, lapp'd in Elysian sleep,
Seest heaven in vision, let not these base sounds
Creep on thy slumber, lest they startle rest,
And change thy trance to horror. Lo! he comes;
Yon light that glimmers 'twixt the quivering leaves
(Like a small star) directs his footsteps hither.

*Enter* BIRENO, *with a lantern.*

*Bir.* Your pardon, sir; I fear I've made you wait.
But here, beneath the window of his mistress,
A lover favour'd, and assur'd like you,
Must have a thousand pleasant fantasies
To entertain his musing.

*Pal.* Sir, my fancy
Has various meditations; no one thought
Mix'd with disloyalty of her whose honour
Your boldness would attaint.

*Bir.* Then you hold firm,
I am a boaster?
*Pal.* 'Tis my present creed.
*Bir.* 'Twere kind, perhaps, to leave you in that error.
The wretch who dreams of bliss, while his sleep lasts,
Is happy as in waking certainty;
But if he's rous'd, and rous'd to misery,
He sure must curse the hand that shook his curtain.
*Pal.* I have no time for maxims, and your mirth
Is most unseasonable. Thus far to endure,
Perhaps is too much tameness. To the purpose.
*Bir.* With all convenient speed. You're not to learn,
We have a law peculiar to this realm,
That subjects to a mortal penalty
All women nobly born (be their estate
Single or husbanded) who, to the shame
Of chastity, o'erleap its thorny bounds,
To wanton in the flowery path of pleasure.
Nor is the proper issue of the king
By royalty exempted.
*Pal.* So I have heard.
But wherefore urge you this?
*Bir.* Not without reason.
I draw my sword in peace. Now place your lips
Here on this sacred cross. By this deep oath,
Most binding to our order, you must swear,
Whate'er you see, or whatsoe'er your wrath
From what you see, that never shall your tongue
Reveal it to the danger of the princess.
*Pal.* A most superfluous bond! But on; I swear.
*Bir.* Hold yet a little. Now, sir, once again
Let this be touch'd. Your enmity to me,
If by the process it should be provok'd,
Must in your breast be smother'd, not break out
In tilting at my life, nor your gage thrown
For any after quarrel. The cause weigh'd,
I might expect your love: but 'tis the stuff
And proper quality of hoodwink'd rage,
To wrest offence from kindness.
*Pal.* Should your proof
Keep pace with your assurance, scorn, not rage,
Will here be paramount, and my sword sleep,
From my indifference to a worthless toy,
Valued but in my untried ignorance.
*Bir.* So you determine wisely. I must bind you
To one condition more. If I make palpable
Her preference in my favour, you must turn
Your back on Lombardy, and never more
Seek her encounter.
*Pal.* By a soldier's faith,
Should it be so, I would not breathe your air
A moment longer, for the sov'reignty
Of all the soil wash'd by your wandering Po.
*Bir.* Summon your patience now, for sure you'll need it.
*Pal.* You have tried it to the last. Dally no more;
I shiver in expectance. Come, your proofs.
*Bir.* Well, you will have them. Know you first this writing? (*Gives a paper.*)
*Pal.* It is the character of fair Sophia.
*Bir.* I think so, and as such receiv'd it from her;
Convey'd with such sweet action to my hand,
As wak'd the nimble spirit of my blood,
Whispering how kind were the contents within.
This light will aid the moon, though now she shines
In her full splendour. At your leisure read it.
*Pal.* Kind words, indeed! I fear, I fear too common. (*Reading.*)
*Bir.* (*Aside.*) It works as I could wish. How his cheek whitens!
His fiery eye darts through each tender word
As it would burn the paper.
*Pal.* "Ever constant"— (*Reading.*)
Let me look once again. Is my sight false?
Oh, would it were! Fain would I cast the blame,
To save her crime, on my imperfect sense.
But did she give you this?
*Bir.* Look to the address.
*Pal.* Oh, darkness on my eyes! I've seen too much.
There's not a letter, but, like necromancy,
Withers my corporal functions. Shame confound her!
*Bir.* As you before were tardy of belief,
You now are rash. Behold these little shadows.
These you have seen before.
(*Producing two pictures.*)
*Pal.* What's this, what's this?
My picture, as I live; I gave the false one,
And hers she promis'd me. Oh, woman's faith!
I was your champion once, deceitful sex;
Thought your fair minds—But, hold! I may be rash;
This letter, and these pictures, might be yours
By the king's power, compelling her reluctant
To write and send them; therefore, let me see
All you have promis'd. You expect her summons
At yon miranda—
*Bir.* Yes, the time draws near!
She ever is most punctual. This small light
Our wonted signal. Stand without its ray;
For should she spy more than myself beneath,
Fearing discovery, she'll retire again
Into her chamber. When her beauteous form
Breaks like the moon, as fair, though not so cold,
From yonder window—
*Pal.* Ha! by hell, it opens!
*Bir.* Stand you apart a moment. While I climb.
Yon orb, now braz'd to this accustom'd scene,
Will show you who invites me. I'll detain her,
To give you ample leisure for such note
As counterfeits abide not. (*Retires.*)

*Pal.* Death! 'tis she!
There's not a silken braid that binds her hair,
One little shred of all that known attire
That wantons in the wind, but to my heart
Has sent such sweet disturbance, that it beats
Instinctive of her coming, ere my sight
Enjoy'd the beauteous wonder. Soft! what now!
See, she lets down the cordage of her shame
To hoist him to her arms. I'll look no more.
Distraction! Devil! How she welcomes him!
That's well, that's well! Again; grow to her lips—
Poison and aspics rot them! Now she woos him,
Points to her chamber, and invites him inward.
May adders hiss around their guilty couch,
And ghosts of injur'd lovers rise to scare them!
Ay, get you gone. Oh, for a griffin's wing,
To bear me through the casement! Deeds like this
Should startle every spirit of the grove,
And wake enchantment from her spell-hung grot,
To shake the conscious roof about their heads,
And bear them to the scoff of modest eyes
Twin'd in the wanton fold. Oh, wretch accurs'd!
See there the blasted promise of thy joys,
Thy best hopes bankrupt. Do I linger still?
Here find a grave, and let thy mangled corse,
When her lascivious eye peers o'er the lawn,
Satiate the harlot's gaze.

(*Going to fall on his sword, Rinaldo rushes forward and prevents him.*)

*Rina.* What frenzy's this?
Arm'd 'gainst your life! In pity turn the point
On your old faithful servant, whose heart heaves
Almost to bursting to behold you thus.

*Pal.* Hast seen it then?

*Rina.* I have seen your wild despair;
And bless'd be the kind monitor within
That led me here to save you.

*Pal.* Rather, curs'd
Be thy officious fondness, since it dooms me
To lingering misery. Give me back my sword.
Is't come to this? Oh: I could tear my hair;
Rip up this credulous breast. Blind dotard! fool!
Did wit or malice e'er devise a legend
To parallel this vile reality?

*Rina.* Disgrace not the best gift of manly nature,
Your reason, in this wild extravagance.

*Pal.* And think'st thou I am mad without a cause?
I'll tell thee—'Sdeath! it chokes me—Lead me hence.
I will walk boldly on the billowy deep,
Or blindfold tread the sharp and perilous ridge
Of icy Caucasus, nor fear my footing;
Play with a fasting lion's fangs unharm'd,
And stroke his rage to tameness. But hereafter,
When men would try impossibilities,
Let them seek faith in woman. Furies seize them!

[*Exeunt.*

[Paladore, while passing through a forest in his flight, meets with two ruffians who are murdering a woman. He attempts to rescue her, discovers her to be Alinda, and that, to hide his villany, Bireno had paid the wretches to murder her. She gives him a paper, revealing Bireno's wickedness, and he hastens back to court.]

*The Princess goes towards the scaffold. A trumpet sounds.*

1 *Sen.* Hold, on your lives!

*Bir.* What means that trumpet's voice?
It sounds a shrill alarm.

*Enter an Esquire.*

*Esq.* Arrest your sentence!
I come in the name of one who hears with horror
This barbarous process, to proclaim the accuser
Of that most innocent and royal lady,
A slanderer and villain; who accepts
Her just defence, and by the law of arms
Throws down this gage, and claims the combat for her.

*Bir.* Take it, Ascanio. Bid your knight appear,
(If such his order) for to none beneath
Am I thus bound to answer. Speak his titles.

*Esq.* He wills not I reveal him. But suffice it,
He has a name in arms that will not shame
The noble cause he fights for.

*Bir.* Bid him enter.
My shield and sword. Say, I'm deck'd to meet him. [*Exit the Esquire.*
Some rash adventurer, prodigal of life,
Brib'd by her father's gold to grace her fall,
And add an easy trophy to my banners.—
Confusion! Paladore!

*Enter* PALADORE.

*Prin.* 'Tis he, 'tis he!
Then, life, thou art welcome!

(*A loud murmur among the people.*)

*Bir.* Marshal, do your office!
Furies and hell!—keep order in the lists!—
Silence that uproar!—

*Pal.* Yes, behold me, villain!
I have thee in the toils; thou canst not 'scape me.—
But, oh! most wrong'd and heavenly excellence!
(*To the Princess.*)
How shall I plead for pardon? Can the abuse
Of his deep craft and devilish artifice,
Fooling my nature's plainness, blanch my cheek
From the deep shame that my too easy faith
Combin'd with hell against thee?

*Prin.* Rise, my soldier!
Though yet I know not by what subtle practice
Thy nobleness was wrought on, nor the means
That since reveal'd his fraud,—praise be to heaven!

Thy presence plucks my honour from the grave.
Thou liv'st, thou know'st my truth, thou wilt avenge me.
*Pal.* Avenge thee! yes. Did his right hand grasp thunder;
Did yelling furies combat on his side
(Pal'd in with circling fires), I would assail him;
Nor cast a look to fortune for the event.
*Bir.* Presumptuous Briton! think not that bold mien,
A wanton's favour, or thy threats, have power
To shrink the sinews of a soldier's arm.
*Pal.* A soldier's arm! Thou double murderer!
Assassin in thy intention and in act.
But, ere my falchion cleave thy treacherous breast,
I will divulge thee.—Bring that ruffian forth.

*One of the Murderers of Alinda brought in.*

Two hell-hounds, such as this, he set upon me.
One fell beneath my sword; that wretch I spar'd,
Kneeling for mercy. Let your justice doom him.
Look you amaz'd! Peruse that paper, lords;
His compact for the blood of a fair minion
He taught to sin, and made her wages death.
Ha! Does it shake thee? See Alinda's form,
Thy panting image mangled in her side,
Stalks from her sanguine bed, and ghastly smiles,
To aid the prowess of this dauntless soldier.
*Bir.* Destruction! All's reveal'd!
*Asc.* What, turn'd to stone? (*To Bireno.*)
Droop not, for shame! Be quick, retort the charge!
*Bir.* All false as hell! And thou—Defend thyself;
Nor blast me thus with thy detested presence.—
This to thy heart. (*They fight. Bireno falls.*)
*Pal.* Oh! impotence of guilt
An infant's lath hath fell'd him. Villain, die!
And know thy shame, and the deep wound that writhes thee,
Are but a feeble earnest of the pangs
Reserv'd beneath for giant crimes like thine.
*Prin.* Haste to the king, proclaim this bless'd event!
*Bir.* Perfidious chance! Caught in my own device!
Accurs'd!—Ha! they drag me—tear me!—oh!—
(*Dies.*)
*Prin.* I have a thousand things to ask—to hear:
But, oh! the joy to see thee thus again!
To owe my life—my honour, to thy love—
These tears, these rapturous tears, let them speak for me.
*Pal.* I could endure the malice of my fate;
But this full tide of such excessive bliss,
Sure, 'tis illusion all! It quite transports me.
When I have borne thee from this scene of horror,
Perhaps I may grow calm, and talk with reason.

*Enter the* King, Lucio, *and Attendants.*

*King.* Where is she? Let me strain her to my heart.
They cannot part us now, my joy, my comfort!
Thou generous youth, how can my overflowing soul
Find words to thank thee? Words! poor recompense!
Here I invest thee with the forfeit lands,
The wealth and honours of that prostrate traitor;
This, too, is little—then receive her hand,
Due to thy love, thy courage, and thy virtue;
And joys unutterable crown your union. [*Exeunt.*

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# JOSEPH COOPER WALKER.

Born 1747 — Died 1810.

[Joseph Cooper Walker, so well known to all antiquarians and students of ancient literature as the author of *Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards*, was born in 1747 at St. Valerie, near Bray, in the county of Wicklow. The early part of his education he received under the care of Dr. Ball, and afterwards with the help of private tutors acquired an excellent knowledge of the classical and modern languages. While yet young he was appointed to a place in the Treasury in Dublin; but in consequence of bad health, he went on the Continent and travelled through the greater part of Italy, where he acquired a strong taste for the fine arts and increased his love of literature. After his return to Ireland he was, in 1787, admitted a member of the Royal Irish Academy, and a little later chosen secretary to the Committee of Antiquities, a post he held for a couple of years. He had already in 1786 produced his *Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards*, a work which at once placed him in the front rank of literary antiquarians. Two years later he issued his *Historical Essay on the Dress of the Ancient and Modern Irish*, in which volume he also printed a *Memoir on the Armour and Weapons of the Irish*. For some years after this he contributed largely to the *Trans-*

*actions of the Royal Irish Academy*, and among his many papers we may mention a clever one on "The Irish Stage." In 1799 appeared at London *An Historical Memoir of Italian Tragedy from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, by a Member of the Arcadian Academy of Rome*, which in 1805 was reprinted in Edinburgh, under the title of *An Historical and Critical Essay on the Revival of the Drama in Italy*. On the 12th of April, 1810, after a lingering illness, Walker died at St. Valerie, the place of his birth. His *Memoirs of Alessandro Tassoni*, edited by his brother Samuel Walker, appeared in 1815, and is a work which contains much sound criticism.

In all his works our author displays, according to a critic of his own day, "deep research and an extensive knowledge in polite literature; and he treats his subject, however abstruse, with an ease, liveliness, and elegance that charm his readers." Indeed there can scarcely be a more readable book of its kind than that on Irish dress. To the student of Irish history *The Memoirs of the Irish Bards* is an invaluable work, but to the general reader there is not sufficient interest in its pages to warrant us in making quotations. The work on the Italian drama is not so interesting to many, chiefly because of its subject not rousing our sympathies, but those who have studied Italian literature readily acknowledge its value.

In private life Walker was marked by easy manners and the possession of many genuine accomplishments. In his conversation, unlike some of his brother antiquarians, he was lively, and his countenance constantly glowed with the thoughts that animated his mind.]

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## DRESS OF THE ANCIENT IRISH.

(FROM "HISTORICAL ESSAY.")

Amongst the ornaments which formerly adorned the fair daughters of this isle, the *bodkin* is peculiarly deserving our notice. Whence the Irish derived this implement, I might conjecture, but cannot determine. Although I have pursued it with an eager inquiry, I have not been able to trace it beyond the foundation of the celebrated palace of Eamania. The design of this palace (according to our old chroniclers) was sketched on a bed of sand by the Empress Macha with her bodkin. If this tradition be founded in reality, bodkins must have been worn by the Irish ladies several centuries before the Christian era. But I should be contented to give them a less remote, provided I could assign them a more certain antiquity. If the word *aiccde* in the Brehon laws will admit of being translated a bodkin, we may infer their use in Ireland about the commencement of the Christian era: for in a code of sumptuary laws of the second century we find frequent mention of the aiccde. But I am rather inclined to consider the aiccde as a kind of broach from the circumstance of its marking the rank of the wearer by its value, as was formerly the case amongst the Highlanders, whose frequent intercourse with the Irish occasioned a striking familiarity in the customs and manners of both people.

This instrument was known in Ireland under several names, viz. *coitit, dealg, meannadh*. Its uses were twofold: it was equally worn in the breast and head. The custom of wearing the bodkin in the breast is alluded to in the following passage of an old Irish MS. romance, called *The Interview between Fion Ma Cubhall and Cannan:*—"Cannan, when he said this, was seated at the table; on his right hand sat his wife, and upon his left his beautiful daughter Findalve, so exceedingly fair, that the snow driven by the winter storm surpassed not her fairness, and her cheeks were the colour of the blood of a young calf. Her hair hung in curling ringlets, and her teeth were like pearls. A spacious veil hung from her lovely head down on her delicate body, and the veil was bound by a golden bodkin."

Such bodkins as were worn in the head were termed *dealg-fuilt*. Even at this day the female peasants in the interior parts of this kingdom, like the women of the same class in Spain and Turkey, collect their hair at top, and twisting it several times made it fast with a bodkin.

Besides these uses, the bodkin had another: it was sometimes made to answer the purpose of a needle. Hence its name of *meannadh-fuaghala*. To be so employed it must have an eye. It is in a bodkin of this kind that Pope's Ariel threatens to imprison such of his sylphs as are careless of their charge—

> "Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
> Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye."

Whether or not the Irish ladies, like those

of the neighbouring nations, employed their bodkins as weapons offensive and defensive, neither tradition nor history informs us. But such of those implements as I have seen, certainly seemed as capable of making a man's *quietus*, as that with which Julius Cæsar is said to have been killed, or that with which Simekin in the *Reves Tale* protected the honour of his wife.

But perhaps we should not confine our bodkin to the toilet of the fair. However, I shall let it remain there until I am properly authorized either to give it a place in the breast, or to bury its body in the hair of the ancient heroes of this isle. According to the ingenious Mr. Whitaker, bodkins constituted a part of the ornamental dress of the early British kings. This he asserts on the authority of coins. And from the works of some of the old English dramatists it appears that bodkins were worn by Englishmen during the middle ages.

. . . . . .

Of the dresses of the turbulent reign of James II. I cannot speak with certainty; for little is certainly known. If any particular fashion prevailed at that time, it was probably of English origin. Some of the female peasantry, however, still continued attached to their old habits. Of these I will here describe one, as worn to the hour of her death by Mary Morgan, a poor woman, who was married before the battle of the Boyne, and lived to the year 1786. On her head she wore a roll of linen, not unlike that on which milkmaids carry their pails, but with this difference, that it was higher behind than before; over this she combed her hair, and covered the whole with a little round-eared cap or coif, with a border sewed on plain; over all this was thrown a kerchief, which, in her youth, was made fast on the top of her head, and let to fall carelessly behind; in her old age it was pinned under her chin. Her jacket was of brown cloth, or pressed frieze, and made to fit close to the shape by means of whalebone wrought into it before and behind; this was laced in front, but not so as to meet, and through the lacing were drawn the ends of her neckerchief. The sleeves, halfway to the elbows, were made of the same kind of cloth with the jacket; thence continued to the wrist of red chamlet striped with green ferreting; and there, being turned up, formed a little cuff embraced with three circles of green ribband. Her petticoat was invariably of either scarlet frieze or cloth, bordered with three rows of green ribband. Her apron green serge, striped longitudinally with scarlet ferreting, and bound with the same. Her hose were blue worsted; and her shoes of black leather, fastened with thongs or strings.

This fashion of habit, however, had not been always peculiar to the peasantry: it appears to have prevailed formerly in the principal Irish families. About the close of the last century there lived at Credan, near Waterford, a Mrs. Power, a lady of considerable fortune, who, as being lineally descended from some of the kings of Munster, was vulgarly called the Queen of Credan. This lady, proud of her country and descent, always spoke the Irish language, and affected the dress and manners of the ancient Irish. Her dress, in point of fashion, answered exactly to that of Mary Morgan as just described, but was made of richer materials. The border of her coif was of the finest Brussels lace; her kerchief of clear muslin; her jacket of the finest brown cloth, trimmed with narrow gold lace, and the sleeves of crimson velvet striped with the same; and her petticoat of the finest scarlet cloth, bordered with two rows of broad gold lace.

The Huguenots who followed the fortunes of William III. brought with them the fashions of their country. But I cannot find that these fashions were infectious; at least it does not appear that the Irish caught them.

The hat was now shaped in the Ramillie cock. The periwig, which had been of several years' standing in Ireland, was not yet generally worn: it was confined to the learned professions, or to those who affected gravity. "Our ignorant nation (says Farquhar, in a comedy written in this reign), our ignorant nation imagine a full wig as infallible a token of wit as the laurel."

The head-dress which, the *Spectator* says, "made the women of such an enormous stature, that we appeared as grasshoppers before them," now prevailed here. This information I owe to the inquisitiveness of Lucinda, in the comedy which I have just quoted.

"*Lucinda.* Tell us some news of your country; I have heard the strangest stories, that the people wear horns and hoofs.

"*Roebuck.* Yes, faith, a great many wear horns; but we have that, among other laudable fashions, from London; I think it came over with your mode of wearing high top-knots; for ever since the men and wives bear their heads exalted alike. They were both fashions that took wonderfully."

The reign of Queen Anne seems to have been an age of gay attire: the single dress of a woman of quality then was the product of an hundred climes. Swift, in a poem written in 1708, thus metamorphoses the dress of his Goody Baucis into the dress of the day.

> "Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
> Good pinners edg'd with colberteen,
> Her petticoat transform'd apace,
> Became black satin flounc'd with lace.
> Plain Goody would no longer down,
> 'Twas Madam in her grogram gown."

Besides the different articles of dress enumerated in those lines, the Irish lads wore short jackets with close sleeves, made of Spanish cloth, each side of which was dyed of a different colour: these jackets were fastened on the breast with ribbands. Their petticoats were swelled to a monstrous circumference by means of hoops. High stays, piked before and behind, gave an awkward stiffness to their carriage. Their shoes were of red and blue Spanish leather, laced with broad gold and silver lace at top and behind; the heels broad, and of a moderate height: some were fastened with silver clasps, others with knots or roses. Their stockings were generally of blue or scarlet worsted or silk, ornamented with clocks worked with gold or silver thread: neither thread nor cotton hose were then known. And their necks were usually adorned with black collars, tied in front with ribbands of divers colours.

I cannot find that the riding-coat, in such general use among the English ladies in this reign, and so justly reprobated by the *Spectator*, was now worn here: dress had not yet mingled the sexes. A lady in those days mounted her horse in the same dress in which she entered the drawing-room;—nay, she did not even forget her hoop.

"There is not (says Addison) so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress." The justness of this observation deters me from attempting to describe the head-dress of the ladies of those days. I shall be content with concluding that it rose and fell with the head-dress of the English ladies, which, within Addison's memory, rose and fell above thirty degrees. I must, however, observe that I cannot learn, on the strictest inquiry, that the lovely tresses of nature were then permitted, as in the present day, to wanton on the neck, where (to borrow the language of Hogarth) "the many waving and contrasted turns of naturally intermingling locks ravish the eye with the pleasure of the pursuit, especially when put in motion by a gentle breeze."

But though I waive any attempt to describe the fashion of the ladies' hair at that time, I ought not to omit to mention, that they wore hoods of divers colours, and beaver hats trimmed with broad gold and silver lace, and a buckle in front.

Wafted by the breath of fashion, the mask alighted in this island. Immediately the ladies took it up and appeared in it in the streets, public walks, and theatres. Under this disguise they could now, without fear of discovery, rally their lovers or their friends, and safely smile at the obscenity of a comedy. Patches, too, were much worn: but whether or not their position was determined, as in England, by the spirit of party, I cannot say.

I have been informed that some Irish ladies of this reign affected the dress in which the unfortunate Queen of Scots is usually depicted: so that we may presume the ruff now occasionally rose about the neck of our lovely countrywomen.

The dress of the gentlemen of this reign was more uniform than that of the ladies. Their coats and waistcoats were laced with broad gold or silver lace: the skirts of each were long, and the sleeves of the coat slashed. Instead of stocks they wore cravats, edged with Flanders or Brussels lace, which, after passing several times round the neck, wandered through the button-holes of the coat, almost the whole length of the body. Their hose, like those of the ladies, were blue or scarlet worsted or silk, worked with gold or silver clocks. Their shoes in this (and in the following reign) had broad square toes, short quarters, and high tops; and were made fast with small buckles. Their heads—even the heads of youthful beaux—were enveloped in monstrous periwigs, on which perched a small felt hat. And through the skirts of their coats, stiffened with buckram, peeped the hilt of a small sword.

Long cloaks too of Spanish cloth, each side dyed of a different colour, were now worn by the gentlemen.

With the line of the Stuarts I shall close this crude essay. For, from the accession of George I. to the present day fashion has been such a varying goddess in this country, that neither history, tradition, nor painting has been able to preserve all her mimic forms: like Proteus struggling in the arms of Telemachus on the Pharian coast, she passed from shape to shape with the rapidity of thought.

# ARTHUR MURPHY.

BORN 1727 — DIED 1805.

[Arthur Murphy, actor, lawyer, dramatist, and editor, was born at Clooniquin, in the county of Roscommon, in the year 1727. His father was a merchant in good repute, who unfortunately perished in 1729 on his passage to Philadelphia, so that the education of the boy devolved on his mother, who sent him to the College of St. Omer, where he remained six years, and became a thorough master of the Latin and Greek languages. After leaving St. Omer in 1747 he resided with his mother for three years, and then entered the counting-house of his uncle at Cork, where he remained for a couple of years. Before that short time had expired, however, he had given ample proofs of his unsuitableness for business. It was the original intention of his relatives that he should go out to the West Indies to take charge of an estate belonging to his uncle, but his wayward temper, his dabbling in verses, and his loose though not vicious ways, deterred his uncle from trusting him in a responsible post, and in 1751 he returned to his mother who now resided in London.

In the latter part of 1752 he took the first open step in his long literary career by issuing a political periodical called *Gray's Inn Journal*. This was no great success, but it continued to exist for two years, and was the means of Murphy's introduction to a great number of actors and men of letters in London. He went on the stage at the advice of Foote. He appeared in the onerous part of Othello, and although his success was not great, he managed by his good figure and other qualities to gain a position which enabled him to pay off his debts and save £400. When this point was reached he determined to leave the stage and join the bar. His application for admission to the Middle Temple met with a refusal in consequence of his connection with the stage, but at Lincoln's Inn he found greater liberality of opinion, and was received in 1757, and called to the bar in 1762. A few years after he had trod the stage at Drury Lane he appeared as a pleader at Westminster Hall. He occasionally attended the circuits, but without much success, and he was forced to eke out his income by political writing. In 1788 he left the bar in disgust, the last straw which broke the back of his patience being the appointment of a junior as king's counsel. From this time until his death he devoted himself entirely to literature, with the exception of the time necessary to perform the duties of a commissioner of bankruptcy, to which post he was appointed in 1798 by the interest of Lord Loughborough.

Murphy's first dramatic attempt, *The Apprentice*, was produced shortly before he joined the stage. In 1759 his tragedy of *The Orphan of China* was the means of making Mrs. Yates at once a great favourite with the public, and in 1761 she also had another success with the author's *All in the Wrong*. This last comedy was also a great financial success to Murphy, and with *Know your Own Mind* and *The Way to Keep Him*, held the stage until a few years ago; indeed the three plays may yet be seen acted occasionally in provincial theatres. *The Grecian Daughter*, a tragedy, *Three Weeks after Marriage*, and *The Citizen*, both comedies, were also successes, and raised their author's reputation as a dramatist.

In 1792, after his retirement to Hammersmith, Murphy published his *Essay on the Life and Genius of Dr. Johnson*, a work in which he defended his friend from the many attacks which it had then become the fashion to make upon him. In 1793 appeared his scholarly translation of Tacitus with an essay on his life and genius, which has frequently been reprinted. He also wrote a *Life of Fielding*, and shortly before his death a *Life of Garrick*, which last is generally reputed his least talented work. In 1798 appeared his tragedy of *Arminius*, in which he displayed great warmth in favour of the then pending war, and for which he was granted a pension of £200 a year. This he enjoyed till his death, which occurred at Knightsbridge, June, 1805, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

In addition to the works already named Murphy wrote several farces, sketches, prologues, epilogues, addresses, and contributions to periodical literature. During his political career he also produced *The Test* and *The Auditor*, weekly papers in defence of the existing government; and in 1786 he edited a collection of his own works in seven volumes —plays, poems, and miscellanies.]

## HOW TO FALL OUT.

(FROM "THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.")

SIR CHARLES *and* LADY RACKETT.

*Lady R.* Well, now, let's go to rest;—but, Sir Charles, how shockingly you played that last rubber, when I stood looking over you.

*Sir C.* My love, I played the truth of the game.

*Lady R.* No, indeed, my dear, you played it wrong.

*Sir C.* Pho! nonsense! You don't understand it.

*Lady R.* I beg your pardon, I'm allowed to play better than you.

*Sir C.* All conceit, my dear; I was perfectly right.

*Lady R.* No such thing, Sir Charles; the diamond was the play.

*Sir C.* Pho, pho! ridiculous! The club was the card against the world.

*Lady R.* Oh! no, no, no, I say it was the diamond.

*Sir C.* Zounds! madam, I say it was the club.

*Lady R.* What do you fly into such a passion for?

*Sir C.* Death and fury, do you think I don't know what I'm about? I tell you, once more, the club was the judgment of it.

*Lady R.* Maybe so; have it your own way, sir. (*Walks about and sings.*)

*Sir C.* Vexation! you're the strangest woman that ever lived; there's no conversing with you. Look ye here, my Lady Rackett; it's the clearest case in the world; I'll make it plain to you in a moment.

*Lady R.* Well, sir!—ha, ha, ha!

(*With a sneering laugh.*)

*Sir C.* I had four cards left, a trump was led, they were six; no, no, no, they were seven, and we nine; then, you know, the beauty of the play was to—

*Lady R.* Well, now, it's amazing to me that you can't see it; give me leave, Sir Charles. Your left-hand adversary had led his last trump, and he had before finessed the club, and roughed the diamond; now if you had put on your diamond—

*Sir C.* Zounds! madam, but we played for the odd trick.

*Lady R.* And sure the play for the odd trick—

*Sir C.* Death and fury! can't you hear me?

*Lady R.* Go on, sir.

*Sir C.* Zounds! hear me, I say. Will you hear me?

*Lady R.* I never heard the like in my life.

(*Hums a tune, and walks about fretfully.*)

*Sir C.* Why, then, you are enough to provoke the patience of a Stoic. (*Looks at her, and she walks about and laughs uneasy.*) Very well, madam: you know no more of the game than your father's leaden Hercules on the top of the house. You know no more of whist than he does of gardening.

*Lady R.* Ha, ha, ha!

(*Takes out a glass and settles her hair.*)

*Sir C.* You're a vile woman, and I'll not sleep another night under the same roof with you.

*Lady R.* As you please, sir.

*Sir C.* Madam, it shall be as I please. I'll order my chariot this moment. (*Going.*) I know how the cards should be played as well as any man in England, that let me tell you. (*Going.*) And when your family were standing behind counters measuring out tape and bartering for Whitechapel needles, my ancestors—madam, my ancestors—were squandering away whole estates at cards,—whole estates, my Lady Rackett. (*She hums a tune, and he looks at her.*) Why, then, by all that's dear to me, I'll never exchange another word with you, good, bad, or indifferent. Look ye, my Lady Rackett, thus it stood; the trump being led, it was then my business—

*Lady R.* To play the diamond, to be sure.

*Sir C.* D——n it; I have done with you for ever, and so you may tell your father. [*Exit.*

*Lady R.* What a passion the gentleman's in! Ha, ha, ha! (*Laughs in a peevish manner.*) I promise him I'll not give up my judgment.

*Re-enter* SIR CHARLES.

*Sir C.* My Lady Rackett, look ye, ma'am; once more, out of pure good-nature—

*Lady R.* Sir, I am convinced of your good-nature.

*Sir C.* That, and that only prevails with me to tell you, the club was the play.

*Lady R.* Well, be it so; I have no objection.

*Sir C.* It's the clearest point in the world; we were nine, and—

*Lady R.* And for that very reason, you know, the club was the best in the house.

*Sir C.* There is no such thing as talking to you. You're a base woman. . . . I tell you the diamond was not the play, and here I take my final leave of you. (*Walks back as fast as he can.*) I am resolved upon it, and I know the club was NOT the best in the house.

# EDWARD LYSAGHT.

BORN 1763 — DIED 1810.

["Pleasant Ned Lysaght," as he was commonly called, barrister, wit, and song-writer, was the son of John Lysaght, Esq. of Brickhill in the county of Clare, and was born on the 21st of December, 1763. His early days were passed amid the romantic associations that surrounded his father's home, and the names of the ancient heroes and princes of his country were familiar in his mouth as household words. When old enough he was sent to the academy in Cashel conducted by the Rev. Patrick Hare, a man of undoubted talent, but said to have had little of the milk of human kindness in his composition.

At this school Lysaght soon began to distinguish himself by his wit and humour as well as personal courage, and became a great favourite with his companions. He did not neglect his studies, however, and in 1779 entered Trinity College, Dublin, his leaving Cashel being cause of much sorrow to both teachers and pupils. While he was at Trinity his father died, and Lysaght, full of deep grief, returned home to his mother. With her he remained for some time, and in 1784 he was after examination admitted a student of the Middle Temple, London. Before long he gained some of the best prizes, and having taken his degree of M.A. at Oxford, was called to the English and Irish bar in 1798.

After a time he married, but his practice continued meagre, and Sir Jonah Barrington says he discovered that his father-in-law, whom he had believed to be a wealthy Jew, was only a bankrupt Christian. His creditors pressing him, Lysaght left England and returned to Ireland, resolved to make it his future home. He soon won the good wishes and esteem of the people generally, and, what was even better, his practice began to improve, and he gained reputation on circuit as a fluent speaker. He now occupied his leisure hours —and there were leisure hours in those days for even the busiest—in verse-making, and the production of many a witty skit now utterly lost. In the Volunteer movement he took a prominent and active part, and helped it forward both by tongue and pen. When the movement which resulted in the Union began, Lysaght opposed it with all his power, and, though repeatedly tempted, remained to the last unbribable and patriotic. In 1810, when he had come to believe that Ireland would never more take her place among the nations of the earth, he died, regretted by all who knew him, or who had listened to his wit that so often set the court as well as the table in a roar.

Lysaght's poetry was, like himself, full of wit and humour, with an under-stratum of feeling and sentiment, and a strength and directness of expression which were characteristic of him in everyday life. His style is essentially a healthy one, escaping on the one hand from the stiffness of the age in which he lived, yet free from license and not overloaded with ornament. His insight into character, especially Irish character, was wonderful, and his "Sprig of Shillelah" remains to this day a perfect photograph of the now extinct being it portrays. The respect of the bench and bar in Ireland for Lysaght's memory was shown by their donation of £2520 for his widow and daughters. A volume of *Poems by the late Edward Lysaght, Esq.* was published in Dublin in 1811, but it does not contain some of his best effusions, many of which are now doubtless lost.]

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## KATE OF GARNAVILLA.[1]

Have you been at Garnavilla?
Have you seen at Garnavilla
Beauty's train trip o'er the plain
With lovely Kate of Garnavilla?
Oh! she's pure as virgin snows
Ere they light on woodland hill-O;
Sweet as dew-drop on wild rose
Is lovely Kate of Garnavilla!

Philomel, I've listened oft
To thy lay, nigh weeping willow:
Oh! the strains more sweet, more soft,
That flows from Kate of Garnavilla.
Have you been, &c.

As a noble ship I've seen
Sailing o'er the swelling billow,

[1] Sung to the well-known air of "Roy's Wife," to which Burns also wrote words not excelling these of Lysaght.

So I've marked the graceful mien
Of lovely Kate of Garnavilla.
Have you been, &c.

If poets' prayers can banish cares,
No cares shall come to Garnavilla;
Joy's bright rays shall gild her days,
And dove-like peace perch on her pillow.
Charming maid of Garnavilla!
Lovely maid of Garnavilla!
Beauty, grace, and virtue wait
On lovely Kate of Garnavilla.

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## THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

Oh! love is the soul of a neat Irishman,
He loves all that is lovely, loves all that he can,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!
His heart is good-humoured, 'tis honest and sound,
No envy or malice is there to be found;
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,
For love, all for love, for in that he delights,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair?
An Irishman, all in his glory, is there,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!
His clothes spick and span new, without e'er a speck,
A neat Barcelona tied round his white neck;
He goes to a tent, and he spends half-a-crown,
He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whisky, his head soft with blows
From a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!
He meets with his Sheelah, who, frowning a smile,
Cries, "Get ye gone, Pat," yet consents all the while.
To the priest soon they go, and nine months after that,
A baby cries out, "How d'ye do, father Pat,
With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green?"

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth,
Bless the land of the oak, and its neighbouring earth,
Where grow the shillelah and shamrock so green!
May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,
Drub the foes who dare plant on our confines a cannon;
United and happy, at Loyalty's shrine,
May the rose and the thistle long flourish and twine
Round the sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!

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## OUR ISLAND.

May God, in whose hand
Is the lot of each land—
Who rules over ocean and dry land—
Inspire our good king
From his presence to fling
Ill advisers who'd ruin our island.
Don't we feel 'tis our dear native island!
A fertile and fine little island!
May Orange and Green
No longer be seen
Bestain'd with the blood of our island.

The fair ones we prize
Declare they despise
Those who'd make it a slavish and vile land;
Be their smiles our reward,
And we'll gallantly guard
All the rights and delights of our island—
For, oh! 'tis a lovely green island!
Bright beauties adorn our dear island!
At St. Patrick's command
Vipers quitted our land—
But he's wanted again in our island!

For her interest and pride,
We oft fought by the side
Of England, that haughty and high land;
Nay, we'd do so again,
If she'd let us remain
A free and a flourishing island—
But she, like a crafty and sly land,
Dissension excites in our island,
And, our feuds to adjust,
She would lay in the dust
All the freedom and strength of our island.

A few years ago—
Though now she says no—
We agreed with that surly and sly land,
That each, as a friend,
Should the other defend,
And the crown be the link of each island:
'Twas the final state-bond of each island;
Independence we swore to each island.

Are we grown so absurd
As to credit her word,
When she's breaking her oath with our island?

Let us steadily stand
By our king and our land,
And it sha'n't be a slavish or vile land;
Nor impudent Pitt
Unpunished commit
An attempt on the rights of our island.
Each voice should resound through our island—
You're my neighbour, but, Bull, this is my land!
Nature's favourite spot—
And I'd sooner be shot
Than surrender the rights of our island!

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## SWEET CHLOE.

Sweet Chloe advised me, in accents divine,
The joys of the bowl to surrender;
Nor lose, in the turbid excesses of wine,
Delights more ecstatic and tender;
She bade me no longer in vineyards to bask,
Or stagger, at orgies, the dupe of a flask,
For the sigh of a sot's but the scent of the cask,
And a bubble the bliss of the bottle.

To a soul that's exhausted, or sterile, or dry,
The juice of the grape may be wanted;
But mine is reviv'd by a love-beaming eye,
And with fancy's gay flow'rets enchanted.
Oh! who but an owl would a garland entwine
Of Bacchus's ivy—and myrtle resign?
Yield the odours of love, for the vapours of wine,
And Chloe's kind kiss for a bottle!

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## THY SPIRIT IS FROM BONDAGE FREE.

Thy spirit is from bondage free!
Death gave thee guiltless liberty;
Sweet victim of ungrateful love,
Flit happy through the realms above!
No priest am I, with rigid rule,
Thy merits to arraign;
No dunce untaught in sorrow's school,
I feel for others' pain.
An humble offering on thy bier,
I drop a sympathetic tear!

Life's toils are mercifully brief;
Death gives the woe-worn heart relief;
When hope is fled, 'tis bliss to die—
Griefs ending with a single sigh.
Delusive love dissolves the heart,
Where vivid passions glow;
The fault was nature's—thine the smart;
I well can feel thy woe;
Sweet victim may'st thou through heaven's skies,
A kindred spirit recognize.

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## TO HENRY GRATTAN:

"THE MAN WHO LED THE VAN OF IRISH VOLUNTEERS."

The gen'rous sons of Erin, in manly virtue bold,
With hearts and hands preparing our country to uphold,
Tho' cruel knaves and bigot slaves disturbed our isle some years,
Now hail the man who led the van of Irish Volunteers.

Just thirty years are ending since first his glorious aid,
Our sacred rights defending, struck shackles from our trade;
To serve us still, with might and skill, the vet'ran now appears,
That gallant man who led the van of Irish Volunteers.

He sows no vile dissensions; good-will to all he bears;
He knows no vain pretensions, no paltry fears or cares;
To Erin's and to Britain's sons, his worth his name endears;
They love the man who led the van of Irish Volunteers.

Oppos'd by hirelings sordid, he broke oppression's chain,
On statute-books recorded, his patriot acts remain;
The equipoise his mind employs of Commons, King, and Peers,
The upright man who led the van of Irish Volunteers.

A British constitution (to Erin ever true),
In spite of state pollution, he gained in "Eighty-two;"
"He watched it in its cradle, and bedew'd its hearse with tears:"
This gallant man who led the van of Irish Volunteers.

While other nations tremble, by proud oppressors gall'd,
On hustings we'll assemble, by Erin's welfare call'd;
Our Grattan, there we'll meet him, and greet him with three cheers;
The gallant man who led the van of Irish Volunteers.

### KITTY OF COLERAINE.[1]

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher down tumbled,
And all the sweet butter-milk watered the plain.
Oh! what shall I do now? 'twas looking at you, now;
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again;
'Twas the pride of my dairy! O Barney M'Cleary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine!

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain;
A kiss then I gave her, and, ere I did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.
'Twas hay-making season—I can't tell the reason—
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

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## ROBERT EMMET.

Born 1778 — Died 1803.

[The subject of this brief notice was the youngest of the three talented sons of Dr. Emmet, a physician in Cork and afterwards in Dublin, well known for his extreme political views, which his sons seem more or less to have inherited. Robert was born in Dublin on the 4th of March, 1778. Like his brothers Temple and Thomas Addis, he was originally intended for the bar, and with that view entered Trinity College. At the time the country was in an agitated condition: the Society of United Irishmen were forming themselves, and secretly meditating action against the government. Into this movement young Emmet heartily entered, and his speeches at the debating society of the college plainly showed that his views were democratic in the extreme. In one of these speeches, quoted by Moore, he says:—"When a people advancing rapidly in knowledge and power perceive at last how far their government is lagging behind them, what then, I ask, is to be done in such a case? What but to pull the government up to the people?" Such language could not pass unnoticed at such a time, and an examination of the students was instituted by the college authorities. The result was that twenty of their number, including Emmet, were expelled. This took place in 1798, when he was twenty years of age.

He left Ireland at once, and took up his abode for a time with his brother at Fort George. Thence he proceeded through Spain, Holland, and Switzerland, and visited Paris, where he became the confidant of the Jacobins, and the centre of a select circle of exiles, who united Irish patriotism with French republicanism.

Buoyed up with promises of assistance from France, Emmet once more returned to Ireland and did all in his power to organize an insurrection. His patriotism was not only measured by words but by deeds. The death of his father had put him in possession of stock to the amount of £1500. This he converted into cash, and taking a house in Patrick Street, Dublin, he had pikes, rockets, and hand-grenades made and stored there in great quantities. An explosion occurred which destroyed a portion of the house, killing one man and injuring others; but Emmet, instead of being discouraged by this disaster, only redoubled his care and resided entirely on the premises. At this time he wrote:—"I have little time to look at the thousand difficulties which stand between me and the completion of my wishes. That these difficulties will disappear I have an ardent, and, I trust, rational hope. But if it is not to be the case, I thank God for having gifted me with a sanguine disposition. To that disposition I run from reflection: and if my hopes are without foundation—if a precipice is opened under my feet, from which duty will not suffer me to run back—I am grateful for that sanguine disposition which leads me to the brink and throws me down, while my eyes are still raised to those visions of happiness which my fancy has formed in the air."

We need not enter into details of the unfortunate attempt at insurrection. Suffice it to say that on July 23, 1803, the day appointed

[1] Generally said to be anonymous, though there is good reason to believe Lysaght to be the author, not only from the period of its circulation, but from the sly wit and humorous turn of the catastrophe, resembling more closely in style the productions of pleasant rollicking Ned Lysaght than those of any of his contemporaries.

for the rising, not more than a hundred insurgents assembled, and they were at once joined by a noisy rabble, who, in passing through the streets for the point of attack, the castle, shot dead one Colonel Brown, and rushed upon a carriage containing Lord Kilwarden the Lord Chief-justice of Ireland, his daughter, and the Rev. Mr. Wolfe. Lord Kilwarden and Mr. Wolfe were savagely murdered, but Emmet, on hearing of the outrage, rushed from the head of his party and bore the lady to an adjoining house for safety. The leaders now lost all control over the mob, and in utter disgust Emmet and his companions left them, and fled to the Wicklow Hills. Thus this so carefully planned insurrection, which was to have gained so much for Ireland, was all over in a few hours.

The friends of Emmet did their best to aid in his escape, and all preparations were made, but love got the better of prudence, and he refused to quit Ireland without first seeing and bidding farewell to Miss Sarah Curran, daughter of John Philpot Curran, to whom he was betrothed. The delay was fatal, and through information received he was arrested at Harold's Cross by Major Sirr. Only the pathetic lines of Moore can depict the feelings of Miss Curran on this event:—

"Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torments, thro' glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee whatever thou art!

"Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
Still thy angel I'll be 'mid the horrors of this,—
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too."

While in prison, Emmet tried to induce his jailer by a gift of money to deliver a letter to Miss Curran, but the official gave it to the attorney-general instead. On hearing of this, he offered to the authorities to plead guilty and speak no word of defence if they would permit his letter to reach its intended destination, but the offer was refused. He was brought to trial for high treason in September, and sentenced to be executed, a sentence which was immediately carried out. At the last scene he proved himself no coward, for, when the executioner severed the head from the body, it is said the blood flowed freely from it, showing that no craven fear had sent it to the heart, and the face, when held up with the words "This is the head of a traitor!" wore a sweet and peaceful expression.

Thomas Moore, who was the intimate friend of Emmet at college, says of him in his *Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, "Were I to number the men among all I have ever known who appeared to me to combine in the greatest degree pure moral worth with intellectual power, I should among the highest of the few place Robert Emmet."

Thomas Addis, Dr. Emmet's second son, became involved in the proceedings of the United Irishmen in 1796, and after suffering imprisonment was exiled from his native land. He settled in the United States in 1804, rose high in his profession, and was for a time attorney-general for the state of New York. In 1807 he published, in conjunction with another expatriated Irishman, Dr. William James MacNeven, *Pieces of Irish History illustrative of the Condition of the Catholics of Ireland.* Mr. Emmet died in New York in 1827.]

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## LAST SPEECH OF ROBERT EMMET.

My Lords,—I am asked what have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law. I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have laboured to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been cast upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your mind can be so free from prejudice as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and that is the utmost that I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbour to shelter it from the storms by which it is buffeted. Was I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of the law, labour in its own vindication to consign my character to obloquy;

for there must be guilt somewhere, whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe time must determine. A man in my situation has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port —when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in the defence of their country and of virtue, this is my hope—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High—which displays its power over man, as over the beasts of the forest—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows it has made.

[Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet, saying—"that the mean and wicked enthusiasts who felt as he did, were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild designs."]

I appeal to the immaculate God—I swear by the Throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me —that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the conviction which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and I confidently hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest of enterprises. Of this I speak with confidence, of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, or a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve, even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.

[Here he was interrupted. Lord Norbury said he did not sit there to hear treason.]

I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law. I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, their opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he was adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt; but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions—where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated? My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are a judge; I am the supposed culprit. I am a man; you are a man also. By a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, condemn my tongue to silence and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but while I exist I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; and, as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honour and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lords, we must

appear on the great day at one common tribunal; and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe who was engaged in the most virtuous actions or swayed by the purest motives.

. . . . . .

I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! and for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country; and for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradiction? No; I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country, not in power nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! and for what? Was it a change of masters? No, but for my ambition. Oh, my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of your oppressors? My Country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up myself, O God! No, my lords; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide,—from the ignominy existing with an exterior of splendour and a conscious depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly rivetted despotism—I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world. Connection with France was indeed intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were the French to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be a signal for their destruction. We sought their aid—and we sought it as we had assurance we should obtain it—as auxiliaries in war and allies in peace. Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes! my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them upon the beach with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war. I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass, and the last entrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, any more than death, is unprofitable when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection. But it was not as an enemy that the succours of France were to land. I looked, indeed, for the assistance of France; but I wished to prove to France and to the world that Irishmen deserved to be assisted—that they were indignant at slavery, and ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country; I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America—to procure an aid which, by its example, would be as important as its valour; disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience; that of a people who would perceive the good and polish the rough points of our character. They would come to us as strangers, and leave us as friends, after sharing in our perils and elevating our destiny. These were my objects; not to receive new taskmasters, but to expel old tyrants. It was for these ends I sought aid from France; because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

I have been charged with that importance in the emancipation of my country as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen; or, as your lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy." You do me honour overmuch; you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord—men before the splendour of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves disgraced by shaking your blood-stained hand.

What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to the scaffold, which that tyranny (of which you are only the intermediary executioner) has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor—shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent

Judge to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? By you, too, although if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry in one great reservoir your lordship might swim in it.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonour; let no man attaint my memory, by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression and misery of my country. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the foreign and domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights and my country her independence, am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it? No; God forbid!

[Here Lord Norbury told Mr. Emmet that his sentiments and language disgraced his family and his education, but more particularly his father Dr. Emmet, who was a man, if alive, that would not countenance such opinions. To which Mr. Emmet replied:—]

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, oh! ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life. My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim—it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are now bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few more words to say—I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished—my race is run—the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to make at my departure from this world, it is—the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man, who knows my motives, dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace! Let my memory be left in oblivion, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, *then*, and *not till then*, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

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## LINES BY ROBERT EMMET,

WRITTEN ON THE BURYING-GROUND OF ARBOUR HILL, IN DUBLIN, WHERE THE BODIES OF INSURGENTS SHOT IN 1798 WERE INTERRED.

No rising column marks this spot,
Where many a victim lies;
But oh! the blood which here has streamed,
To Heaven for justice cries.

It claims it on the oppressor's head,
Who joys in human woe,
Who drinks the tears by misery shed,
And mocks them as they flow.

It claims it on the callous judge,
Whose hands in blood are dyed,
Who arms injustice with the sword,
The balance throws aside.

It claims it for his ruined isle,
Her wretched children's grave;
Where withered Freedom droops her head,
And man exists—a slave.

O sacred Justice! free this land
From tyranny abhorred;
Resume thy balance and thy seat—
Resume—but sheathe thy sword.

No retribution should we seek—
Too long has horror reigned;
By mercy marked may freedom rise,
By cruelty unstained.

Nor shall a tyrant's ashes mix
With those our martyred dead;
This is the place where Erin's sons
In Erin's cause have bled.

And those who here are laid at rest,
Oh! hallowed be each name;
Their memories are for ever blest—
Consigned to endless fame.

Unconsecrated is this ground,
Unblest by holy hands;
No bell here tolls its solemn sound,
No monument here stands.

But here the patriot's tears are shed,
The poor man's blessing given;
These consecrate the virtuous dead,
These waft their fame to heaven.

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# THE HON. GEORGE OGLE.

BORN 1739 — DIED 1814.

[Very little can be found regarding the early life of this favourite song-writer, beyond that he was born of respectable parentage in Wexford, which county he afterwards represented in the Irish House of Commons.

He sat for the city of Dublin in parliament in 1799, and is still remembered as having been strongly opposed to the Union. His death took place in 1814.]

## THE BANKS OF BANNA.

Shepherds, I have lost my love,—
Have you seen my Anna?
Pride of every shady grove
On the banks of Banna.
I for her my home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain,
Left my flocks, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more
Until her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er—
Gladness chang'd to mourning.
Whither is my charmer flown?
Shepherds, tell me whither?
Woe is me, perhaps she's gone
For ever and for ever!

## BANISH SORROW.

Banish sorrow, grief's a folly,
Thought, unbend thy wrinkled brow;
Hence dull care and melancholy,
Mirth and wine invite us now.
Bacchus empties all his treasure;
Comus gives us mirth and song;
Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow pleasure—
Let us join the jovial throng.

Youth soon flies, 'tis but a season;
Time is ever on the wing;
Let's the present moment seize on;
Who knows what the next may bring?
All our days by mirth we measure;
Other wisdom we despise;
Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow pleasure—
To be happy's to be wise.

Why should therefore care perplex us?
Why should we not merry be?
While we're here, there's nought to vex us,
Drinking sets from cares all free;
Let's have drinking without measure;
Let's have mirth while time we have;
Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow pleasure—
There's no drinking in the grave.

## MOLLY ASTORE.

As down by Banna's banks I strayed,
One evening in May,
The little birds, in blithest notes
Made vocal ev'ry spray;
They sung their little notes of love,
They sung them o'er and o'er,
*Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge,*
My Molly *astore.*

The daisy pied, and all the sweets
The dawn of Nature yields—
The primrose pale, and vi'let blue,
Lay scattered o'er the fields;
Such fragrance in the bosom lies
Of her whom I adore.
*Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge,*
My Molly *astore.*

I laid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my sad fate,
That doomed me thus the slave of love,
And cruel Molly's hate;
How can she break the honest heart
That wears her in its core?
*Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge,*
My Molly *astore.*

You said you loved me, Molly dear!
Ah! why did I believe?
Yet who could think such tender words
Were meant but to deceive?
That love was all I asked on earth—
Nay, Heaven could give no more.
*Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge,*
My Molly *astore.*

Oh! had I all the flocks that graze
On yonder yellow hill;
Or lowed for me the numerous herds
That yon green pasture fill;
With her I love I'd gladly share
My kine and fleecy store.
*Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge,*
My Molly *astore.*

Two turtle-doves above my head
Sat courting on a bough,
I envied their happiness,
To see them bill and coo:
Such fondness once for me was shown,
But now, alas! 'tis o'er.
*Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge,*
My Molly *astore.*

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear!
Thy loss I e'er shall moan,
Whilst life remains in this fond heart,
'Twill beat for thee alone;
Though thou art false, may Heaven on thee
Its choicest blessings pour.
*Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge,*
My Molly *astore.*

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# RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

BORN 1751 — DIED 1816.

[This distinguished statesman and dramatist, the greatest scion of a gifted family, was born in Dublin in 1751. In his seventh year he was sent to the school kept by Samuel Whyte, who was also the preceptor of Thomas Moore. In this school he remained but a short time, and left it with the character of a dunce. His parents removing to England, he was next sent to Harrow, where he is said to have displayed an aptness for school-boy pranks. He had made fair progress in his studies, however, when in his eighteenth year he was taken home by his father, and by him was in a short time perfected in grammar and what may be called school oratory.

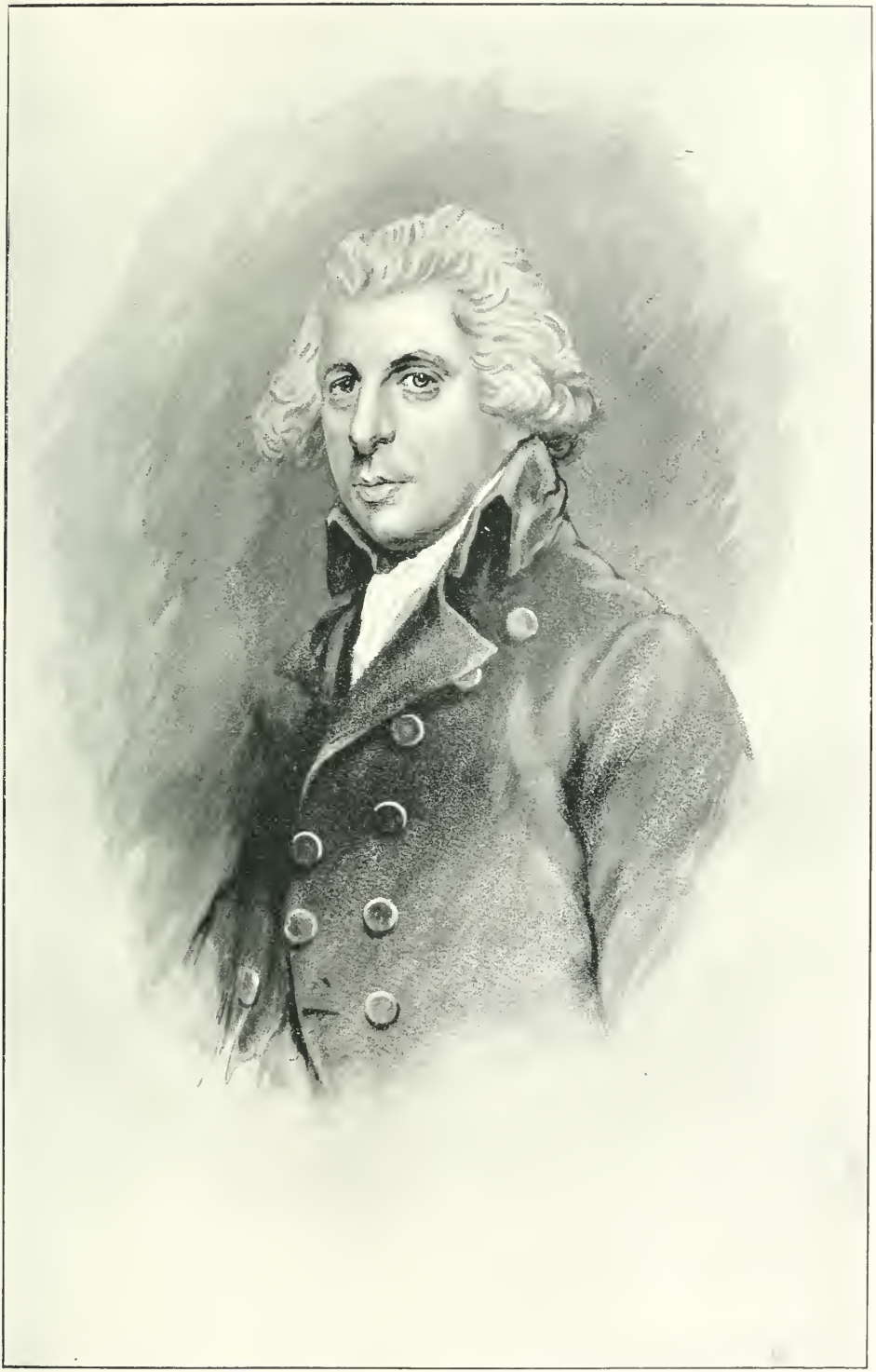
The family soon after moved to Bath, and here young Sheridan had an opportunity of studying human nature in many of its peculiarities and weaknesses. This opportunity he embraced with the eye of a wit and philosopher, and it was in Bath that he acquired that intimate knowledge of human vices and frailties which afterwards added so much to his fame. In this city, too, he obtained the one great blessing of life—a faithful wife, and that after a romantic courtship. The lady was a daughter of Mr. Linley, a celebrated composer, and was herself a vocalist of the first order, and possessed of great personal charms. Though modest and retiring, she had a crowd of admirers, and Sheridan's passionate courtship of her was in secret. Already Mr. Long, an elderly Wiltshire gentleman of great wealth, had proposed for her, and been accepted by her father; but on Miss Linley telling him the real state of the case he generously withdrew his suit, and took upon himself the responsibility of breaking the match. For this Mr. Linley sued him and obtained £3000. Another lover of Miss Linley's was a person named Matthews, who prosecuted his suit rather rudely. She complained to her lover, and he remonstrated with Matthews to no effect. To escape his rudeness Miss Linley determined to leave Bath, and abandon the profession which subjected her to such insults. Her idea was to take refuge in a convent in France, and thither Sheridan started with her and a female companion as protector. But when they reached London they perceived the compromising nature of their flight, and that the only remedy was immediate marriage, which was accordingly performed privately. Matthews, however, still continued his persecution, now in the form of slanders upon Sheridan, some of which ap-

peared in a Bath paper. This brought about first one, and then a second duel, in the first of which Matthews was wounded; in the second both fought until their swords were broken, and themselves severely wounded. This desperate fighting caused a strong suspicion of the marriage of the lovers to get abroad, and after a time Mr. Linley consented to the match, when a second and more regular ceremony was performed in the spring of 1773.

Sheridan now refused any longer to allow his wife to continue a public singer, and, as full of sentiment as the silliest young couple, the two retired to a cottage at East Burnham. From this they came to London in winter, and, owing to his talent and wit, and the manners and accomplishments of Mrs. Sheridan, were received into the best society. A few weeks before his marriage Sheridan had been entered a student of the Middle Temple, and an income from a profession would have been a great addition to the happiness of the young people, but the close application and industry requisite for success as a lawyer were incompatible with his volatile disposition. He therefore applied himself to dramatic composition, and in January, 1775, *The Rivals* was produced. It was coldly received on the first night, but Sheridan at once saw its defects and trimmed it into more popular shape. The result was a great success, and the play at once took its position as a classic and stock piece. In the same year he produced the farce *St. Patrick's Day*, and soon after his comic opera of *The Duenna* appeared at Covent Garden, and ran for ninety-five nights. But notwithstanding his success as a dramatic writer, so great was his extravagance that financial embarrassments had already begun to press upon him, and while his country-house was filled with lively parties, enjoying his hospitality and his wit, the dark clouds of debt hovered over him, and he was becoming the prey of duns.

In this year also (1775), on Garrick retiring into private life, Sheridan arranged with him for the possession of Drury Lane Theatre. His father-in-law Mr. Linley, Dr. Fordyce, and two other friends advanced the necessary funds for this, and Sheridan entered upon his new career determined to succeed. But determination to succeed and actual success are different things, and no one could be worse fitted to carry on a great financial enterprise such as Drury Lane. On opening the house under its new management Sheridan produced *A Trip to Scarborough*, being an alteration of Vanbrugh's comedy *The Relapse*, but it proved a failure. Nothing daunted, he soon after brought out *The School for Scandal*, the finest comedy in the English language. This proved a source of income to him all through his life. In 1778 he made a further large investment in the property of Drury Lane, a considerable portion of it having still remained in the hands of Garrick's partner, and on doing so he appointed his father manager, it being thought that the old man's experience might act in some sort as a balance to the rashness of the young one. In 1779, the year of Garrick's death, Sheridan wrote some verses to the memory of his friend, and *The Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed*, a farce, which, like most of his other pieces, was a model of its kind, and shared in their success. In the same year also his father, after a vain attempt to deal with the disordered state of affairs at the theatre, resigned his post in despair.

The ruin which he saw approaching was staved off, however, by other successes of his brilliant son, who now entered upon the career of a politician, to which he was induced by the friendship of Fox. A seat was found for him at Stafford in 1780, and a petition complaining of the election being presented gave him a chance of making his début. So nervous and excited was he, however, that the speech proved unsatisfactory, and some people who were reckoned wise and supposed to be able to discern rising talent, strongly advised him to waste no further time in the house. But he knew better than his advisers, and persevered until he attained celebrity as a parliamentary orator. From the first he joined with Fox, and this of course led him to advocate the cause of the Prince of Wales, with whom he soon became too closely acquainted for his benefit. In 1782 he became under secretary of state; in 1783, secretary of the treasury; in 1806, treasurer of the navy and privy-councillor; in the latter year he was also elected member for Westminster, but lost his seat in 1807. His parliamentary reputation as an orator was all this time growing, until it reached its culminating point in the speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings, which is described by contemporaries as the greatest ever listened to in parliament. Contrary to the practice of the house at that time, it was greeted with applause on all sides, and the minister asked the house to adjourn, as under the influence of such eloquence they were unable to come to an impartial decision. Another famous oration was that on the liberty of the press, in which he held that it would suffice to main-



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

*After the Painting by SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS*

tain the freedom of the country against a corrupt parliament, a truckling court, and a tyrannical prince.

In 1788 Sheridan's father died, and in 1792 he suffered a heavy blow in the death of his wife. In 1798 he produced *Pizarro* and *The Stranger*, both adaptations from Kotzebue.[1] In 1804 he was appointed to the receivership of the Duchy of Cornwall by the Prince of Wales, "as a trifling proof of that friendship his royal highness had felt for him for a series of years." A few years after the death of his first wife he had married Miss Ogle, daughter of the Dean of Winchester, who brought him considerable accession of means. But notwithstanding this and his other sources of income, matters at the theatre had become almost unbearable, when they were brought to a crisis by the burning down of the house. Of course arrangements were soon made for its rebuilding, and it was agreed that Sheridan should receive £20,000 for his claims and share of the property. This, instead of being a relief to him, was rather the reverse, for the duns like vultures gathered round him to share the spoil. His habits also now became more dissolute, and his friends did not seek his company so often, nor did the prince invite him so frequently to the royal table.

In 1815 his health began to decline, and in the spring of 1816 it gave way altogether. So pressing now became his creditors that he was actually arrested in bed, and it was with great difficulty the bailiff was persuaded not to remove him. Indeed rumours were circulated that in his last moments he was left in want of the common necessaries of life; but these rumours his friend Kelly indignantly denied. The Bishop of London, hearing of his state, attended him, and Sheridan appeared greatly comforted by his prayers and spiritual advice. On the 7th of July, 1816, he passed away without a struggle. His remains were laid in Westminster Abbey, near those of Addison, Garrick, and Cumberland.

Mr. Hazlitt, in his *Lectures on the English Comic Writers*, says of Sheridan: "He has been justly called 'a dramatic star of the first magnitude;' and indeed, among the comic writers of the last century, he 'shines like Hesperus among the lesser lights.' He has left four dramas behind him, all different or of different kinds, and all excellent in their way. . . . This is the merit of Sheridan's comedies, that everything in them tells there is no labour in vain. . . . *The School for Scandal* is, if not the most original, perhaps the most finished and faultless comedy which we have. When it is acted you hear people all around you exclaiming, 'Surely it is impossible for anything to be cleverer!' *The Rivals* is one of the most agreeable comedies we have. In the elegance and brilliancy of the dialogue, in a certain animation of moral sentiment, and in the masterly *dénouement* of the fable, *The School for Scandal* is superior, but *The Rivals* has more life and action in it, and abounds in a greater number of whimsical characters, unexpected incidents, and absurd contrasts of situation. . . . *The Duenna* is a perfect work of art. It has the utmost sweetness and point. The plot, the characters, the dialogue are all complete in themselves, and they are all his own, and the songs are the best that ever were written, except those in *The Beggar's Opera*. They have a joyous spirit of intoxication in them, and a strain of the most melting tenderness." Lord Macaulay, in his *Essay on Warren Hastings*, writes thus of Sheridan's celebrated oration:—"A speech which was so imperfectly reported that it may be said to be wholly lost, but which was, without doubt, the most elaborately brilliant of all the productions of his ingenious mind. The impression which it produced was such as has never been equalled. . . . The ferment spread fast through the town. Within four-and-twenty hours Sheridan was offered £1000 for the copyright of the speech, if he would himself correct it for the press."

In 1825 *The Memoirs of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan* appeared, written by Thomas Moore, who is said to have received £2000 for the copyright. Among the many editions of Sheridan's works which have been published we may notice: *Speeches*, 5 vols. 1798; *Dramatic*

[1] Mr. R. H. Stoddard, in his *Personal Reminiscences by O'Keeffe, Kelly, and Taylor*, gives the following curious information about the production of the fifth act of *Pizarro*, as related by Michael Kelly, which is characteristic of Sheridan's inveterate habit of procrastination. After detailing the difficulties he himself encountered about the music of the play, Kelly says:—"But if this were a puzzling situation for a composer, what will my readers think of that in which the actors were left, when I state the fact that at the time the house was overflowing on the first night's performance, all that was written of the play was actually rehearsing, and that, incredible as it may appear, until the end of the fourth act, neither Mrs. Siddons, nor Charles Kemble, nor Barrymore had all their speeches for the fifth? Mr. Sheridan was up-stairs in the prompter's room, where he was writing the last part of the play, while the earlier parts were acting; and every ten minutes he brought down as much of the dialogue as he had done, piece-meal, into the green-room, abusing himself and his negligence, and making a thousand winning and soothing apologies for having kept the performers so long in such painful suspense."

*Works*, edited by Thomas Moore, 2 vols. 1821; and another edition by Leigh Hunt was issued in 1841. In 1859 appeared in two volumes *Sheridan and his Times*, by an Octogenarian; and his *Complete Works, with Life and Anecdotes*, was recently issued in one volume.]

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## BOB ACRES' DUEL.

(FROM "THE RIVALS.")

ACRES' *Lodgings*. *Enter* SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

*Sir L.* Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

*Acres.* My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

*Sir L.* Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

*Acres.* 'Faith, I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last. In short, I have been very ill-used, Sir Lucius. I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as a very ill-used gentleman.

*Sir L.* Pray, what is the case? I ask no names.

*Acres.* Mark me, Sir Lucius:—I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady—her friends take my part—I follow her to Bath—send word of my arrival—and receive answer that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of. This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill-used.

*Sir L.* Very ill, upon my conscience! Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

*Acres.* Why, there's the matter! She has another lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath. Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

*Sir L.* A rival in the case, is there?—and you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

*Acres.* Unfairly! to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

*Sir L.* Then sure you know what is to be done?

*Acres.* Not I, upon my soul.

*Sir L.* We wear no swords here—but you understand me.

*Acres.* What! fight him?

*Sir L.* Ay, to be sure; what can I mean else?

*Acres.* But he has given me no provocation.

*Sir L.* Now I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another than to fall in love with the same woman? Oh, by my soul, it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

*Acres.* Breach of friendship! Ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

*Sir L.* That's no argument at all—he has the less right, then, to take such a liberty.

*Acres.* 'Gad, that's true—I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius—I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valour in him and not know it. But couldn't I contrive to have a little right on my side?

*Sir L.* What the devil signifies *right* when your *honour* is concerned? Do you think Achilles or my little Alexander the Great ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broadswords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

*Acres.* Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart. I believe courage must be catching. I certainly do feel a kind of valour rising, as it were—a kind of courage, as I may say—Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

*Sir L.* Ah! my little friend, if I had Blunderbuss Hall here I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the New Room, every one of whom had killed his man. For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank Heaven our honour and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.

*Acres.* Oh, Sir Lucius, I have had ancestors too!—every man of them colonel or captain in the militia! Odds balls and barrels! say no more—I'm braced for it. The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast! Zounds! as the man in the play says, "I could do such deeds"——

*Sir L.* Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case; these things should always be done civilly.

*Acres.* I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius—I must be in a rage!—Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper. (*Sits down to write.*) I would the ink were red! Indite, I say, indite. How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

*Sir L.* Pray compose yourself. (*Sits down.*)

*Acres.* Come, now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a dam'me!

*Sir L.* Pho, pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now—"Sir"—

*Acres.* That's too civil by half.

*Sir L.* "To prevent the confusion that might arise"—

*Acres.* (*Writing and repeating.*) "To pre-

vent the confusion which might arise"—Well?—

*Sir L.* "From our both addressing the same lady"—

*Acres.* Ay—there's the reason—"same lady"—Well?—

*Sir L.* "I shall expect the honour of your company"—

*Acres.* Zounds, I'm not asking him to dinner!

*Sir L.* Pray, be easy.

*Acres.* Well, then, "honour of your company"—

*Sir L.* "To settle our pretensions"—

*Acres.* Well?

*Sir L.* Let me see—aye, King's Mead-fields will do—"in King's Mead-fields."

*Acres.* So, that's down. Well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest—a hand and dagger—shall be the seal.

*Sir L.* You see, now, this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

*Acres.* Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

*Sir L.* Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time. Take my advice and you'll decide it this evening, if you can; then, let the worse come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

*Acres.* Very true.

*Sir L.* So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening. I would do myself the honour to carry your message, but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here who put a jest on me lately at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman to call him out.

*Acres.* By my valour, I should like to see you fight first. Odds life! I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.

*Sir L.* I shall be very proud of instructing you. Well, for the present—but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword. [*Exit Sir Lucius.*

ACRES *sealing the letter, while* DAVID *his servant enters.*

*David.* Then, by the mass, sir, I would do no such thing! Ne'er a Sir Lucifer in the kingdom should make me fight when I wa'n't so minded. Oons! what will the old lady say when she hears o't!

*Acres.* But my honour, David, my honour! I must be very careful of my honour.

*David.* Ay, by the mass, and I would be very careful of it; and I think, in return, my honour couldn't do less than be very careful of me.

*Acres.* Odds blades! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honour!

*David.* I say, then, it would be but civil in *honour* never to risk the loss of a *gentleman.* Look ye, master, this *honour* seems to me a marvellous false friend; ay, truly, a very courtier-like servant. Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank Heaven, no one can say of me), well—my honour makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance. So—we fight. (Pleasant enough that!) Boh! I kill him (the more's my luck). Now, pray, who gets the profit of it? Why, my *honour.* But put the case that he kills me! By the mass! I go to the worms, and my honour whips over to my enemy.

*Acres.* No, David, in that case—odds crowns and laurels! your honour follows you to the grave.

*David.* Now that's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

*Acres.* Zounds! David, you are a coward!—It doesn't become my valour to listen to you. What, shall I disgrace my ancestors? Think of that, David—think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

*David.* Under favour, the surest way of not disgracing them is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look'ee now, master, to go to them in such haste—with an ounce of lead in your brains—I should think might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

*Acres.* But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, *very* great danger, hey?—Odds life! people often fight without any mischief done!

*David.* By the mass, I think 'tis ten to one against you!—Oons! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his d——d double-barrelled swords and cut-and-thrust pistols! Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think o't—those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons! well, I never could abide 'em!—from a child I never could fancy 'em!—I suppose there an't been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol.

*Acres.* Zounds! I *won't* be afraid—odds fire and fury! you sha'n't make me afraid—Here

is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend, Jack Absolute, to carry it for me.

*David.* Ay, i' the name of mischief, let *him* be the messenger.—For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it for the best horse in your stable. By the mass, it don't look like another letter!—It is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter!—and I warrant smells of gunpowder, like a soldier's pouch!—Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off.

(*Drops it in alarm.*)

*Acres.* (*Starting.*) Out, you poltroon!—you ha'n't the valour of a grasshopper.

*David.* Well, I say no more—'twill be sad news, to be sure, at Clod Hall—but I ha' done. How Phillis will howl when she hears of it!—ay, poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her master's going after!—and I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honour, field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born! (*Whimpering.*)

*Acres.* It won't do, David—so get along, you coward—I am determined to fight while I'm in the mind.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Captain Absolute, sir.

*Acres.* O! show him up. [*Exit Servant.*

*David.* (*On his knees.*) Well, Heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

*Acres.* What's that!—Don't provoke me, David!

*David.* Good-bye, master.

[*Exit David, whimpering.*

*Acres.* Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven.

*Enter* Captain Absolute.

*Captain A.* What's the matter, Bob?

*Acres.* A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead; if I hadn't the valour of St. George, and the dragon to boot—

*Captain A.* But what did you want with me, Bob?

*Acres.* Oh! there— (*Gives him the challenge.*)

*Captain A.* "To Ensign Beverley." (*Aside.*) So, what's going on now? Well, what's this?

*Acres.* A challenge!

*Captain A.* Indeed! Why, you won't fight him, will you, Bob?

*Acres.* 'Egad, but I will, Jack. Sir Lucius has wrought me to it. He has left me full of rage—and I'll fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted.

*Captain A.* But what have I to do with this?

*Acres.* Why, as I think you know something of this fellow, I want you to find him out for me, and give him this mortal defiance.

*Captain A.* Well, give it me, and, trust me, he gets it.

*Acres.* Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

*Captain A.* Not in the least—I beg you won't mention it. No trouble in the world, I assure you.

*Acres.* You are very kind. What it is to have a friend!—you couldn't be my second, could you, Jack?

*Captain A.* Why no, Bob, not in *this* affair—it would not be quite so proper.

*Acres.* Well, then, I must get my friend Sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack?

*Captain A.* Whenever he meets you, believe me.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the Captain.

*Captain A.* I'll come instantly.—Well, my little hero, success attend you. [*Going.*

*Acres.* Stay, stay, Jack. If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him I am a devil of a fellow—will you, Jack?

*Captain A.* To be sure I shall. I'll say you are a determined dog—hey, Bob?

*Acres.* Ay, do, do—and if that frightens him, 'egad, perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a week; will you, Jack?

*Captain A.* I will, I will; I'll say you are called in the country "Fighting Bob."

*Acres.* Right, right—'tis all to prevent mischief; for I don't want to take his life, if I clear my honour.

*Captain A.* No! that's very kind of you.

*Acres.* Why, you don't wish me to kill him, do you, Jack?

*Captain A.* No, upon my soul, I do not. But a devil of a fellow, hey? [*Going.*

*Acres.* True, true. But stay—stay, Jack; you may add that you never saw me in such a rage before—a most devouring rage.

*Captain A.* I will, I will.

*Acres.* Remember, Jack — a determined dog!

*Captain A.* Ay, ay—"Fighting Bob."

[*Exeunt severally.*

*King's Mead-fields.—Enter* Sir Lucius *and* Acres, *with pistols.*

*Acres.* By my valour! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims! I say it is a good distance.

*Sir L.* It is for muskets or small field-pieces; upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave these things to me. Stay, now; I'll show you. (*Measures six paces.*) There, now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

*Acres.* Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the further he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

*Sir L.* 'Faith, then, I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

*Acres.* No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty, or eight-and-thirty yards—

*Sir L.* Pho, pho! Nonsense! Three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

*Acres.* Odds bullets, no!—by my valour! there is no merit in killing him so near. Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

*Sir L.* Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

*Acres.* I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but I don't understand—

*Sir L.* Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say, it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

*Acres.* A quietus!

*Sir L.* For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey?—I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

*Acres.* Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

*Sir L.* I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

*Acres.* No, Sir Lucius, never before, (*aside*) and never will again, if I get out of this.

*Sir L.* Ah, that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing.—Pray, now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

*Acres.* Odds files! I've practised that. There, Sir Lucius, there—(*puts himself in an attitude*)—a side-front, hey!—Odd! I'll make myself small enough—I'll stand edgeways.

*Sir L.* Now, you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim——(*levelling at him*).

*Acres.* Zounds, Sir Lucius! are you sure it is not cocked?

*Sir L.* Never fear.

*Acres.* But—but—you don't know; it may go off of its own head?

*Sir L.* Pho! be easy. Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance; for if it misses a vital part on your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left.

*Acres.* A vital part!

*Sir L.* But, there—fix yourself so (*placing him*), let him see the broadside of your full front. (*Sir Lucius places him face to face, then turns and goes to the left. Acres has in the interim turned his back in great perturbation.*) Oh, bother! do you call that the broadside of your front? (*Acres turns reluctantly.*) There—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do you any harm at all.

*Acres.* Clean through me! A ball or two clean through me!

*Sir L.* Ay, may they—and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

*Acres.* Look ye! Sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one—so, by my valour! I will stand edgeways.

*Sir L.* (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure they don't mean to disappoint us!

*Acres.* (*Aside.*) I hope they do.

*Sir L.* Hah! no, 'faith—I think I see them coming.

*Acres.* Hey?—what!—coming!

*Sir L.* Ay, who are those yonder, getting over the stile?

*Acres.* There are two of them, indeed! well, let them come—hey, Sir Lucius?—we—we—we—we—won't run (*takes his arm*).

*Sir L.* Run!

*Acres.* No, I say—we *won't* run, by my valour!

*Sir L.* What the devil's the matter with you?

*Acres.* Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

*Sir L.* O fie! consider your honour.

*Acres.* Ay, true—my honour—do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two, every now and then, about my honour.

*Sir L.* (*Looking.*) Well, here they're coming.

*Acres.* Sir Lucius, if I wa'n't with you, I

should almost think I was afraid—if my valour should leave me!—valour will come and go.

*Sir L.* Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

*Acres.* Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes, my valour is certainly going! it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands!

*Sir L.* Your honour, your honour. Here they are.

*Acres.* O mercy!—now—that I was safe at Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

*Enter* FAULKLAND *and* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

*Sir L.* Gentlemen, your most obedient—hah! what, Captain Absolute!—So, I suppose, sir, you are come here, just like myself—to do a kind office, first for your friend—then to proceed to business on your own account.

*Acres.* What, Jack! my dear Jack! my dear friend! (*Shakes his hand.*)

*Captain A.* Harkye, Bob, Beverley's at hand. (*Acres retreats to left.*)

*Sir L.* Well, Mr. Acres—I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly. (*To Faulkland.*) So, Mr. Beverley, if you'll choose your weapons, the Captain and I will measure the ground.

*Faulk.* My weapons, sir!

*Acres.* Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends!

(*Shakes hands with Faulkland—goes back.*)

*Sir L.* What, sir, did you not come here to fight Mr. Acres?

*Faulk.* Not I, upon my word, sir.

*Sir L.* Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game—you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by standing out.

*Captain A.* Oh pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius!

*Faulk.* Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter.

*Acres.* No, no, Mr. Faulkland—I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian. Look ye, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

*Sir L.* Observe me, Mr. Acres—I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody, and you came here to fight him—now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him—I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

*Acres.* Why no, Sir Lucius, I tell you 'tis one Beverley I've challenged—a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face. If he were here I'd make him give up his pretensions directly.

*Captain A.* Hold, Bob—let me set you right—there is no such man as Beverley in the case. The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you may please.

*Sir L.* Well, this is lucky. (*Slaps him on the back.*) Now you have an opportunity.

*Acres.* What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute!—not if he were fifty Beverleys! (*Shakes his hand warmly.*) Zounds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me be so unnatural!

*Sir L.* Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valour has oozed away with a vengeance!

*Acres.* Not in the least! odds backs and abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart—and if you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I'll get you snug lying in the Abbey here; or pickle you, and send you over to Blunderbuss Hall, or anything of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

*Sir L.* Pho, pho! you are little better than a coward.

*Acres.* Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward; coward was the word, by my valour!

*Sir L.* Well, sir?

*Acres.* Very well, sir. (*Gently.*) Look ye, Sir Lucius, 'tisn't that I mind the word coward. Coward may be said in joke; but if you had called me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls!—

*Sir L.* (*Sternly.*) Well, sir?

*Acres.* I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

*Sir L.* Pho! you are beneath my notice.

*Acres.* I'm very glad of it.

*Captain A.* Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres. He is a most determined dog—called in the country Fighting Bob. He generally kills a man a week—don't you, Bob?

*Acres.* Ay—at home!

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## THE MONEY-HUNTER.

(FROM "THE DUENNA.")

[Don Jerome and his son Ferdinand discuss the marriage of Louisa. Don Jerome her father wishes her to marry Isaac a rich Jew,

while her brother Ferdinand pleads for his friend Antonio.]

*Jer.* Object to Antonio? I have said it: his poverty; can you acquit him of that?

*Ferd.* Sir, I own he is not over rich; but he is of as ancient and honourable a family as any in the kingdom.

*Jer.* Yes, I know the beggars are a very ancient family in most kingdoms; but never in great repute, boy.

*Ferd.* Antonio, sir, has many amiable qualities.

*Jer.* But he is poor; can you clear him of that, I say? Is he not a gay, dissipated rake, who has squandered his patrimony?

*Ferd.* Sir, he inherited but little: and that his generosity, more than his profuseness, has stripped him of; but he has never sullied his honour, which, with his title, has outlived his means.

*Jer.* Psha! you talk like a blockhead. Nobility, without an estate, is as ridiculous as gold lace on a frieze coat.

*Ferd.* This language, sir, would better become a Dutch or English trader than a Spaniard.

*Jer.* Yes; and those Dutch and English traders, as you call them, are the wiser people. Why, booby, in England they were formerly as nice, as to birth and family, as we are: but they have long discovered what a wonderful purifier gold is; and now, no one there regards pedigree in anything but a horse. Oh! here comes Isaac! I hope he has prospered in his suit.

*Ferd.* Doubtless that agreeable figure of his must have helped his suit surprisingly.

*Jer.* How now? (*Ferdinand walks aside.*)

*Enter* Isaac.

[Isaac, who has been sent in by Don Jerome to plead his suit with his daughter, has instead found her duenna, who, to help Louisa to escape the marriage, takes her place.]

*Jer.* Well, my friend, have you softened her?

*Isa.* Oh! yes; I have softened her.

*Jer.* What! does she come to?

*Isa.* Why, truly, she was kinder than I expected to find her.

*Jer.* And the dear little angel was civil, eh?

*Isa.* Yes, the pretty little angel was very civil.

*Jer.* I'm transported to hear it. Well, and you were astonished at her beauty, eh?

*Isa.* I was astonished, indeed! Pray, how old is miss?

*Jer.* How old? Let me see — eight and twelve—she is twenty.

*Isa.* Twenty?

*Jer.* Ay, to a month.

*Isa.* Then, upon my soul, she is the oldest-looking girl of her age in Christendom.

*Jer.* Do you think so? But, I believe, you will not see a prettier girl.

*Isa.* Here and there one.

*Jer.* Louisa has the family face.

*Isa.* Yes, egad! I should have taken it for a family face, and one that has been in the family some time, too. (*Aside.*)

*Jer.* She has her father's eyes.

*Isa.* Truly, I should have guessed them to have been so. If she had her mother's spectacles, I believe she would not see the worse. (*Aside.*)

*Jer.* Her aunt Ursula's nose, and her grandmother's forehead, to a hair.

*Isa.* Ay, faith! and her grandfather's chin to a hair. (*Aside.*)

*Jer.* Well, if she was but as dutiful as she's handsome—and, harkye! friend Isaac, she is none of your made-up beauties; her charms are of the lasting kind.

*Isa.* I'faith! so they should; for if she be but twenty now, she may double her age before her years will overtake her face.

*Jer.* Why, zounds! Master Isaac, you are not sneering, are you?

*Isa.* Why, now, seriously, Don Jerome, do you think your daughter handsome?

*Jer.* By this light she's as handsome a girl as any in Seville.

*Isa.* Then by these eyes I think her as plain a woman as ever I beheld.

*Jer.* By St. Jago, you must be blind.

*Isa.* No, no; 'tis you are partial.

*Jer.* How! have I neither sense nor taste? If a fair skin, fine eyes, teeth of ivory, with a lovely bloom and a delicate shape; if these, with a heavenly voice and a world of grace, are not charms, I know not what you call beautiful.

*Isa.* Good lack! with what eyes a father sees! As I have life, she is the very reverse of all this; as for the dimity skin you told me of, I swear 'tis a thorough nankeen as ever I saw; for her eyes, their utmost merit is not squinting: for her teeth, where there is one of ivory, its neighbour is pure ebony, black and white alternately, just like the keys of an harpsichord. Then, as to her singing and heavenly voice, by this hand she has a shrill cracked pipe, that sounds for all the world like a child's trumpet.

*Jer.* Why, you little Hebrew scoundrel, do you mean to insult me? Out of my house, I say!

*Ferd.* Dear sir, what's the matter?

*Jer.* Why, this Israelite here has the impudence to say your sister's ugly.

*Ferd.* He must be either blind or insolent.

*Isa.* So I find they are all in a story. Egad! I believe I have gone too far. (*Aside.*)

*Ferd.* Sure, sir, there must be some mistake; it can't be my sister whom he has seen.

*Jer.* 'Sdeath! you are as great a fool as he! What mistake can there be? Did not I lock up Louisa? and haven't I the key in my own pocket? And didn't her maid show him into the dressing-room? And yet you talk of a mistake. No; the Portuguese meant to insult me, and but that this roof protects him, old as I am, this sword should do me justice.

*Isa.* I must get off as well as I can; her fortune is not the less handsome. (*Aside.*)

*Duet.*—Isaac *and* Jerome.

*Isa.*

Believe me, good sir, I ne'er meant to offend;
My mistress I love, and I value my friend!
To win her, and wed her, is still my request,
For better, for worse,—and I swear I don't jest.

*Jer.*

Zounds! you'd best not provoke me, my rage is so high.

*Isa.*

Hold him fast, I beseech you, his rage is so high!
Good sir, you're too hot, and this place I must fly.

*Jer.*

You're a knave and a sot, and this place you'd best fly.

*Isa.* Don Jerome, come now, let us lay aside all joking, and be serious.

*Jer.* How?

*Isa.* Ha, ha, ha! I'll be hanged if you haven't taken my abuse of your daughter seriously.

*Jer.* You meant it so, did not you?

*Isa.* Oh, mercy, no! a joke; just to try how angry it would make you.

*Jer.* Was that all, i'faith? I didn't know you had been such a wag. Ha, ha, ha! By St. Jago! you made me very angry, though. Well, and do you think Louisa handsome?

*Isa.* Handsome! Venus de Medicis was a sybil to her.

*Jer.* Give me your hand, you little jocose rogue. Egad! I thought we had been all off.

*Ferd.* So! I was in hopes this would have been a quarrel; but I find the Jew is too cunning. (*Aside.*)

*Jer.* Ay, this gust of passion has made me dry. I am seldom ruffled. Order some wine in the next room. Let us drink the poor girl's health. Poor Louisa! Ugly, eh? ha, ha, ha! 'Twas a very good joke, indeed.

*Isa.* And a very true one, for all that. (*Aside.*)

*Jer.* And, Ferdinand, I insist upon your drinking success to my friend.

*Ferd.* Sir, I will drink success to my friend with all my heart.

*Jer.* Come, little Solomon, if any sparks of anger had remained, this would be the only way to quench them.

[The little Jew, Isaac, however, was cleverly cheated into marrying the duenna, while Louisa was united to Antonio.]

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## THE HAPPIEST COUPLE.

(FROM "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.")

Sir Peter *and* Lady Teazle, *husband and wife.*

*Lady T.* Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarrelling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humoured when I am not by.

*Sir P.* Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humoured at all times.

*Lady T.* I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humoured now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

*Sir P.* Two hundred pounds! What, a'n't I to be in a good-humour without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and, i'faith! there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it; (*gives notes*) but seal me a bond for the repayment.

*Lady T.* Oh! no: there, my note of hand will do as well. (*Offering her hand.*)

*Sir P.* And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you: but shall we always live thus? eh!

*Lady T.* If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

*Sir P.* Well, then, let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

*Lady T.* I assure you. Sir Peter, good-nature becomes you; you look now as you did

before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and asked me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing —didn't you?

*Sir P.* Yes, yes; and you were as kind and attentive—

*Lady T.* Ay, so I was; and would always take your part, when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

*Sir P.* Indeed!

*Lady T.* Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish, old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

*Sir P.* Thank you.

*Lady T.* And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of husband.

*Sir P.* And you prophesied right; and we shall now be the happiest couple—

*Lady T.* And never differ again?

*Sir P.* No, never; though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always begin first.

*Lady T.* I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter: indeed, you always give the provocation.

*Sir P.* Now see, my angel! take care: contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

*Lady T.* Then don't you begin it, my love.

*Sir P.* There, now; you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

*Lady T.* Nay, you know, if you will be angry without any reason, my dear—

*Sir P.* There! now you want to quarrel again.

*Lady T.* No, I am sure I don't; but if you will be so peevish—

*Sir P.* There now, who begins first?

*Lady T.* Why, you, to be sure. I said nothing: but there's no bearing your temper.

*Sir P.* No, no, madam; the fault's in your own temper.

*Lady T.* Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

*Sir P.* Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gypsy.

*Lady T.* You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

*Sir P.* Now, may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more.

*Lady T.* So much the better.

*Sir P.* No, no, madam; 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you: a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest 'squires in the neighbourhood.

*Lady T.* And I am sure I was a fool to marry you: an old, dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one that would have him.

*Sir P.* Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

*Lady T.* No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who, everybody said, would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broken his neck since we have been married.

*Sir P.* I have done with you, madam. You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of everything. I believe you capable of everything that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, you and Charles are—not without grounds—

*Lady T.* Take care, Sir Peter; you had better not insinuate any such thing. I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

*Sir P.* Very well, madam; very well. A separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam, or a divorce. I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors. Let us separate, madam.

*Lady T.* Agreed, agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple—and never differ again, you know. Ha, ha, ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you—so, bye, bye!

[*Exit.*

*Sir P.* Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry either? Oh! I am the most miserable fellow! but I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no; she may break my heart, but she sha'n't keep her temper.

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## AN ART SALE.

(FROM "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.")

[Charles Surface, a spendthrift; Careless, his friend. His uncle Sir Oliver Surface, who intends making him his heir, visits him in

the character of the broker Mr. Premium, accompanied by Moses a money-lender. Having been abroad for years, Sir Oliver is unknown to his nephew.]

*The Picture Room.*

*Charles.* Walk in, gentlemen; pray walk in; here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

*Sir O.* And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

*Charles.* Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting: no *volontier grace* or expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original, and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness; all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

*Sir O.* Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

*Charles.* I hope not. Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But, come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

*Care.* Ay, ay; this will do. But, Charles, I have not a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

*Charles.* Egad! that's true: (*taking pedigree down*) what parchment have we here? Oh! our genealogy in full. Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany: here's the family tree for you, you rogue! this shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

*Sir O.* What an unnatural rogue! an *ex post facto* parricide! (*Aside.*)

*Care.* Yes, yes; here's a list of your generation, indeed; 'faith! Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin: a-going, a-going, a-going!

*Charles.* Bravo, Careless! Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium? look at him: there's a hero, not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. What do you bid?

*Sir O.* (*Apart to Moses.*) Bid him speak.

*Moses.* Mr. Premium would have you speak.

*Charles.* Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds; and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

*Sir O.* Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! (*Aside.*) Well, sir, I take him at that.

*Charles.* Careless, knock down my uncle Richard. Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great aunt Deborah; done by Kneller in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten: the sheep are worth the money.

*Sir O.* Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! (*Aside.*) Five pounds ten: she's mine.

*Charles.* Knock down my aunt Deborah, Careless!—This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit. What do you rate him at, Moses?

*Moses.* Four guineas.

*Charles.* Four guineas! Gad's life! you don't bid me the price of his wig. Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

*Sir O.* By all means.

*Care.* Gone!

*Charles.* And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of parliament, and noted speakers; and what's very extraordinary, I believe this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

*Sir O.* That is very extraordinary, indeed! I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of parliament.

*Care.* Well said, little Premium! I'll knock them down at forty.

*Charles.* Here's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation, but he was Mayor of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

*Sir O.* No, no; six will do for the mayor.

*Charles.* Come, make it guineas, and I'll throw the two aldermen there into the bargain.

*Sir O.* They're mine.

*Charles.* Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. But plague on't! we shall be all day retailing in this manner: do let us deal wholesale: what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump.

*Care.* Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

*Sir O.* Well, well; anything to accommodate you; they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

*Care.* What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee!

*Sir O.* Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

*Charles.* What, that? Oh! that's my uncle Oliver; 'twas done before he went to India.

*Care.* Your uncle Oliver! Gad! then, you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a d——d disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

(*Slapping him on the shoulder.*)

*Sir O.* Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive; but I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

*Charles.* No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad! I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

*Sir O.* The rogue's my nephew after all. (*Aside.*) But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

*Charles.* I am sorry for it, for you certainly will not have it. Oons! haven't you got enough of them?

*Sir O.* I forgive him everything. (*Aside.*) But, sir, when I take a whim in my head I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

*Charles.* Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

*Sir O.* How like his father the dog is!—(*Aside.*) Well, well, I have done.—I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a resemblance. (*Aside.*)—Here is a draught for your sum.

*Charles.* Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds.

*Sir O.* You will not let Sir Oliver go?

*Charles.* Zounds! no; I tell you once more.

*Sir O.* Then never mind the difference; we'll balance that another time; but give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg pardon, sir, for being so free. Come, Moses.

*Charles.* Egad! this is a whimsical old fellow! But, hark ye! Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen?

*Sir O.* Yes, yes; I'll send for them in a day or two.

*Charles.* But, hold! do now send a genteel conveyance for them; for I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

*Sir O.* I will, I will; for all but Oliver.

*Charles.* Ay, all but the little nabob.

*Sir O.* You're fixed on that?

*Charles.* Peremptorily.

*Sir O.* A dear, extravagant rogue! (*Aside.*) Good day! Come, Moses. Let me hear now who dares call him profligate.

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## SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY'S PLAY.

(FROM "THE CRITIC.")

*Sir F.* Sincerely, then, you do like the piece?

*Sneer.* Wonderfully!

*Sir F.* But come, now, there must be something that you think might be mended, eh? Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

*Dan.* Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to—

*Sir F.* With most authors it is just so indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious; but, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

*Sneer.* Very true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection, which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

*Sir F.* Sir, you can't oblige me more.

*Sneer.* I think it wants incident.

*Sir F.* Good God!—you surprise me!—wants incident!

*Sneer.* Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

*Sir F.* Good God! Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference, but I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded. My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

*Dan.* Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient, and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

*Sir F.* Rises, I believe you mean, sir.

*Dan.* No; I don't, upon my word.

*Sir F.* Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul; it

certainly don't fall off, I assure you; no, no, it don't fall off.

*Dan.* Now, Mrs. Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light?

*Mrs. D.* No, indeed, I did not; I did not see a fault in any part of the play, from the beginning to the end.

*Sir F.* Upon my soul, the women are the best judges after all.

*Mrs. D.* Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece; but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

*Sir F.* Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

*Mrs. D.* O lud! no. I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

*Sir F.* Then I am very happy,—very happy indeed,—because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play: I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but, on these occasions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

*Mrs. D.* Then, I suppose, it must have been Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

*Sir F.* O! if Mr. Dangle read it! that's quite another affair; but I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

*Mrs. D.* I hope to see it on the stage next. [*Exit.*

*Dan.* Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

*Sir F.* The newspapers!—sir, they are the most villanous—licentious—abominable—infernal—not that I ever read them—no; I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

*Dan.* You are quite right; for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

*Sir F.* No; quite the contrary: their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric; I like it of all things.—An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

*Sneer.* Why, that's true; and that attack now on you the other day—

*Sir F.* What? where?

*Dan.* Ay! you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

*Sir F.* O! so much the better; ha! ha! ha! —I wouldn't have it otherwise.

*Dan.* Certainly it is only to be laughed at; for—

*Sir F.* You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

*Sneer.* Pray, Dangle; Sir Fretful seems a little anxious—

*Sir F.* O lud, no! anxious,—not I,—not the least,—I—but one may as well hear, you know.

*Dan.* Sneer, do *you* recollect? Make out something. (*Aside.*)

*Sneer.* I will. (*To Dangle.*) Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

*Sir F.* Well, and pray now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

*Sneer.* Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever; though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

*Sir F.* Ha, ha, ha! very good!

*Sneer.* That as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your commonplace book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the lost and stolen office.

*Sir F.* Ha, ha, ha! very pleasant!

*Sneer.* Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to *steal* with taste:—but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments, like a bad tavern's worst wine.

*Sir F.* Ha, ha!

*Sneer.* In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic incumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms.

*Sir F.* Ha, ha!

*Sneer.* That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakspere resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

*Sir F.* Ha!

*Sneer.* In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating, so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize.

*Sir F.* (*After great agitation.*) Now, another person would be vex'd at this.

*Sneer.* Oh! but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

*Sir F.* I know it. I *am* diverted; ha, ha, ha!—not the least invention! ha, ha, ha! very good—very good!

*Sneer.* Yes,—no genius! ha, ha, ha!

*Dan.* A severe rogue! ha, ha, ha! but you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

*Sir F.* To be sure;—for if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it, and if it is abuse,—why, one is always sure to hear of it from some d——d good-natured friend or other!

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## THE DESOLATION OF OUDE.

(FROM SPEECH ON IMPEACHMENT OF HASTINGS.)

Had a stranger at this time gone into the province of Oude, ignorant of what had happened since the death of Sujah Dowla, that man, who, with a savage heart, had still great lines of character, and who, with all his ferocity in war, had still, with a cultivating hand, preserved to his country the riches which it derived from benignant skies and a prolific soil—if this stranger, ignorant of all that had happened in the short interval, and observing the wide and general devastation, and all the horrors of the scene—of plains unclothed and brown—of vegetables burned up and extinguished—of villages depopulated and in ruins—of temples unroofed and perishing—of reservoirs broken down and dry,—he would naturally inquire, what war has thus laid waste the fertile fields of this once beautiful and opulent country—what civil dissensions have happened, thus to tear asunder and separate the happy societies that once possessed those villages—what disputed succession—what religious rage has, with unholy violence, demolished those temples, and disturbed fervent but unobtruding piety, in the exercise of its duties?—What merciless enemy has thus spread the horrors of fire and sword—what severe visitation of providence has dried up the fountain, and taken from the face of the earth every vestige of verdure?—Or rather, what monsters have stalked over the country, tainting and poisoning, with pestiferous breath, what the voracious appetite could not devour? To such questions, what must be the answer? No wars have ravaged these lands, and depopulated these villages—no civil discords have been felt—no disputed succession—no religious rage—no merciless enemy—no affliction of providence, which, while it scourged for the moment, cut off the sources of resuscitation—no voracious and poisoning monsters—no, all this has been accomplished by the friendship, generosity, and kindness of the English nation. They have embraced us with their protecting arms, and, lo! those are the fruits of their alliance. What, then, shall we be told, that under such circumstances, the exasperated feelings of a whole people, thus goaded and spurred on to clamour and resistance, were excited by the poor and feeble influence of the begums! When we hear the description of the paroxysm, fever, and delirium into which despair had thrown the wretched natives, when on the banks of the polluted Ganges, panting for death, they tore more widely open the lips of their gaping wounds to accelerate their dissolution, and, while their blood was issuing, presented their ghastly eyes to Heaven, breathing their last and fervent prayer, that the dry earth might not be suffered to drink their blood, but that it might rise up to the throne of God, and rouse the eternal Providence to avenge the wrongs of their country; will it be said that this was brought about by the incantations of those begums in their secluded zenana? or that they could inspire this enthusiasm and this despair into the breasts of a people who felt no grievance and had suffered no torture? What motive, then, could have such influence in their bosom? What motive? That which nature, the common parent, plants in the bosom of man, and which, though it may be less active in the Indian than in the Englishman, is still congenial with, and makes part of his being—that feeling which tells him that man was never made to be the property of man; but that when, through pride and insolence of power, one human creature dares to tyrannize over another, it is a power usurped, and resistance is a duty—that feeling which tells him that all power is delegated for the good, not for the injury of the people, and that when it is converted from the original purpose the compact is broken, and the right is to be resumed—that principle which tells him that resistance to power usurped is not merely a duty which he owes to himself and to his neighbour, but a duty which he owes to his God, in asserting and maintaining the rank which he gave him in the creation!—to

that common God, who, where he gives the form of man, whatever may be the complexion, gives also the feelings and the rights of man—that principle, which neither the rudeness of ignorance can stifle, nor the enervation of refinement extinguish!—that principle, which makes it base for a man to suffer when he ought to act, which, tending to preserve to the species the original designations of providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of man, and vindicates the independent quality of his race.

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### DRINKING SONG.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty:
*Chorus.* Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer, whose dimples we prize,
And now to the maid who has none, sir,
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the girl that is merry:
Let the toast pass, &c.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to brim,
And let us e'en toast them together:
Let the toast pass, &c.

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### BY CŒLIA'S ARBOUR.

By Cœlia's arbour, all the night,
Hang, humid wreath,—the lover's vow;
And haply at the morning's light
My love will twine thee round her brow.

And if upon her bosom bright
Some drops of dew should fall from thee;
Tell her they are not drops of night,
But tears of sorrow shed by me.

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## MRS. MARY TIGHE.

Born 1772 — Died 1810.

[Mrs. Tighe was born in Dublin, October 9, 1772. Her father was the Rev. W. Blachford, and her mother a daughter of William Tighe of Rosanna, in the county of Wicklow. From a child she was remarkable for her taste, sensibility, and delicacy of feeling, and an absence of that light-heartedness which is usual in healthy children. Her constitution was delicate in the extreme, and in her countenance was visible that sweet light of genius and spirituelle beauty only seen in those whom the gods love and who die young. She was married in 1793 to her cousin Mr. Henry Tighe, but the union is said not to have been a happy one. Sad family afflictions and bereavements acting on her sensitive mind served to hasten her premature decline. But however weak her frame might be, her mind was active, and she wrote many poems, among others the well-known *Psyche, or the Legend of Love*, founded on the classic fable of the loves of Cupid and Psyche, a poem full of the refinement and tenderness of its author. "The Lily" is perhaps the most popular among her minor pieces. Unfortunately her retiring modesty deprived the world of the greater part of her productions, and the remainder would have been almost overlooked but for Sir James Mackintosh, Dr. Moir (Delta), and other competent judges, whose favourable opinions first brought them into notice.

After a lengthened period of extreme debility of a most distressing kind, Mrs. Tighe died at Woodstock, county of Kilkenny, on March 24, 1810, and was buried in the churchyard of Inistioge. A monument by Flaxman has been erected over her remains, and Mrs. Hemans has commemorated her worth in the beautiful lines "The Grave of a Poetess." The love and grief of Mrs. Tighe's friends may also be gathered from a poem written by Thomas Moore, in which he says of her—

"So, veil'd beneath the simple guise
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that which charmed all other eyes
Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

"If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!

"Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, Mary!"]

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## PRAISE OF LOVE.

(FROM "PSYCHE.")

[Psyche's champion assumes the command of Passion, who appears as a Lion.]

Oh, who art thou who darest of Love complain?
He is a gentle spirit and injures none!
His foes are ours; from them the bitter pain,
The keen, deep anguish, the heart-rending groan,
Which in his milder reign are never known.
His tears are softer than the April showers,
White-handed Innocence supports his throne,
His sighs are sweet as breath of earliest flowers,
Affection guides his steps, and peace protects his bowers.

But scarce admittance he on earth can find,
Opposed by vanity, by fraud ensnared;
Suspicion frights him from the gloomy mind,
And jealousy in vain his smiles has shared,
Whose sullen frown the gentle godhead scared;
From Passion's rapid blaze in haste he flies,
His wings alone the fiercer flame has spared;
From him ambition turns his scornful eyes,
And avarice, slave to gold, a generous lord denies.

But chief inconstancy his power destroys;
To mock his lovely form, an idle train
With magic skill she dressed in transient toys;
By these the selfish votaries she can gain
Whom Love's more simple bands could ne'er detain.
Ah! how shall Psyche through such mortal foes
The fated end of all her toils attain?
Sadly she ponders o'er her hopeless woes,
Till on the pillowy turf she sinks to short repose.

But as the careless lamb whom playful chance,
Thoughtless of danger, has enticed to rove,
Amidst her gambols casts a sudden glance
Where lurks her wily foe within the grove,
Anxious to fly, but still afraid to move,
All hopeless of escape—so looks the maid,
Such dread her half-awakened senses prove,
When roused from sleep before her eyes dismayed,
A knight all armed appears close 'mid the embowering shade.

Trembling she gazed, until the stranger knight
Tempering with mildest courtesy, the awe
Which majesty inspired, low in her sight
Obeisance made; nor would he nearer draw,
Till, half subdued surprise and fear, he saw
Pale terror yielding to the rosy grace,
The pure congealed blood begin to thaw,
And flowing through her crystal veins apace
Suffuse with mantling blush her mild celestial face.

Gently approaching then with fairest speech
He proffered service to the lonely dame,
And prayed her that she might not so impeach
The honour of his youth's yet spotless fame,
As aught to fear which might his knighthood shame;
But if her unprotected steps to guard,
The glory of her champion he might claim,
He asked no other guerdon or reward
Than what bright honour's self might to his deeds award.

Doubting and musing much within her mind,
With half-suspicious, half-confiding eye,
Awhile she stood; her thoughts bewildered find
No utterance, unwilling to deny
Such proffered aid, yet bashful to reply
With quick assent, since though concealed his face
Beneath his helm, yet might she well espy
And in each fair proportion plainly trace
The symmetry of form, and perfect youthful grace.

Hard were it to describe the nameless charm
That o'er each limb in every action played,
The softness of that voice which could disarm
The hand of fury of its deadly blade:
In shining armour was the youth array'd,
And on his shield a bleeding heart he bore,
His lofty crest light plumes of azure shade,
There shone a wounded dragon bathed in gore,
And bright with silver beamed the silken scarf he wore.

His milk-white steed with glittering trappings blazed,
Whose reins a beauteous boy attendant held,
On the fair squire with wonder Psyche gazed,
For scarce he seemed of age to bear the shield,
Far less a ponderous lance or sword to wield;
Yet well this little page his lord had served,
His youthful arm had many a foe repelled,
His watchful eye from many a snare preserved,
Nor ever from his steps in any danger swerved.

Graced with the gift of a perpetual youth,
No lapse of years had power his form to change;
Constance was named the boy, whose matchless truth,

Though oft enticed with other lords to range,
Nor fraud nor force could from that knight estrange;
His mantle of celestial blue was made,
And its bright texture wrought with art so strange
That the fresh brilliant gloss could never fade,
And lustre yet unknown to Psyche's eyes displayed.

Thus while she gazed, behold, with horrid roar
A lion from the neighbouring forest rushed,
A golden chain around his neck he bore,
Which richly glowing with carbuncles blushed,
While his fierce eyeballs fiery rage had flushed:
Forth steps the youth before the affrighted fair,
Who in his mighty paw already crushed
Seems in the terrors of her wild despair,
And her mute quivering lips a death-like paleness wear.

But scarce the kingly beast the knight beheld,
When crouching low submissive at his feet,
His wrath extinguished, and his valour quelled,
He seemed with reverence and obeisance sweet
Him as his long-acknowledged lord to greet.
While in acceptance of the new command,
Well pleased the youth received the homage meet,
Then seized the splendid chain with steady hand
Full confident to rule, and every foe withstand.

And, when at length recovered from her fear,
The timid Psyche mounts his docile steed,
Much prayed, she tells to his attentive ear
(As on her purposed journey they proceed)
The doubtful course the oracle decreed:
And how, observant of her friendly guide,
She still pursued its flight with all the speed
Her fainting strength had hitherto supplied;
What pathless wilds she crossed! What forests darkling wide!

Which having heard the courteous knight began
With counsel sweet to soothe her wounded heart;
Divinely eloquent, persuasion ran
The herald of his words ere they depart
His lips, which well might confidence impart,
As he revealed how he himself was bound
By solemn vow, that neither force nor art
His helmet should unloose, till he had found
The bower of happiness, that long-sought fairy ground.

"I too (he said), divided from my love,
The offended power of Venus deprecate,
Like thee, through paths untrodden, sadly rove
In search of that fair spot prescribed by fate,
The blessed term of my afflicted state,
Where I the mistress of my soul shall find,
For whose dear sake no toil to me seems great,
Nor any dangers to my search assigned
Can from its purpose fright my ardent longing mind.

"Psyche! thy soft and sympathizing heart
Shall share the rapture of thy loyal knight;
He too in thy content shall bear a part,
Blest witness of thy new restored delight;
My vows of true allegiance here I plight,
Ne'er to forsake thee till thy perils end,
Thy steps to guard, in thy protection fight,
By counsel aid, and by my arm defend,
And prove myself in all, thy champion and thy friend."

So on they went, her cheerless heart revived
By promised succour in her doubtful way;
And much of hope she to herself derived,
From the warm eagerness his lips display
In their pursuit to suffer no delay:
"And sure (she softly sighed), my dearest lord,
Thy watchful love still guides me, as I stray,
Not chance alone could such an aid afford,
Lo! beasts of prey confess the heaven-assisted sword."

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## SYMPATHY.

Wert thou sad, I would beguile
Thy sadness by my tender lay;
Wert thou in a mood to smile,
With thee laugh the hours away.

Didst thou feel inclined to sleep,
I would watch, and hover near;
Did misfortune bid thee weep,
I would give thee tear for tear.

Not a sigh that heaved thy breast,
But I'd echo from my own;
Did one care disturb thy rest,
Mine, alas! were also flown.

When the hour of death should come,
I'd receive thy latest sigh;
Only ask to share thy tomb,
Then, contented, with thee die.

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## THE LILY.

How wither'd, perish'd, seems the form
Of yon obscure unsightly root!
Yet from the blight of wintry storm
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mould'ring heap,
The undelighting slighted thing;
There in the cold earth buried deep,
In silence let it wait the spring.

Oh many a stormy night shall close!
In gloom upon the barren earth,
While still in undisturb'd repose,
Uninjur'd lies the future birth.

And ignorance, with sceptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wond'ring view;
Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew;

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear,
The sun, the show'r indeed shall come;
The promised verdant shoot appear,
And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin queen of spring,
Shalt from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals' flow'ry light
In the mild breeze unfetter'd wave.

So faith shall seek the lowly dust,
Where humble sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes intrust,
And watch with patient, cheerful eye;

And bear the long, cold, wintry night,
And bear her own degraded doom,
And wait till heav'n's reviving light,
Eternal spring! shall burst the gloom.

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### CALM DELIGHT.

Birds, flowers, soft winds, and waters gently flowing,
Surround me day and night,
Still sweetly on my heart bestowing
Content and calm delight.

When day's toil wearies, sleep my peace restoring,
Descends with balmy night;
In bright dreams on my bosom pouring
Content and calm delight.

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## EDMUND MALONE.

Born 1741 — Died 1812.

[Edmund Malone, chiefly known as a commentator on Shakspere, was born in Dublin in the year 1741. His father was a judge in the Irish Court of Common Pleas, and the family was an ancient and respectable one, having been originally a branch of the celebrated O'Connors. In 1756 Malone was sent to Trinity College, and after graduating there he entered at the Inner Temple, London, in 1763, and was called to the Irish bar. For a time he travelled the Munster circuit, and was acquiring reputation and a good practice, when he suddenly found that a fortune had been left him, sufficient to make him independent for life. The true bent of his mind now showed itself; he deserted the law, removed to London in 1777, and henceforward devoted himself to a life of literary criticism and research. In London he soon became acquainted with Johnson, Goldsmith, Edmund Burke, Bishop Percy, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, the latter of whom made him one of the executors of his will.

In 1778 Malone published two supplementary volumes to Johnston and Steevens' editions of Shakspere, containing the poems and some doubtful plays. A dispute afterwards occurred between him and Mr. Steevens, and in 1790 he published a new edition of Shakspere in 10 vols., which was undoubtedly the best that had appeared up to that time. He also rendered valuable aid in detecting the impudent Shaksperian forgeries put forward by Mr. W. H. Ireland. Inspired with the unwearying industry and zeal of a true commentator and literary antiquary he continued his work, and wrote many valuable articles on our old dramatic literature and collateral subjects. Besides these minor labours of his pen he produced in 1790 *An Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Stage;* in 1797, *The Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with a Memoir;* in 1800, an edition of *Dryden's Prose Works*, never before collected together; and in 1808, *The Works of Wm. Gerard Hamilton, with a Sketch of his Life.* Although

Malone had resided for many years in England he advised his friends to vote against the union, and notwithstanding his studious and retired habits his opinions and advice were valued and sought after by men of high rank and influence in the political world. In later life he was engaged in the correction and improvement of his edition of Shakspere, and was on the point of issuing a revised edition when he was removed by death, after a short illness, on the 25th of May, 1812. He was buried near the family residence at Baronstown in Westmeath. He desired that his valuable library should go to Trinity College, Dublin, where he had received his education, but his brother Lord Sunderlin presented it to the Bodleian at Oxford, in the belief that it would be more useful there.

Malone has frequently been sneered at for his errors and misconceptions; but if we remember the state of research in his day we must give him credit for being a careful and industrious editor, if not a brilliant writer.]

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## THE EARLY STAGE.[1]

So early as the year 1378 the singing boys of St. Paul's represented to the king that they had been at a considerable expense in preparing a stage representation at Christmas. These, however, cannot properly be called comedians, nor am I able to point out the time when the profession of a player became common and established. It has been supposed that the license granted by Queen Elizabeth to James Burbage and others in 1574 was the first regular license ever granted to comedians in England; but this is a mistake, for Heywood informs us that similar licenses had been granted by her father King Henry the Eighth, King Edward the Sixth, and Queen Mary. Stowe records that "when King Edward the Fourth would show himself in state to the view of the people, he repaired to his palace at St. John's, where he was accustomed to see the city actors." In two books in the remembrancer's office in the exchequer, containing an account of the daily expenses of King Henry the Seventh, are the following articles, from which it appears that at that time players, both French and English, made a part of the appendages of the court, and were supported by regal establishment. . . . .

"Item to the French players in reward, 20*s*. Item to the tumblers upon the ropes, 20*s*. For healing a sick maid, 6*s*. 8*d*. (probably the piece of gold given by the king in touching for the evil). Item to my lord prince's organ-player for a quarter wages, 10*s*. Item to the players of London in reward, 10*s*. Item to Master Barnard, the blind poet, 100 shillings." The foregoing extracts are from a book, of which almost every page is signed by the king's own hand, in the thirteenth year of his reign. The following are taken from a book containing an account of expenses in the ninth year of his reign: "Item to Cart for writing of a book, 6*s*. 8*d*. Item paid for two plays in the hall, 26*s*. 8*d*. Item to the king's players for a reward, 100 shillings. Item to the king to play at cards, 100 shillings. Lost to my Lord Morging at buttes, 6*s*. 8*d*. To Harry Pyning, the king's godson, in reward, 20*s*. Item to the players that begged by the way, 6*s*. 8*d*."

Some of these articles I have preserved as curious, though they do not relate to the subject immediately before us. This account ascertains that there was then not only a regular troop of players in London, but also a royal company. The intimate knowledge of the French language and manners which Henry must have acquired during his long sojourn in foreign courts (from 1471 to 1485) accounts for the article relative to the company of French players.

In a manuscript in the Cottonian Library in the Museum a narrative is given of the shows and ceremonies exhibited at Christmas in the fifth year of this king's reign. "On Candle mass day the king and queen, my lady the king's mother, with the substance of all the lords temporal present at the parliament, &c., went in procession from the chapel into the hall. The king was that day in a rich gown of purple, purled with gold, fured with sables. At night the king, the queen, and my lady the king's mother, came into the white hall and there had a play." . . . .

It has already been mentioned that originally plays were performed in churches. Though Bonner, bishop of London, issued a proclamation to the clergy of his diocese in 1542, prohibiting "all manner of common plays, games, or interludes, to be played, set forth, or declared within their churches, chapels, &c.," the practice seems to have been continued occasionally during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for the author of *The Third Blast of Retreat from Plays and Players* complains in

[1] This and the following extracts are from *An Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Stage.*

1580 that "the players are permitted to publish their mammetrie in every temple of God, and that throughout England." And this abuse is taken notice of in one of the canons of King James the First, given soon after his accession in the year 1603.

Early, however, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, the established players of London began to act in temporary theatres constructed in the yards of inns, and about the year 1570, I imagine, one or two regular play-houses were erected. Both the theatre in Blackfriars and that in Whitefriars were certainly built before 1580, for we learn from a puritanical pamphlet published in the last century that soon after that year "many goodly citizens and well-disposed gentlemen of London, considering that play-houses and dicing-houses were traps for young gentlemen and others, and perceiving that many inconveniences and great damage would ensue upon the long-suffering of the same, acquainted some pious magistrates therewith, who thereupon made humble suit to Queen Elizabeth and her privy-council, and obtained leave from her majesty to thrust the players out of the city, and to pull down all play-houses and dicing-houses within their liberties; which accordingly was effected, and the play-houses in Gracious Street, Bishopsgate Street, that nigh Paul's, that on Ludgate Hill, and the Whitefriars were quite pulled down and suppressed by the care of these religious senators." The theatre in Blackfriars, not being within the liberties of the city of London, escaped the fury of these fanatics. Elizabeth, however, though she yielded in this instance to the frenzy of the time, was during the whole course of her reign a favourer of the stage, and a frequent attendant upon plays. So early as in the year 1569, as we learn from another puritanical writer, the children of her chapel (who are described as "her majesty's unfledged minions"), "flaunted it in their silks and satins," and acted plays on profane subjects in the chapel royal. In 1574 she granted a license to James Burbage, probably the father of the celebrated tragedian, and four others, servants to the Earl of Leicester, to exhibit all kinds of stage plays, during pleasure, in any part of England, "as well for the recreation of her loving subjects, as for her own solace and pleasure when she should think good to see them;" and in the year 1583, soon after a furious attack had been made on the stage by the Puritans, twelve of the principal comedians of the time, at the earnest request of Sir Francis Walsingham, were selected from the companies then subsisting under the license and protection of various noblemen, and were sworn her majesty's servants. Eight of them had an annual stipend of £3, 6*s*. 8*d*. each. At that time there were eight companies of comedians, each of which performed twice or thrice a week. "For," says an old sermon, "reckoning with the least the gain that is reaped of eight ordinary places in the city (which I know) by playing but once a week, whereas many times they play twice and even thrice, it amounteth to two thousand pounds by the year."

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## ANCIENT MORALITIES AND MYSTERIES.

"In the city of Gloucester the manner is that when players of interludes come to town they first attend the mayor to inform him what nobleman's servants they are, and so to get a license for their public playing; and if the mayor like the actors, or would show respect to their lord and master, he appoints them to play their first play before himself and the aldermen and common council of the city, and that is called the mayor's play, where every one that will comes in without money. The mayor gives the players a reward as he thinks fit, to show respect to them. At such a play my father took me with him and made me stand between his legs as he sat upon one of the benches, where we saw and heard very well. The play was called the *Cradle of Security*, wherein was personated a king or some great prince with his courtiers of several kinds, among which three ladies were in special grace with him, and they, keeping him in delights and pleasures, drew him from his graver counsellors, hearing of sermons, and listening to good counsels and admonitions; that in the end they got him to lie down in a cradle upon the stage, where these three ladies, joining in a sweet song, rocked him asleep, that he snorted again; and in the meantime, closely conveyed under the clothes wherewithal he was covered, a vizard, like a swine's snout upon his face, with three wire chains fastened thereunto, the other end whereof being holden severally by those three ladies, who fall to singing again, and then discovered his face, that the spectators might see how they had transformed him, going on with their singing. Whilst all this was acting there came forth of another door at the farthest end of the stage

two old men, the one in blue with a sergeant-at-arms, the other in red with a drawn sword in his hand, and leaning with the other hand upon the other's shoulder, and so they went along at a soft pace round about the skirt of the stage, till at last they came to the cradle, when all the court was in the greatest jollity; and then the foremost old man with his mace struck a fearful blow upon the cradle, wherewith all the courtiers, with the three ladies and the vizard, all vanished, and the desolate prince, starting up barefaced, and finding himself thus sent for to judgment, made a lamentable complaint of his miserable case, and so was carried away by wicked spirits. This prince did personate in the moral the wicked of the world, the three ladies pride, covetousness, and luxury, the two old men the end of the world and the last judgment."

The writer of this account appears to have been born in the same year with our great poet (1564). Supposing him to have been seven or eight years old when he saw this interlude, the exhibition must have been in 1571 or 1572.

I am unable to ascertain when the first morality appeared, but incline to think not sooner than the reign of King Edward the Fourth (1460). The public pageants of the reign of King Henry the Sixth were uncommonly splendid, and being then first enlivened by the introduction of speaking allegorical personages properly and characteristically habited, they naturally led the way to those personifications by which moralities were distinguished from the simpler religious dramas called mysteries. We must not, however, suppose that after moralities were introduced mysteries ceased to be exhibited. We have already seen that a mystery was represented before King Henry the Seventh at Winchester in 1487. Sixteen years afterwards, on the first Sunday after the marriage of his daughter with King James of Scotland, a morality was performed. In the early part of the reign of King Henry the Eighth they were, perhaps, performed indiscriminately, but mysteries were probably seldom represented after the statute of Henry the Eighth, which was made, as the preamble informs us, with a view that the kingdom should be purged and cleansed of all religious plays, interludes, ballads, and songs, which are equally pestiferous and noisome to the commonweal. At this time both moralities and mysteries were made the vehicle of religious controversy.

## STAGE SCENERY.

How little the imaginations of the audience were assisted by scenical deception, and how much necessity our author had to call on them to piece out imperfections with their thoughts, may be collected from Sir Philip Sydney, who, describing the state of the drama and the stage in his time (about the year 1583), says, "Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we hear news of shipwreck in the same place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while in the meantime two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field!"

The first notice that I have found of anything like movable scenes being used in England is in the narrative of the entertainment given to King James at Oxford in August, 1605. . . . . It is observable that the writer of this account was not acquainted even with the term scene, having used "painted clothes" instead of it; nor, indeed, is this surprising, it not being then found in this sense in any dictionary or vocabulary, English or foreign, that I have met with. Had the common stages been furnished with them, neither this writer nor the makers of dictionaries could have been ignorant of it. To effect even what was done at Christ's Church the university found it necessary to employ two of the king's carpenters, and to have the advice of the controller of his works. The queen's masque, which was exhibited in the preceding January, was not much more successful, though above £3000 was expended upon it. At night, says Sir Dudley Carleton, "we had the queen's mask in the banqueting-house, or rather her pageant. There was a great engine at the lower end of the room, which had motion, and in it were the images of sea-horses (with other terrible fishes), which were ridden by the Moors. . . . . The indecorum was, that there was all fish and no water." Such were most of the masques in the time of James the First—triumphal cars, castles, rocks, caves, pillars, temples, clouds, rivers, tritons, &c., composed the principal part of their decorations. In the courtly masques given by his successor during the first fifteen years of his

reign, and in some of the plays exhibited at court, the art of scenery seems to have been somewhat improved. In 1636 a piece written by Thomas Heywood, called *Love's Mistress, or the Queen's Masque*, was represented at Denmark House before their majesties. "For the rare decorements" (says Heywood in his preface) "which new apparelled it when it came the second time to the royal view I cannot pretermit to give a due character to that admirable artist, Mr. Inigo Jones, master surveyor of the king's works, &c., who to every act, nay, almost to every scene, by his excellent invention, gave such an extraordinary lustre; upon every occasion changing the stage, to the admiration of all the spectators." Here, as on a former occasion, we may remark the term scene is not used, the stage was changed to the admiration of all the spectators.

In August, 1636, *The Royal Slave*, written by a very popular poet, William Cartwright, was acted at Oxford before the king and queen, and afterwards at Hampton Court. Wood informs us that the scenery was an exquisite and uncommon piece of machinery contrived by Inigo Jones. The play was printed in 1639, and yet even at that late period the term scene, in the sense now affixed to it, was unknown to the author, for describing the various scenes employed in this court exhibition he denominates them thus: "The first appearance a temple of the sun.—Second appearance, a city in the front and a prison at the side," &c. The three other appearances in this play were a wood, a palace, and a castle.

In every disquisition of this kind much trouble and many words might be saved by defining the subject of dispute. Before, therefore, I proceed further in this inquiry I think it proper to say that by a scene I mean a painting in perspective on a cloth fastened to a wooden frame or roller, and that I do not mean by this term "a coffin, or a tomb, or a gilt chair, or a fair chain of pearl, or a crucifix," and I am rather induced to make this declaration because a writer who obliquely alluded to the position which I am now maintaining, soon after the first edition of this essay was published, has mentioned exhibitions of this kind as a proof of the scenery of our old plays; and, taking it for granted that the point is completely established by this decisive argument, triumphantly adds, "Let us for the future no more be told of the want of proper scenes and dresses in our ancient theatres."

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# ANDREW CHERRY.

Born 1762 — Died 1812.

[Andrew Cherry, actor, dramatist, and song-writer, was the eldest son of John Cherry of Limerick, a respectable printer and bookseller. He was born on the 11th of January, 1762, and was early sent to a grammar-school in his native place. It was his father's intention that he should enter upon holy orders, but, misfortune coming upon the family, the idea had to be abandoned, and young Andrew was apprenticed to a Mr. Potts, printer and bookseller in Dame Street, Dublin. Being a clever lad, and his father and Mr. Potts old friends, the master treated his apprentice with favour, and took him to the theatre whenever he himself went there. A love for the stage was thus fostered in the youth, and at fourteen he made his appearance as an actor in the character of Lucius in Addison's *Cato* at a semi-public room in Towers Street.

At seventeen Cherry abandoned printing and joined a company of strolling players, making his first appearance with them at the town of Naas, on which occasion he received as his share of the profits the encouraging sum of tenpence halfpenny! However, his début was a success from an artistic point of view, as his acting of the not very easy character of Feignwell in Mrs. Centlivre's *Bold Stroke for a Wife* called forth rounds of applause. For some months Cherry remained with this company, during which time he played a most extensive range of characters, comical and tragical, and suffered all the vicissitudes of a stroller's career. In fact, at one time he was reduced so low as to be without food for four days, and in the end, finding it actually impossible for him to exist as a player, he returned to his trade again.

For three years he remained quietly at this employment, but at the end of that time he joined the company of a Mr. Knipe, who is said to have been a scholar and a gentleman

as well as a player. In this company he met with few of his former trials, and remained in it until the death of the manager caused him to look out for another engagement. This he soon obtained as a member of the Provincial Company of Ireland, which was under the management of a Mr. Atkins. While playing in this company he quickly became a popular favourite, and for six years remained in Dublin and Belfast at the head of his profession in his own particular comic line. During this time also he married Miss Knipe, the daughter of his former manager. In 1787 he and Mrs. Cherry went to England, and engaged with Tate Wilkinson. At the end of three years they returned to Ireland for a couple of seasons, but the irregularity of the manager's payments sent them once more to England, where they engaged with Messrs. Ward and Banks of Manchester.[1] Here he played successfully for a couple of years, after which he moved to Bath, where he remained for four seasons. Towards the end of 1802 he received an engagement at Drury Lane, where he appeared on the 25th September in the character of Sir Benjamin Dove in *The Brothers*, and Lazarillo in *Two Strings to your Bow*, and was rewarded with great applause. This may be said to be the highest point reached in his histrionic career. He afterwards became manager of the Swansea and Monmouth theatres, and died at the latter place on the 7th of February, 1812.

During the latter part of his career as an actor Cherry also became a successful dramatic writer. We give the following list of his plays, with the dates of their appearance: *Harlequin on the Stocks*, 1793, a sort of trial piece, after the production of which his pen lay almost idle until 1804, when he produced *The Soldier's Daughter*, which had a run of thirty-seven nights. Encouraged by this success he rapidly produced *All for Fame*, 1805; *The Village*, 1805; *The Travellers*, 1806; *Thalia's Tears*, 1806; *Spanish Dollars*, 1806; *Peter the Great*, 1807; *A Day in London*, never printed, 1807. Many of these were ephemeral in character, but all of them show marked ability and dramatic instinct. *The Soldier's Daughter* still keeps the stage, and at least one or two others have been played within a very few years.

As a song-writer, however, Cherry is better known than as either actor or dramatist. His "Bay of Biscay" is likely to last as long as the English language exists, and "The Green Little Shamrock of Ireland" will keep his memory green in the heart of every Irishman. He has also produced "Tom Moody," perhaps the finest sporting song in existence, and one that no true sportsman can ever hear without a sigh or a tear.]

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## TWO OF A TRADE.[2]

*Enter* Mrs. Fidget *and* Timothy Quaint.

*Mrs. F.* 'Tis no such thing, Mr. Timothy. Give me leave to know the private concerns of a family that I have lived with before you were born.

*Tim.* If that's the case, they have no private concerns by this time. They are pretty public now.

*Mrs. F.* Jackanapes! Does it follow, because I indulge you with my communications, that all the world are to be instructed by me?

*Tim.* No; it doesn't follow. It generally goes before. You retail your knowledge every week-day in small paragraphs; and on Sunday you rush forth yourself, fresh from the press,—a walking journal of weekly communication.

*Mrs. F.* Well; am I not right there, mongrel? It is the moral duty of a Christian to instruct the ignorant, and open the minds of the uninformed.

*Tim.* Yes; but you are not content with opening their minds, you open their mouths, too, and set them a-prating for a week to come.

*Mrs. F.* It requires but little pains, however, to set you a-prating. Such a tongue! Mercy on me! Gibble gabble, prittle prattle, for ever and for ever!

*Tim.* Lord-a-mercy! there's a plumper! When I came to live in this house, I never opened my lips for the first quarter. The thing was impossible; your eternal clatter almost starved as well as dumb-foundered me. I could put nothing either in or out of my mouth; I was compelled to eat my victuals at midnight; for until you were as fast as a

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[1] That Andrew Cherry was a humourist is plain from the note which he addressed to this manager, in reply to an application, after his success at Drury Lane, to enter into an engagement:—"Sir,—I am not so great a fool as you take me for. I have been bitten once by you, and I will never give you an opportunity of making two bites of A. Cherry."—Croker's *Popular Songs of Ireland.*

[2] This and the next scene are from *The Soldier's Daughter.*

church, I was forced to be as silent as a tombstone.

*Mrs. F.* Why, sirrah!—jackanapes!—monkey! His honour has suffered your impertinent freedoms 'til you are become quite master of the house; and now I suppose you want to be mistress too.

*Tim.* So do you; therefore we quarrel. Two of a trade, you know—

*Mrs. F.* But your master shall know of your tricks and insolencies.

*Tim.* Let him. He likes it. He says himself, I am an odd-fish; a thornback, I suppose, or I shouldn't be able to deal with an old maid.

*Mrs. F.* Old maid! Slander!—impudence!—puppy! Have I lived to this time of day to be called old maid at last? I never, till now, seriously wished to be married. Had I a husband—

*Tim.* If you had, he'd be the most envied mortal in England.

*Mrs. F.* Why, fellow?

*Tim.* Because there's not such another woman in the kingdom.

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## DESPERATE RIVALS.

*Enter* WIDOW *and* CHARLES WOODLEY.

*Cha.* I knew I should surprise you. I therefore avoided writing, or giving you the smallest information of my arrival in England. But I perceive marriage has not tamed you, nor widowhood dejected your spirits. You are still the same giddy, lively, generous madcap.

*Wid.* Exactly, Charles. Having the sanction of experience and confidence in my own heart, its follies or vivacity can never lead to dishonour.

*Cha.* But no mischief in the wind, I hope; no new conquest meditated?

*Wid.* No, nothing new; the mischief is already done.

*Cha.* Indeed.

*Wid.* Yes, indeed. I am afraid I am gone again.

*Cha.* What, married again?

*Wid.* No, not yet. Charles, will you give me leave to ask a question?

*Cha.* Certainly.

*Wid.* Have you ever been in an action?

*Cha.* In action! How do you mean?

*Wid.* Pooh! You have not been so long a soldier without some fighting, I suppose?

*Cha.* No, faith. I have had my share of danger, and have fortunately escaped with unfractured bones.

*Wid.* Then you may form some idea of my situation. Before the action, a general's anxiety must be dreadful; so is mine. Come, as a soldier's daughter I'll state the case in your own way. We will suppose my heart a citadel, a remarkably strong fortress; its outworks, in my mind, as impenetrable as the rock of Gibraltar. Now, an excellent commander, and an able engineer, sits down before this well-defended garrison. He pours in shells of flattery, which waste themselves in the air, and do no further mischief. He then artfully despatches two of his aide-de-camps, in the disguise of charity and benevolence, to sap the foundation, and lay a train for the demolition of the garrison; which train, to his own confusion, hypocrisy blows up, and leaves the fortress still besieged, but not surrendered.

*Cha.* But I suppose you mean to surrender—at discretion.

*Wid.* No; capitulate upon honourable terms.

*Cha.* Bravo, sister! You are an excellent soldier. But who is this formidable foe. Can I find his name in the army-list?

*Wid.* No; in the London Directory, more likely.

*Cha.* What! a merchant?

*Wid.* I believe so. The man deals in indigo, cotton, rice, coffee, and brown sugar.

*Cha.* Indeed! And his name—

*Wid.* Ay, there you are puzzled! Now, what's his name?

*Cha.* His name? Why—Francis Heartall is a good name in the city.

*Wid.* Ah, lud a mercy! Why, Charles, have you been among the gypsies? How long since you commenced diviner? You are not the seventh son of a seventh son!

*Cha.* No; I am the son of your father, and, without the gift of divination, can foresee you wish to make Frank Heartall my brother.

*Wid.* No, no, Charles; there are enough of the family already.

*Cha.* Yes; and if there are not a great many more, it will not be your fault, sister. Ha, ha, ha!

*Wid.* Monster! But let this silence you at once. I have—a sort of—floating idea that I like this Heartall; but how it has come to your knowledge is beyond my shallow comprehension.

*Cha.* Know then, sister, that Heartall was the earliest friend of my youth. I love the fellow.

*Wid.* So do I. It is a family failing.

*Cha.* When boys, we were school-fellows, class-fellows, play-fellows. I was partner in his pranks, fellow-sufferer in his disgrace, co-mate in mischief; we triumphed in each other's pleasures, and mourned together our little imaginary distresses.

*Wid.* It is all over then. I must make you brothers; you love one another so well. You will have it so; it's all your doing.

*Cha.* Ingenuous sister! I could hug you to my heart. A noble-minded fellow loves you. You feel he merits your affection, and scorn the little petty arts that female folly too often practises to lead in slow captivity a worthy heart, for the pleasure of sacrificing it at the shrine of vanity.

*Wid.* Very true. But I do not mean to give practical lessons to flirts or coquettes—who, by the bye, are a very useful race of people in their way; so many fools and coxcombs could never be managed without them. No; if I do marry the grocer, 'tis merely to oblige you.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Mr. Heartall, madam; if you are at leisure.

*Wid.* Show him up. [*Exit Servant.*

*Cha.* Ha, ha, ha! We shall have the devil to pay presently. Heartall does not know me as your brother.

*Wid.* How! Is it possible?

*Cha.* I met him just as I arrived; wormed his secret from him, and swore I would find you out. My presence here will astonish him. He will suppose me his rival, and—hush! he's here! (*Retires.*)

*Enter* Frank Heartall.

*Fran.* Madam, I am come to apologize for my abrupt departure from your apartments this morning; and to offer such conviction of the falsehood of the charge against me, as—

*Wid.* I entreat you will not take the trouble to mention it; pray think no more of it. Give me leave to introduce a very particular friend of mine.

*Cha.* Frank! Frank Heartall! I am overjoyed to meet you here.

*Fran.* Excuse me, Charles; you have all the joy to yourself.

*Wid.* This gentleman tells me, sir, that you and he are very old acquaintance.

*Fran.* Yes, madam; very old.

*Cha.* Ha, ha, ha! Yes, madam; very old indeed—eh, Frank?

*Fran.* Yes, Charles; so old, that one of us must soon die!

*Cha.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Wid.* Heaven forbid! I hope you will both live to be right-reverend, gray-headed old gentlemen.

*Fran.* No, madam; we can't both live to be gray-headed old gentlemen. One of us may, perhaps.

*Cha.* Ha, ha, ha! What the devil is the matter, Frank? Got into another scrape?

*Fran.* A d——d one! Hark you, Charles; a word with you. How did you find that lady out?

*Cha.* By your description; everybody knew it.

*Fran.* Did they? Do you mean to pay your addresses to her?

*Cha.* A blunt question.

*Fran.* It is an honest one. Do you love her?

*Cha.* By heaven I do; and would risk my life to secure her felicity.

*Fran.* I loved her first.

*Cha.* That I deny.

*Fran.* You dare not, Charles. I, too, have a life already risked; it is in her keeping. If she is yours your pistols will be unnecessary; you take my life when you take her.

*Wid.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Fran.* Madam, I ask your pardon; I believe I was born to torment you; I wish I had never seen you. But pray, madam,—don't laugh now—do—you—love—this gentleman?

*Wid.* From my heart and soul.

*Fran.* Death!—tortures!—hell!—jealousy! One of us must die! (*Going out, the Widow prevents him.*) Very well, madam! very well! You are a traitor, Charles.

*Cha.* (*Coolly.*) Hard words, Frank!

*Fran.* A false friend!

*Cha.* Worse and worse.

*Fran.* I could almost call you—villain.

*Cha.* Now you make progress.

*Fran.* I loved you like a brother!

*Cha.* You did; I own it.

*Fran.* Are you not unworthy of that name?

*Cha.* Ask my sister.

*Fran.* Who? Are you sister to—

*Wid.* Ask my brother.

*Fran.* Madam! Charles! Eh!—What!—I am bewildered! Are you really brother to this lady?

*Wid.* To be sure he is! Ha, ha, ha! Don't you remember old Jack Woodley's daughter?

*Fran.* Oh, fool! dolt! stupid idiot! By heaven the circumstance never once entered my head! Charles! Madam! Can you forgive me? Ha, ha! Zounds! I shall go mad! Ha,

ha, ha! Tol, lol, lol! I am sure I shall go mad!

*Wid.* Did ever you see such a whirligig? Ha, ha, ha!

*Cha.* A child's top, rather, that requires lashing to keep it up. Ha, ha, ha!

*Fran.* Lash away! I deserve it richly. But now I have almost recovered my senses, will you both honour me with your company to my old uncle's? My carriage is at the door: for I am now determined to clear up all mysteries, either to my confusion or the detection of a hypocritical fiend!

*Wid.* Dare I venture myself with this madman, Charles? Won't he bite, think you?

*Fran.* Not unless the paroxysm returns; in that case I'll not answer for him.

*Wid.* Then I'll summon up all the resolution I can muster and attend you to the governor's without delay.

*Fran.* Will you? Then I shall go mad indeed! Zounds, I am half frantic already. I could run up a steeple, jump down a coal-pit, put St. Paul's in my pocket, and make a walking-stick of the Monument. Huzza, huzza. She is single still; Charles is her brother; and Frank Heartall may yet be a hearty fellow. (*He hurries them off.*)

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## FAMED FOR DEEDS OF ARMS.

He was famed for deeds of arms,
She a maid of envied charms;
She to him her love imparts,
One pure flame pervades both hearts;
Honour calls him to the field,
Love to conquest now must yield—
Sweet maid! he cries, again I'll come to thee,
When the glad trumpet sounds a victory!

Battle now with fury glows;
Hostile blood in torrents flows;
His duty tells him to depart;
She pressed her hero to her heart;
And now the trumpet sounds to arms;
Amid the clash of rude alarms—
Sweet maid! he cries, again I'll come to thee,
When the glad trumpet sounds a victory!

He with love and conquest burns,
Both subdue his mind by turns!
Death the soldier now enthrals!
With his wounds the hero falls!
She, disdaining war's alarms,
Rushed, and caught him in her arms!
Oh! death, he cries, thou'rt welcome now to me!
For, hark! the trumpet sounds a victory!

## THE GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK OF IRELAND.

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
'Twas Saint Patrick himself, sure, that set it;
And the sun on his labour with pleasure did smile,
And with dew from his eye often wet it.
It thrives through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland;
And he called it the dear little shamrock of Ireland,
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,
In each climate that they may appear in;
And shine through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland;
Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland,
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When its three little leaves are extended,
Denotes from one stalk we together should toil,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended;
And still through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland,
From one root should branch, like the shamrock of Ireland,
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland.

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## THE BAY OF BISCAY.

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers,
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid powers:
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day there she lay
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dash'd upon the billow,
Our opening timbers creak;
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
None stops the dreadful leak;
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds
Each breathless seaman crowds,

As she lay till next day
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wish'd-for morrow
Broke thro' the hazy sky;
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
Each heav'd a bitter sigh;
The dismal wreck to view
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay on that day
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent,
When Heaven, all-bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent;
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers:
Now we sail with the gale
From the Bay of Biscay, O!

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### TOM MOODY.

You all knew Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well;
The bell just done tolling was honest Tom's knell;
A more able sportsman ne'er followed a hound,
Through a country well known to him fifty miles round.
No hound ever open'd with Tom near the wood,
But he'd challenge the tone, and could tell if 'twere good;
And all with attention would eagerly mark,
When he cheer'd up the pack, "Hark! to Rookwood, hark! hark!
High!—wind him! and cross him;
Now, Rattler, boy!—Hark!"

Six crafty earth-stoppers, in hunter's green drest,
Supported poor Tom to an "earth" made for rest;
His horse, which he styled his Old Soul, next appear'd,
On whose forehead the brush of the last fox was rear'd;
Whip, cap, boots, and spurs in a trophy were bound,
And here and there follow'd an old straggling hound.
Ah! no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace,
Nor the welkin resound to the burst in the chase!
With "High over!—now press him!
Tally-ho!—Tally-ho!"

Thus Tom spoke his friends ere he gave up his breath,
"Since I see you're resolved to be in at the death,
One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave,—
Give a rattling view-hollow thrice over my grave;
And unless at that warning I lift up my head,
My boys you may fairly conclude I am dead!"
Honest Tom was obey'd, and the shout rent the sky,
For every voice join'd in the tally-ho cry,
Tally-ho! Hark forward!
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

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## RICHARD ALFRED MILLIKIN.

Born 1767 — Died 1815.

["Honest Dick Millikin" was born at Castle Martyr, in the county of Cork, in 1767. When young he was placed in the office of a country attorney to serve an apprenticeship to the law, but he had the reputation of devoting more of his attention to painting, poetry, and music than to law. After some difficulty he was admitted a member of the King's Inns, and commenced business as an attorney in Cork. He found little employment, however, and that little chiefly in the recovery of debts, an occupation ill suited to his genial character, and he was therefore left with leisure to indulge his taste for literature and the fine arts. Like most of his countrymen he possessed a keen sense of humour, and was the life and centre of convivial society in his native town. On the breaking out of the rebellion in 1798 he joined the Royal Cork Volunteers, and became a conspicuous member of that corps. He was also, through the exertions of his pen and pencil, an active promoter of various useful and benevolent objects in the town, among others he established a Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts. In 1795 several of his poetical pieces appeared in a Cork magazine. In 1797 he published jointly with his sister—who was the authoress of several historical novels—*The Casket or Hesperian Magazine*, which appeared monthly until the troubles of the following year terminated its existence. Besides many short poems Millikin wrote a long one in blank verse, entitled "The River Side." None of his pieces seem to have at-

tained wide popularity, and many of them, written on the impulse of the moment and in burlesque on the doggerel flights of the hedge schoolmasters and local bards, through carelessness were forgotten and lost.

At a convivial party a piece written by an itinerant poet in praise of Castle Hyde was discussed. This poem, from its ludicrous character, had attained great popularity, but Mr. Millikin declared he would write a piece which for absurdity would far surpass it. With this view he wrote the well known and popular "Groves of Blarney." With much tact and cleverness he has introduced into this song local and historic truth dressed in burlesque. Blarney was forfeited by Lord Clancarty in 1689, and did pass into the hands of the Jeffery family. Millikin makes Cromwell the bogle who assaults the ill-used Lady Jeffers, and makes a breach in her castle. This may be true or not, but it is certain Lord Broghill took the castle in 1646.

When near the close of life, Mr. Millikin, it would seem, regretted the time wasted in the light class of poetry he had chiefly produced; had his life been longer spared, he would probably have left to posterity a worthy picture of the lovely scenery and country lying near and around the ruined castle of the MacCauras. He died in December, 1815, when only in the prime of life. A small volume, entitled *Poetical Fragments of the late Richard Alfred Millikin*, was printed in 1823.]

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## THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

The Groves of Blarney
They look so charming,
Down by the purling
Of sweet silent streams.
Being banked with posies,
That spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order
By the sweet rock close.
'Tis there's the daisy
And the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink,
And the rose so fair;
The daffodowndilly—
Likewise the lily,
All flowers that scent
The sweet fragrant air.

'Tis Lady Jeffers
That owns this station;
Like Alexander,
Or Queen Helen fair;
There's no commander
In all the nation,
For emulation,
Can with her compare.
Such walls surround her,
That no nine-pounder
Could dare to plunder
Her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell,
Her he did pommell,
And made a breach
In her battlement.

There's gravel walks there,
For speculation,
And conversation
In sweet solitude.
'Tis there the lover
May hear the dove, or
The gentle plover
In the afternoon;
And if a lady
Would be so engaging
As to walk alone in
Those shady bowers,
'Tis there the courtier
He may transport her
Into some fort, or
All under ground.

For 'tis there's a cave where
No daylight enters,
But cats and badgers
Are for ever bred;
Being mossed by nature,
That makes it sweeter
Than a coach-and-six,
Or a feather-bed.
'Tis there the lake is,
Well stored with perches,
And comely eels in
The verdant mud;
Besides the leeches,
And groves of beeches,
Standing in order
For to guard the flood.

There's statues gracing
This noble place in—
All heathen gods
And nymphs so fair:
Bold Neptune, Plutarch,
And Nicodemus,
All standing naked
In the open air!
So now to finish
This brave narration,
Which my poor geni'
Could not entwine;
But were I Homer,

Or Nebuchadnezzar,
'Tis in every feature
I would make it shine.

[There is an additional verse to this song by Father Prout relating to the famous Blarney Stone. Samuel Lover says any editor who would omit it deserves to be hung up to dry on his own lines. To avoid this fate here they are:—

There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent;
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of parliament.
A clever spouter
He'll soon turn out, or
An out-and-outer,
To be let alone.
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him,
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney Stone!]

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### CONVIVIAL SONG.

Had I the tun which Bacchus used,
I'd sit on it all day;
For, while a can it ne'er refused,
He nothing had to pay.

I'd turn the cock from morn to eve,
Nor think it toil or trouble;
But I'd contrive, you may believe,
To make it carry double.

My friend should sit as well as I,
And take a jovial pot;
For he who drinks—although he's dry—
Alone, is sure a sot.

But since the tun which Bacchus used
We have not here—what then?
Since god-like toping is refused,
Let's drink like honest men.

And let that churl, old Bacchus, sit,
Who envies him his wine?
While mortal fellowship and wit
Make whisky more divine.

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### A PROLOGUE

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN AT AN EXHIBITION OF PUPPETS, NAMED THE "PATAGONIAN THEATRE," IN THE LECTURE-ROOM OF CORK INSTITUTION.

Look at the stage of life, and you shall see
How many blockheads act as well as we;
Through all this world such actors still abound,
With heads as hard, but not with hearts as sound.
Of real life to make the likeness good,
We have our actors from congenial wood;
For instance, Dr. Bolus here you'll see
Shake his grave noddle in sage ebony;
Soldiers in laurel, lawyers and the church
In sable yew, and pedagogues in birch;
Ladies in satin-wood, and dying swains
In weeping willow melodize their pains;
Poets in bay, in crab-tree politicians,
And any bit of stick will make musicians;
Quakers in good sound deal we make—plain folk,
And British tars in heart of native oak!

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## SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

BORN 1740 — DIED 1818.

[This distinguished statesman, the reputed author of the celebrated *Letters of Junius*, was the son of Dr. Francis the translator of Horace, already noticed in our pages,[1] and was born in Dublin in 1740. When Philip was ten years of age his father removed to England, and established an academy at Esher in Surrey, in which he received part of his education, and he was afterwards sent to St. Paul's School, London. Here he was considered one of the cleverest pupils, and had for a schoolfellow Henry S. Woodfall, afterwards the printer of the *Letters*. In 1756, when in his sixteenth year, Francis received through the influence of Lord Holland a clerkship in the secretary of state's office. His ability attracted the notice of Mr. Pitt, who succeeded Lord Holland, and in 1758 he was on Pitt's recommendation appointed secretary to General Bligh, and was present at the capture of Cher-

[1] See p. 131 of this volume.

bourg. In 1760, through the same patronage, he became secretary to the Earl of Kinnoul, and accompanied that nobleman in his embassy to Lisbon. In 1763 he obtained a considerable post in the war-office, which he resigned in 1772 in consequence of a difference with Lord Barrington. The greater part of this year was spent by Francis in a visit to the Continent, during which he had a long audience of the pope, a curious account of which in his own handwriting is among the manuscripts in possession of his grandson. On his return he was appointed by Lord North one of the civil members of council for the government of Bengal, and sailed for India in June, 1773. His conduct at the council-board was marked by a constant and violent opposition to the policy of the governor-general Warren Hastings, which resulted in a duel with the latter, in which Francis was dangerously wounded. The resignation of his post, worth £10,000 a year, naturally followed.

Shortly after his return to England in 1781 he was elected member of parliament for Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight. In the house he supported Whig principles, joining the opposition then led by Fox. He actively promoted the proceedings which ended in the impeachment of Hastings, and afforded valuable information and advice to Burke and the other managers of the great trial. In 1807 he finally retired from parliament. His speeches whilst a member, notwithstanding a defect of utterance caused by an over-sensibility of temperament, are said to have been remarkable for refinement, simplicity, energy, and point. In 1806 he was created a Knight of the Bath, and in 1816, when the public curiosity on the subject of the *Letters* had greatly subsided, attention was directed towards Sir Philip Francis, in consequence of the appearance of a pamphlet by Mr. John Taylor, in which strong evidence was adduced as to his being their author. Francis denied the authorship in a somewhat equivocal way, and in 1818, while the question was still hotly discussed, he died in his seventy-ninth year. He published a number of political speeches, *Remarks on the Defence of Warren Hastings*, *Letters on the East India Company*, *Reflections on the Currency*, &c., which were only of temporary interest, and are now forgotten.

Although fully a century has elapsed since the publication of the *Letters*—although volumes have been written on the subject, and the most prying curiosity and industrious ingenuity have been at work to collect evidence on the point—we have as yet no positive proofs to *decide* the question who was their real author. Between forty and fifty names of eminent men living at the period have been brought forward and advocated at various times, including those of Lord Chatham, Burke, Gibbon, Grattan, Pownall, Rich, Horne Tooke, Wilkes, and more especially Lord George Sackville, but there can be little doubt that the claim of authorship for Sir Philip Francis still remains the strongest. The arguments for this view may be briefly stated as—his absence on a journey to the Continent coincides with an interruption in the letters; his departure for India with a high appointment, with their cessation; his receiving that appointment without any apparent cause, just after leaving the war-office; his station in the war-office, with all the details of which Junius is so familiar; his knowledge of speeches not reported; coincidences of thought and expression between passages of the letters and of speeches of Lord Chatham, reports of which had been furnished by Francis, and with his own speeches made after his return from India; his being known to be an able pamphleteer; and finally, peculiar modes of spelling and of correcting the press, and resemblance of handwriting.

The *Letters* first appeared in Woodfall's *Public Advertiser* at a time of great political excitement, and were directed against the principal men of the day connected with the government, not sparing even royalty itself. Forty-four bear the signature of "Junius," the earliest of which is dated Jan. 21, 1769, the last Jan. 21, 1772. In the latter year they were collected (the collection including also fifteen letters signed "Philo-Junius," really written by the same person), revised by Junius who added notes, and published by Woodfall, with a Dedication to the English Nation and a Preface by the Author. Another edition was afterwards issued, containing not only the letters of Junius proper, but also his private letters to Mr. Woodfall, his correspondence with Wilkes, and other communications to the *Advertiser* by the same author under different signatures, and relating to different subjects, but all marked with the same boldness, severity, and passion which characterize the *Letters* themselves. Numerous editions have since appeared, among others an enlarged and improved edition in 1850 in two volumes, edited by Mr. John Wade, who in an essay prefixed makes out a strong case in favour of the authorship of Sir Philip Francis. A

recent work which supports the same view is *The Handwriting of Junius professionally investigated by Mr. Charles Chabot, Expert*, with preface and collateral evidence by the Hon. Edward Twistleton (London, 1871).

Dr. J. Mason Good, in his *Essay on Junius and his Writings*, says: "The classic purity of their language, the exquisite force and perspicuity of their argument, the keen severity of their reproach, the extensive information they evince, their fearless and decisive tone, and, above all, their stern and steady attachment to the purest principles of the constitution, acquired for them, with an almost electric speed, a popularity which no series of letters have since possessed, nor perhaps ever will; and, what is of far greater consequence, diffused among the body a clearer knowledge of their constitutional rights than they had ever before attained, and animated them with a more determined spirit to maintain them inviolate."

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## LETTER LVII.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

September 28, 1771.

My Lord,—The people of England are not apprised of the full extent of their obligations to you. They have yet no adequate idea of the endless variety of your character. They have seen you distinguished and successful in the continued violation of those moral and political duties by which the little as well as the great societies of life are collected and held together. Every colour, every character became you. With a rate of abilities which Lord Weymouth very justly looks down upon with contempt, you have done as much mischief to the community as Cromwell would have done if Cromwell had been a coward; and as much as Machiavel, if Machiavel had not known that an appearance of morals and religion are useful in society.

To a thinking man the influence of the crown will, in no view, appear so formidable as when he observes to what enormous excesses it has safely conducted your grace, without a ray of real understanding, without even the pretensions to common decency or principle of any kind, or a single spark of personal resolution. What must be the operation of that pernicious influence (for which our kings have wisely exchanged the nugatory name of prerogative) that in the highest stations can so abundantly supply the absence of virtue, courage, and abilities, and qualify a man to be the minister of a great nation, whom a private gentleman would be ashamed and afraid to admit into his family! Like the universal passport of an ambassador, it supersedes the prohibition of the laws, banishes the staple virtues of the country, and introduces vice and folly triumphantly into all the departments of the state. Other princes besides his majesty have had the means of corruption within their reach, but they have used it with moderation. In former times corruption was considered as a foreign auxiliary to government, and only called in upon extraordinary emergencies. The unfeigned piety, the sanctified religion of George III., have taught him to new model the civil forces of the state. The natural resources of the crown are no longer confided in. Corruption glitters in the van, collects and maintains a standing army of mercenaries, and at the same moment impoverishes and enslaves the country. His majesty's predecessors (excepting that worthy family from which you, my lord, are unquestionably descended) had some generous qualities in their composition, with vices, I confess, or frailties, in abundance. They were kings or gentlemen, not hypocrites or priests. They were at the head of the church, but did not know the value of their office. They said their prayers without ceremony, and had too little priestcraft in their understanding to reconcile the sanctimonious forms of religion with the utter destruction of the morality of their people. My lord, this is fact, not declamation. With all your partiality to the house of Stuart you must confess that even Charles II. would have blushed at that open encouragement, at those eager, meretricious caresses, with which every species of private vice and public prostitution is received at St. James's. The unfortunate house of Stuart has been treated with an asperity which, if comparison be a defence, seems to border upon injustice. Neither Charles nor his brother were qualified to support such a system of measures as would be necessary to change the government and subvert the constitution of England. One of them was too much in earnest in his pleasures, the other in his religion. But the danger to this country would cease to be problematical if the crown should ever descend to a prince whose apparent simplicity might throw his subjects off their guard, who might be no libertine in behaviour, who should have no

sense of honour to restrain him, and who, with just religion enough to impose upon the multitude, might have no scruples of conscience to interfere with his morality. With these honourable qualifications, and the decisive advantage of situation, low craft and falsehood are all the abilities that are wanting to destroy the wisdom of ages, and to deface the noblest monument that human policy has erected.—I know *such* a man—my lord, I know you both—and, with the blessing of God (for I, too, am religious), the people of England shall know you as well as I do. I am not very sure that greater abilities would not, in effect, be an impediment to a design which seems, at first sight, to require a superior capacity. A better understanding might make him sensible of the wonderful beauty of that system he was endeavouring to corrupt; the danger of the attempt might alarm him; the meanness and intrinsic worthlessness of the object (supposing he could attain to it) would fill him with shame, repentance, and disgust. But these are sensations which find no entrance into a barbarous, contracted heart. In some men there is a malignant passion to destroy the works of genius, literature, and freedom. The Vandal and the monk find equal gratification in it.

Reflections like these, my lord, have a general relation to your grace, and inseparably attend you in whatever company or situation your character occurs to us. They have no immediate connection with the following recent fact, which I lay before the public, for the honour of the best of sovereigns and for the edification of his people.

A prince (whose piety and self-denial, one would think, might secure him from such a multitude of worldly necessities) with an annual revenue of near a million sterling, unfortunately *wants money*. The navy of England, by an equally strange concurrence of unforeseen circumstances (though not quite so unfortunately for his majesty), is in equal want of timber. The world knows in what a hopeful condition you delivered the navy to your successor, and in what a condition we found it in the moment of distress. You were determined it should continue in the situation in which you left it. It happened, however, very luckily for the privy purse, that one of the above wants promised fair to supply the other. Our religious, benevolent, generous sovereign has no objection to selling *his own* timber to *his own* admiralty, to repair *his own* ships, nor to putting the money into *his own* pocket. People of a religious turn naturally adhere to the principles of the church; whatever they acquire falls into mort-main. Upon a representation from the admiralty of the extraordinary want of timber for the indispensable repairs of the navy the surveyor-general was directed to make a survey of the timber in all the royal chases and forests in England. Having obeyed his orders with accuracy and attention, he reported that the finest timber he had anywhere met with, and the properest, in every respect, for the purposes of the navy, was in Whittlebury Forest, of which your grace, I think, is hereditary ranger. In consequence of this report the usual warrant was prepared at the treasury and delivered to the surveyor, by which he or his deputy were authorized to cut down any trees in Whittlebury Forest which should appear to be proper for the purposes above-mentioned. The deputy being informed that the warrant was signed, and delivered to his principal in London, crosses the country to Northamptonshire, and with an officious zeal for the public service begins to do his duty in the forest. Unfortunately for him, he had not the warrant in his pocket. The oversight was enormous, and you have punished him for it accordingly. You have insisted that an active, useful officer should be dismissed from his place. You have ruined an innocent man and his family. In what language shall I address so black, so cowardly a tyrant? Thou worse than *one* of the Brunswicks, and all the Stuarts! To them who know Lord North it is unnecessary to say that he was mean and base enough to submit to you. This, however, is but a small part of the fact. After ruining the surveyor's deputy for acting without the warrant, you attacked the warrant itself. You declared it was illegal; and swore, in a fit of foaming frantic passion, that it never should be executed. You asserted, upon your honour, that in the grant of the rangership of Whittlebury Forest, made by Charles II. (whom, with a modesty that would do honour to Mr. Rigby, you are pleased to call your ancestor) to one of his bastards (from whom I make no doubt of your descent), the property of the timber is vested in the ranger. I have examined the original grant; and now, in the face of the public, contradict you directly upon the fact. The very reverse of what you have asserted upon your honour is the truth. The grant, *expressly, and by a particular clause*, reserves the property of the timber for the use of the crown. In spite of this evidence, in defiance of the

representations of the admiralty, in perfect mockery of the notorious distresses of the English navy, and those equally pressing and almost equally notorious necessities of your pious sovereign, here the matter rests. The lords of the treasury recal their warrant; the deputy-surveyor is ruined for doing his duty; Mr. John Pitt (whose *name*, I suppose, is offensive to you) submits to be brow-beaten and insulted; the oaks keep their ground; the king is defrauded; and the navy of England may perish for want of the best and finest timber in the island. And all this is submitted to to appease the Duke of Grafton! to gratify the man who has involved the king and his kingdom in confusion and distress; and who, like a treacherous coward, deserted his sovereign in the midst of it!

There has been a strange alteration in your doctrine since you thought it advisable to rob the Duke of Portland of his property in order to strengthen the interest of Lord Bute's son-in-law before the last general election. *Nullum tempus occurrit regi* was then your boasted motto, and the cry of all your hungry partisans. Now it seems a grant of Charles II. to one of his bastards is to be held sacred and inviolable! It must not be questioned by the king's servants, nor submitted to any interpretation but your own. My lord, this was not the language you held when it suited you to insult the memory of the glorious deliverer of England from that detested family, to which you are still more nearly allied in principle than in blood. In the name of decency and common sense, what are your grace's merits, either with king or ministry, that should entitle you to assume this domineering authority over both? Is it the fortunate consanguinity you claim with the house of Stuart? Is it the secret correspondence you have for so many years carried on with Lord Bute, by the assiduous assistance of your *cream-coloured parasite?*[1] Could not your gallantry find sufficient employment for him in those *gentle* offices by which he first acquired the tender friendship of Lord Barrington? Or is it only that wonderful sympathy of manners which subsists between your grace and one of your superiors, and does so much honour to you both? Is the union of *Blifil* and *Black George* no longer a romance? From whatever origin your influence in this country arises, it is a phenomenon in the history of human virtue and understanding. Good men can hardly believe the fact; wise men are unable to account for it. Religious men find exercise for their faith, and make it the last effort of their piety not to repine against Providence. JUNIUS.

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# WILLIAM DRENNAN, M.D.

BORN 1754 — DIED 1820.

[Dr. Drennan, poet and political writer, was born in Belfast in 1754. His father, who was a Presbyterian clergyman, sent William to study medicine in the University of Edinburgh, where he took his degree of M.D. in 1778, practised for some years in Belfast and Newry, and removed to Dublin in 1789. Holding strong political sentiments, he became one of the ablest writers in favour of the United Irishmen movement, and his *Letters of Orellana* had much to do in getting Ulster to join the league. In 1794 he and Mr. Rowan were put on trial for issuing the famous Address of the United Irishmen to the Volunteers of Ireland. Curran defended Rowan, who however was fined in £500 and sentenced to two years' imprisonment; while Drennan, who was the real writer of the paper, had the good fortune to be acquitted. He afterwards removed to Belfast, where he commenced the *Belfast Magazine*. In 1815 he issued a little volume entitled *Glendalough and other Poems*, which is now very rare. He died in February, 1820, leaving behind him two sons, who have both found time, amidst their professional pursuits, to write some graceful verses.

Drennan's songs and ballads are vigorous and graceful; his hymns also possess much beauty. Moore is said to have esteemed "When Erin First Rose" as among the most perfect of modern songs: from it Ireland received the title of the "Emerald Isle." His "Wake of William Orr" electrified the nation on its appearance, and did more hurt to the government than the loss of a battle.]

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[1] Mr. Bradshaw, the duke's secretary.

## THE WAKE OF WILLIAM ORR.

Here our murdered brother lies;
Wake him not with women's cries.
Mourn the way that manhood ought;
Sit in silent trance of thought.

Write his merits on your mind:
Morals pure and manners kind;
In his head, as on a hill,
Virtue placed her citadel.

Why cut off in palmy youth?
Truth he spoke, and acted truth.
Countrymen, unite, he cried,
And died—for what his Saviour died.

God of Peace, and God of Love,
Let it not thy vengeance move,
Let it not thy lightnings draw,—
A nation guillotined by law.

Hapless nation! rent and torn,
Thou wert early taught to mourn,—
Warfare of six hundred years!
Epochs mark'd with blood and tears!

Hunted through thy native grounds,
Or flung reward to human hounds;
Each one pull'd and tore his share,
Heedless of thy deep despair!

Hapless nation—hapless land,
Heap of uncementing sand!
Crumbled by a foreign weight;
And by worse—domestic hate.

God of mercy! God of peace!
Make the mad confusion cease;
O'er the mental chaos move,
Through it speak the light of love.

Monstrous and unhappy sight!
Brothers' blood will not unite;
Holy oil and holy water
Mix, and fill the world with slaughter.

Who is she with aspect wild?
The widow'd mother with her child,
Child new stirring in the womb!
Husband waiting for the tomb!

Angel of this sacred place,
Calm her soul and whisper peace;
Cord, or axe, or guillotin'
Make the sentence—not the sin.

Here we watch our brother's sleep;
Watch with us, but do not weep;
Watch with us through dead of night,
But expect the morning light.

Conquer fortune—persevere!—
Lo! it breaks, the morning clear!
The cheerful cock awakes the skies,
The day is come—arise!—arise!

---

## WHEN ERIN FIRST ROSE.

When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood,
God bless'd the green island and saw it was good;
The em'rald of Europe, it sparkled and shone,
In the ring of the world the most precious stone.
In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blest,
With her back towards Britain, her face to the West,
Erin stands proudly insular, on her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp 'mid the ocean's deep roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,
The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the deep;
At the thought of the past the tears gush from her eyes,
And the pulse of her heart makes her white bosom rise.
O! sons of green Erin, lament o'er the time
When religion was war, and our country a crime,
When man in God's image inverted his plan,
And moulded his God in the image of man.

When the int'rest of state wrought the general woe,
The stranger a friend, and the native a foe;
While the mother rejoic'd o'er her children oppressed,
And clasp'd the invader more close to her breast.
When with pale for the body and pale for the soul,
Church and state joined in compact to conquer the whole;
And as Shannon was stained with Milesian blood,
Ey'd each other askance and pronounced it was good.

By the groans that ascend from your forefathers' grave
For their country thus left to the brute and the slave,
Drive the demon of bigotry home to his den,
And where Britain made brutes now let Erin make men.
Let my sons like the leaves of the shamrock unite,
A partition of sects from one footstalk of right,
Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,
Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die.

Alas! for poor Erin that some are still seen,
Who would dye the grass red from their hatred to green;
Yet, oh! when you're up, and they're down, let them live,

Then yield them that mercy which they would not give.
Arm of Erin, be strong! but be gentle as brave;
And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save;
Let no feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause of, or men of, the Emerald Isle.

The cause it is good, and the men they are true,
And the Green shall outlive both the Orange and Blue.
And the triumphs of Erin her daughters shall share,
With the full swelling chest, and the fair flowing hair.
Their bosoms heave high for the worthy and brave,
But no coward shall rest in that soft-swelling wave;
Men of Erin! awake, and make haste to be blest!
Rise! arch of the ocean, and queen of the West!

---

## O SWEETER THAN THE FRAGRANT FLOWER.

O sweeter than the fragrant flower,
At evening's dewy close,
The will, united with the power,
To succour human woes!

And softer than the softest strain
Of music to the ear,
The placid joy we give and gain,
By gratitude sincere.

The husbandman goes forth a-field;
What hopes his heart expand!
What calm delight his labours yield!
A harvest—from his hand!

A hand that providently throws,
Not dissipates in vain;
How neat his field! how clean it grows!
What produce from each grain!

The nobler husbandry of mind,
And culture of the heart,—
Shall this with men less favour find,
Less genuine joy impart?

O! no—your goodness strikes a root
That dies not, nor decays—
And future life shall yield the fruit,
Which blossoms now in praise.

The youthful hopes, that now expand
Their green and tender leaves,
Shall spread a plenty o'er the land,
In rich and yellow sheaves.

Thus, a small bounty well bestowed
May perfect Heaven's high plan;
First daughter to the love of God,
Is Charity to Man.

'Tis he who scatters blessings round
Adores his Maker best;
His walk through life is mercy-crowned,
His bed of death is blest.

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## THE WILD GEESE.[1]

How solemn sad by Shannon's flood
The blush of morning sun appears!
To men who gave for us their blood,
Ah! what can woman give but tears?
How still the field of battle lies!
No shouts upon the breeze are blown!
We heard our dying country's cries,
We sit deserted and alone,
Ogh hone, ogh hone, ogh hone, ogh hone
Ogh hone, &c.,
Ah! what can woman give but tears!

Why thus collected on the strand
Whom yet the God of mercy saves,
Will ye forsake your native land?
Will you desert your brothers' graves?
Their graves give forth a fearful groan—
Oh! guard your orphans and your wives;
Like us, make Erin's cause your own,
Like us, for her yield up your lives.
Ogh hone, ogh hone, ogh hone, ogh hone,
Ogh hone, &c.,
Like us, for her yield up your lives.

---

## MY FATHER.

Who took me from my mother's arms,
And, smiling at her soft alarms,
Showed me the world and Nature's charms?

Who made me feel and understand
The wonders of the sea and land,
And mark, through all, the Maker's hand?

Who climbed with me the mountain's height,
And watched my look of dread delight,
While rose the glorious orb of light?

Who from each flower and verdant stalk
Gathered a honey'd store of talk,
And fill'd the long, delightful walk?

Not on an insect would he tread,
Nor strike the stinging-nettle dead—
Who taught, at once, my heart and head?

[1] The "wild geese" was the popular name of the men of the Irish Brigade.

Who fired my breast with Homer's fame,
And taught the high heroic theme
That nightly flashed upon my dream?

Who smiled at my supreme desire
To see the curling smoke aspire
From Ithaca's domestic fire?

Who, with Ulysses, saw me roam,
High on the raft, amidst the foam,
His head upraised to look for home?

"What made a barren rock so dear?"
"My boy, he had a country there!"
And who, then, dropped a precious tear?

Who now, in pale and placid light
Of memory, gleams upon my sight,
Bursting the sepulchre of night?

O! teach me still thy Christian plan,
For practice with thy precept ran,
Nor yet desert me, now a man.

Still let thy scholar's heart rejoice
With charm of thy angelic voice;
Still prompt the motive and the choice—

For yet remains a little space,
Till I shall meet thee face to face,
And not, as now, in vain embrace—
My Father!

---

## A SONG FROM THE IRISH.

Branch of the sweet and early rose,
That in the purest beauty grows,
So passing sweet to smell and sight,
On whom shalt thou bestow delight?

Who, in the dewy evening walk,
Shall pluck thee from the tender stalk?
Whose temples blushing shalt thou twine;
And who inhale thy breath divine?

END OF VOL. I

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In the new book, indeed, the old foundations that have stood the test of half a century of practical use have been retained, but **the superstructure is wholly new.**

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The editor of THE MODERN CARPENTER, **Mr. G. Lister Sutcliffe,** Associate of the Royal Institute of Architects, **needs no introduction** to practical men; his name is already well known not only through his professional position in the architectural world, but through his editorship of *Modern House-Construction*, a work which, although issued only a few years ago, has already become a standard book of reference. Mr. SUTCLIFFE'S large experience has enabled him to enlist the services of a **highly-qualified staff of experts,** whose special knowledge, acquired through long years of practical work, is now placed at the disposal of every member of the craft. The first condition in selecting the contributors to the work was that they should be **practical men,** not only possessing the indispensable knowledge, but having the ability to impart it. The result is that within the eight divisional-volumes of this work we have a treatise on every branch of the craft, distinguished by four outstanding qualities:— It is (1) **complete,** (2) **clear,** (3) **practical,** and (4) **up-to-date.**

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